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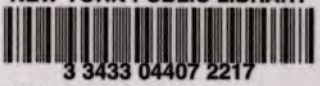
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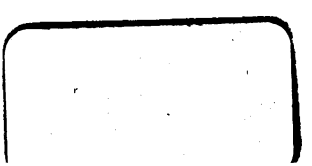

THE

# NATIONAL ORATOR;

CONSISTING OF SELECTIONS,

ADAPTED FOR RHETORICAL RECITATION,

FROM THE

## Parliamentary, Forensic and Pulpit Eloquence

OF

GREAT BRITAIN AND AMERICA;

7512

INTERSPERSED WITH

EXTRACTS FROM THE POETS,

AND WITH

DIALOGUES.

THIRD EDITION.

---

BY C. D. CLEVELAND,

PROFESSOR OF LANGUAGES IN DICKINSON COLLEGE.

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*NEW-YORK:*

N. & J. WHITE, 108 *Pearl-street.*

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### NUMBER OF AUTHORS.

| | Prose. | Poetry. | Dialogues. | Total. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| American | 37 | 5 | 2 | 44 |
| English | 16 | 16 | 6 | 38 |
| | 53 | 21 | 8 | 82 |

### NUMBER OF SELECTIONS.

| | Prose. | Poetry. | Dialogues. | Total. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| American | 88 | 9 | 2 | 99 |
| English | 40 | 33 | 11 | 84 |
| | 128 | 42 | 13 | 183 |

### ERRATA.

The following are the principal errors in this (third) edition:

Page 103, line 15 from bottom, for *malt* read *mast*.
" " 12 " " *damages* read *danger*.
" 104, 1st line in note, for *exploits* read *exploits*.
" 110, line 18 from bottom, for *there* read *then*.
" 269, 1st line in note, for *asservation* read *asseveration*.

No. 75 should be 74, and No. 77 should be 76. There are, therefore, two extracts less than the highest number would indicate.

THE

# NATIONAL ORATOR.

## I.—THE IMPORTANCE OF THE UNION OF THE STATES.*

Extract from Edmund Randolph's Speech, on the expediency of adopting the Federal Constitution, delivered in the Convention of Virginia, June 6th, 1788.

AFTER having heretofore attempted, Mr. Chairman, to ow, by a course of argument, the excellency of the proed constitution; how its adoption is intimately connect- with the continuance of the union; and how important ill be the vote of our own state to this end; I will now nclude with a few observations, which come from my art. I have labored for the continuance of the union— e rock of our salvation. I believe that, as sure as there a God in heaven, our safety, our political happiness and

* After the close of the revolutionary war, when there was no foreign e to unite the states together, by one grand, all-absorbing interest, it as perceived and deeply felt, by the wisest and best men throughout e land, that the old articles of confederation were weak and ineffint; unable either to preserve harmony within, or even to unite us ain in case of another attack from without. It was proposed, therere, that each state should send delegates to Philadelphia, either to vise the old articles of confederation, or to plan and mature a new nstitution. Accordingly, in May, 1787, the delegates, chosen by their pective states, met in convention at Philadelphia, and the result of ir deliberations was our present constitution. After its adoption by convention, it was sent to the different states for ratification, and p not to be valid unless nine states should adopt it. In some of the

existence, depend on the union of the states; and that without this union, the people of this and the other states, will undergo the unspeakable calamities, which discord, faction, turbulence, war, and bloodshed, have produced in other countries. The American spirit ought to be mixed with American pride—pride to see the union magnificently triumph. Let that glorious pride, which once defied the British thunder, reanimate you again. Let it not be recorded of Americans, that after having performed the most gallant exploits, after having overcome the most astonishing difficulties, and after having gained the admiration of the world by their incomparable valor and policy, they lost their acquired reputation, their national consequence and happiness, by their own indiscretion. Let no future historian inform posterity, that they wanted wisdom and virtue to concur in any regular, efficient government. Should any writer, doomed to so disagreeable a task, feel the indignation of an honest historian, he would reprehend and recriminate our folly, with equal severity and justice. Catch the present moment, seize it with avidity and eagerness, for it may be lost, never to be regained. If the union be now lost, I fear it will remain so for ever. I believe gentlemen are sincere in their opposition, and actuated by pure motives: but when I maturely weigh the advantages of the union, and dreadful consequences of its dissolution; when I see safety on my right, and destruction on my left; when I behold respectability and happiness acquired by the one, but annihilated by the other, I cannot hesitate to decide in favor of the former.

state conventions it met with much and warm opposition. Nine states, however, soon ratified it, and the rest, in a short time, followed. These facts have been stated, in order that the extracts from the speeches of the members of the state conventions may be clearly understood, read with interest, and spoken with feeling.

## II.—THE EXCELLENCY OF THE AMERICAN CONSTITUTION.

Extract from Alexander Hamilton's Speech on the expediency of adopting the Federal Constitution; delivered in the Convention of New-York, June 27, 1788.

AFTER all our doubts, our suspicions and speculations, Mr. Chairman, on the subject of government, we must return at last to this important truth—that when we have formed a constitution upon free principles; when we have given a proper balance to the different branches of administration, and fixed representation upon pure and equal principles, we may, with safety, furnish it with all the powers necessary to answer, in the most ample manner, the purposes of government. The great objects to be desired are a free representation, and mutual checks. When these are obtained, all our apprehensions of the extent of powers are unjust and imaginary. What then is the structure of this constitution? One branch of the legislature is to be elected by the people—by the same people who choose your state representatives. Its members are to hold their office two years, and then return to their constituents. Here, sir, the people govern: here they act by their immediate representatives. You have also a senate, constituted by your state legislatures—by men in whom you place the highest confidence, and forming another representative branch. Then, again, you have an executive magistrate, the president, created by a form of election, which merits universal admiration. In the form of this government, and in the mode of legislation, you find all the checks which the greatest politicians and the best writers have ever conceived. What more can reasonable men desire? Is there any one branch, in which the whole legislative and executive powers are lodged? No. The legislative authority is lodged in three distinct branches, properly balanced: the executive authority is divided between two branches; and the judicial is still reserved for an independent body, who hold their offices during good behavior. This organization is so complex, so skilfully contrived, that it is next to impossible that an impolitic or wicked measure should pass the great scru-

tiny with success. Now, what do gentlemen mean by coming forward and declaiming against this government? Why do they say we ought to limit its powers, to disable it, and to destroy its capacity of blessing the people? Has philosophy suggested—has experience taught—that such a government ought not to be trusted with every thing necessary for the good of society? Sir, when you have divided and nicely balanced the departments of government; when you have strongly connected the virtue of your rulers with their interest; when, in short, you have rendered your system as perfect as human forms can be—YOU MUST PLACE CONFIDENCE—YOU MUST GIVE POWER.

---

### III.—THE NECESSITY OF PERMANENCY IN ONE BRANCH OF THE LEGISLATURE—THE SENATE.

Extract from Alexander Hamilton's Speech on the expediency of adopting the Federal Constitution; delivered in the Convention of New-York, June 24, 1788.

I AM persuaded, Mr. Chairman, that I, in my turn, shall be indulged in addressing the committee. We all, in equal sincerity, profess to be anxious for the establishment of a republican government, on a safe and solid basis. It is the object of the wishes of every honest man in the United States, and I presume I shall not be disbelieved, when I declare, that it is an object of all others, the nearest and most dear to my own heart.

In the commencement of our revolution, the zeal for liberty became predominant and excessive. In forming our confederation, this passion alone seemed to actuate us, and we appear to have had no other view than to secure ourselves from despotism. The object certainly was a valuable one, and deserved our utmost attention. But, sir, there is another object equally important, and which our enthusiasm rendered us little capable of regarding: I mean a principle of strength and stability in the organization of our government, and vigor in its operations. This purpose can never be accomplished but by the establishment of some select body

formed peculiarly upon this principle. There are few positions more demonstrable, than that there should be, in every republic, some permanent body, to correct the prejudices, check the intemperate passions, and regulate the fluctuations of a popular assembly. It is evident, that a body, instituted for these purposes, must be so formed as to exclude as much as possible from its own character, those infirmities, and that mutability which it is designed to remedy. It is, therefore, necessary, that it should be small, that it should hold its authority during a considerable period, and that it should have such an independence in the exercise of its powers, as will divest it, as much as possible, of local prejudices. It should be so formed as to be the centre of political knowledge, to pursue always a steady line of conduct, and to reduce every irregular propensity to system. Without this establishment, we may make experiments without end, but shall never have an efficient government.

Now, sir, what is the tendency of the proposed amendment? To take away the stability of the government, by depriving the senate of its permanency; to make this body subject to the same weakness and prejudices, which are incident to popular assemblies, and which it was instituted to correct; and, by thus assimilating the complexion of the two branches, destroy the balance between them. The amendment will render the senator a slave to all the capricious humors among the people. This, sir, is the first fair opportunity that has been offered, of deliberately correcting the errors in government. Instability has been a prominent and very defective feature in most republican systems. It is the first to be seen, and the last to be lamented, by a philosophical inquirer. It has operated most banefully in our infant republics. It is necessary, therefore, that we apply an immediate remedy, and eradicate the poisonous principle from our government. If this be not done, sir, we shall feel, and posterity will be convulsed by a painful malady.

## IV.—THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

Rev. J. Pierpont.

THE pilgrim fathers—where are they ?
The waves that brought them o'er
Still roll in the bay, and throw their spray
As they break along the shore :
Still roll in the bay, as they rolled that day,
When the May-Flower* moored below,
When the sea around was black with storms,
And white the shore with snow.

The mists that wrapped the pilgrim's sleep,
Still brood upon the tide ;
And his rocks yet keep their watch by the deep,
To stay its waves of pride.
But the snow-white sail, that he gave to the gale,
When the heavens looked dark, is gone ;—
As an angel's wing, through an opening cloud,
Is seen, and then withdrawn.

The pilgrim exile—sainted name !—
The hill, whose icy brow
Rejoiced, when he came, in the morning's flame,
In the morning's flame burns now.
And the moon's cold light, as it lay that night
On the hill-side and the sea,
Still lies where he laid his houseless head ;—
But the pilgrim—where is he ?

The pilgrim fathers are at rest :
When Summer's thron'd on high,
And the World's warm breast is in verdure dress'd,
Go, stand on the hill where they lie.
The earliest ray of the golden day
On that hallowed spot is cast ;
And the evening sun, as he leaves the world,
Looks kindly on that spot last.

* The May-Flower was the name of the vessel in which the pilgrims sarked for New-England.

The pilgrim *spirit* has not fled ;
It walks in noon's broad light ;
And it watches the bed of the glorious dead,
With the holy stars, by night.
It watches the bed of the brave who have bled,
And shall guard this ice-bound shore,
Till the waves of the bay, where the May-Flower lay,
Shall foam and freeze no more.

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## V.—THE CONDUCT OF GREAT BRITAIN TOWARDS AMERICA IN 1774.

**Extract from Patrick Henry's Speech in the Convention of the Delegates of Virginia, March, 1775, upon a resolution for organizing the Militia.**

*Mr. President,*—I HAVE but one lamp by which my feet are guided ; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And, judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the House? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir ; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation—the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy, in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us ; they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains, which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir

we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we any thing new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done every thing that could be done, to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne! In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free—if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending—if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained—we must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left us!

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### VI.—THE RESISTANCE OF THE COLONIES ADVOCATED.

Extract from the same Speech.

*Mr. President,*—The gentlemen who are opposed to our resisting with arms the aggressions of Great Britain, tell us, sir, that we are weak; unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But, sir, when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of

effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations; and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat, but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged! Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable—and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come!

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, peace, peace—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale, that sweeps from the north, will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Heaven! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!

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### VII.—WARREN'S ADDRESS TO THE AMERICAN SOLDIERS, BEFORE THE BATTLE OF BUNKER'S HILL.

Rev. J. Pierpont.

STAND! the ground's your own, my braves!
Will ye give it up to slaves?
Will ye look for greener graves?
Hope ye mercy still?

What's the mercy despots feel?
Hear it on that battle peal?
Read it in yon bristling steel!
Ask it—ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?
Will ye to your *homes* retire?
Look behind you! they're afire!*
And, before you, see
Who have done it!—From the vale
On they come!—and will ye quail?—
Leaden rain and iron hail
Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust!
Die we may—and die we must:—
But, O, where can dust to dust
Be consigned so well,
As where heaven its dews shall shed
On the martyr'd patriot's bed,
And the rocks shall raise their head,†
Of his deeds to tell?

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### VIII.—AMERICAN TAXATION.

Extract from Mr. Burke's Speech, on a Resolution introduced into the House of Commons, 19th of April, 1774, to repeal the duty on the Importation of Tea‡ into America.

*Mr. Speaker*,—Let us embrace some system or other before we end this session. Do you mean to tax America, and

* It is well known that the British soldiers set fire to Charlestown, which is within sight of Bunker's Hill, just before the battle.

† On the 17th of June, 1825, half a century from the day of the battle, the corner stone of a granite monument was laid on the ground where Warren fell.

‡ The history of British Taxation, the cause of our Revolution, must be known to every American youth, and no account need be given of it here.

to draw a productive revenue from thence? If you do, speak out: name, fix, ascertain this revenue; settle its quantity; define its objects; provide for its collection; and then fight when you have something to fight for. If you murder—rob! If you kill, take possession: and do not appear in the character of madmen, as well as assassins, violent, vindictive, bloody and tyrannical, without an object. But may better counsels guide you!

Again, and again, revert to your old principles—seek peace, and ensue it. Leave America, if she has taxable matter in her, to tax herself. I am not here going into the distinctions of rights, nor attempting to mark their boundaries. I do not enter into these metaphysical distinctions. I hate the very sound of them. Leave the Americans as they anciently stood, and these distinctions, born of our unhappy contest, will die along with it. They and we, and their and our ancestors, have been happy under that system. Let the memory of all actions, in contradiction to that good old mode, on both sides, be extinguished for ever. Be content to bind America by laws of trade; you have always done it. Let this be your reason for binding their trade. Do not burthen them by taxes; you were not used to do so from the beginning. Let this be your reason for not taxing. These are the arguments of states and kingdoms. Leave the rest to the schools; for there only they may be discussed with safety. But if, intemperately, unwisely, fatally, you sophisticate and poison the very source of government, by urging subtle deductions, and consequences odious to those you govern, from the unlimited and illimitable nature of supreme sovereignty, you will teach them by these means to call that sovereignty itself in question. When you drive him hard, the boar will surely turn upon the hunters. If that sovereignty and their freedom cannot be reconciled, which will they take? They will cast your sovereignty in your face. Nobody will be argued into slavery. Sir, let the gentlemen on the other side call forth all their ability; let the best of them get up, and tell me, what one character of liberty the Americans have, and what one brand of slavery they are free from, if they are bound in their property and industry, by all the restraints you can imagine on commerce, and at the same time are made pack-horses of every tax you choose to impose, without the

least share in granting them. When they bear the burdens of unlimited monopoly, will you bring them to bear the burdens of unlimited revenue too? The Englishman in America will feel that this is slavery—that it is *legal* slavery, sir, will be no compensation, either to his feelings or his understanding.

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### IX.—THE COMMERCIAL IMPORTANCE OF AMERICA TO ENGLAND.

Extract from the same Speech.

*Mr. Speaker,*—I CANNOT prevail on myself to hurry over this great consideration—the value of the trade of America to England. It is good for us to be here. We stand where we have an immense view of what is, and what is past. Clouds, indeed, and darkness, rest upon the future. Let us, however, before we descend from this noble eminence, reflect that this growth of our national prosperity has happened within the short period of the life of man. It has happened within sixty-eight years. There are those alive whose memory might touch the two extremities. For instance, my Lord Bathurst might remember all the stages of the progress. He was, in 1704, of an age at least to be made to comprehend such things. Suppose, sir, that the angel of this auspicious youth, foreseeing the many virtues, which made him one of the most amiable, as he is one of the most fortunate men of his age, had opened to him in vision, that, when, in the fourth generation, the third prince of the house of Brunswick had sat twelve years on the throne of that nation, which, by the happy issue of moderate and healing counsels, was to be made Great Britain, he should see his son lord chancellor of England, turn back the current of hereditary dignity to its fountain, and raise him to a higher rank of peerage, whilst he enriched the family with a new one. If amidst these bright and happy scenes of domestic honor and prosperity, that angel should have drawn up the curtain, and unfolded the rising glories of his country, and whilst he was gazing with admiration on the then commercial grandeur of England, the genius should point out to him a little speck, scarce visible in the mass of the

national interest, a small seminal principle, rather than a formed body, and should tell him—"Young man, there is America, which at this day serves for little more than to amuse you with stories of savage men, and uncouth manners; yet shall, before you taste of death, show itself equal to the whole of that commerce which now attracts the envy of the world. Whatever England has been growing to by a progressive increase of improvement, brought in by varieties of people, by succession of civilizing conquests and civilizing settlements in a series of seventeen hundred years, you shall see as much added to her by America in the course of a single life!" If this state of his country had been foretold to him, would it not have required all the sanguine credulity of youth, and all the fervid glow of enthusiasm, to make him believe it? Fortunate man, he has lived to see it! Fortunate indeed, if he live to see nothing to vary the prospect, and cloud the setting of his day!

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## X.—THE ENTERPRISE OF THE PEOPLE OF NEW-ENGLAND.

Extract from the same Speech.

As to the wealth, Mr. Speaker, which the colonies have drawn from the sea by their fisheries, you had all that matter fully opened at your bar. You surely thought those acquisitions of value, for they seemed even to excite your envy; and yet the spirit by which that enterprising employment has been exercised, ought rather, in my opinion, to have raised your esteem and admiration. And pray, sir, what in the world is equal to it? Pass by the other parts, and look at the manner in which the people of New-England have of late carried on the whale fishery. Whilst we follow them among the tumbling mountains of ice, and behold them penetrating into the deepest frozen recesses of Hudson's bay and Davis's straits, whilst we are looking for them beneath the arctic circle, we hear that they have pierced into the opposite region of polar cold, that they are at the antipodes, and engaged under the frozen serpent of the south. Falkland island, which seemed too remote and romantic an object for the grasp

of national ambition, is but a stage and resting place in the progress of their victorious industry. Nor is the equinoctial heat more discouraging to them, than the accumulated winter of both the poles. We know that whilst some of them draw the line and strike the harpoon on the coast of Africa, others run the longitude, and pursue their gigantic game along the coast of Brazil. No sea but what is vexed by their fisheries. No climate that is not witness to their toils. Neither the perseverance of Holland, nor the activity of France, nor the dexterous and firm sagacity of English enterprise, ever carried this most perilous mode of hardy industry to the extent to which it has been pushed by this recent people; a people who are still, as it were, but in the gristle, and not yet hardened into the bone of manhood. When I contemplate these things; when I know that the colonies in general owe little or nothing to any care of ours, and that they are not squeezed into this happy form by the constraints of watchful and suspicious government, but that through a wise and salutary neglect, a generous nature has been suffered to take her own way to perfection; when I reflect upon these effects, when I see how profitable they have been to us, I feel all the pride of power sink, and all presumption in the wisdom of human contrivances melt and die away within me. My rigor relents. I pardon something to the spirit of liberty.

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## XI.—THE SPANISH PATRIOT'S SONG.

Anonymous.

Hark! Hear ye the sounds that the winds, on their pinions,
Exultingly roll from the shore to the sea,
With a voice that resounds through her boundless dominions!
'Tis Columbia calls on her sons to be free!

Behold, on yon summits, where heaven has throned her,
How she starts from her proud, inaccessible seat;
With nature's impregnable ramparts around her,
And the cataract's thunder and foam at her feet!

In the breeze of her mountains her loose locks are shaken,
While the soul-stirring notes of her warrior-song,
From the rock to the valley, re-echo, "Awaken!
Awaken, ye hearts, that have slumbered too long!"

Yes, despots, too long did your tyranny hold us,
In a vassalage vile, ere its weakness was known;
Till we learned that the links of the chain that controlled us,
Were forged by the fears of its captives alone.

That spell is destroyed, and no longer availing.
Despised as detested, pause well ere ye dare
To cope with a people, whose spirits and feeling
Are roused by remembrance, and steeled by despair.

Go, tame the wild torrent, or stem with a straw
The proud surges that sweep o'er the strand that confined them;
But presume not again to give freemen a law,
Nor think with the chains they have broken to bind them.

To heights by the beacons of liberty lightened,
They're a scorn who come up her young eagles to tame;
And to swords, that her sons for the battle have brightened,
The hosts of a king are as flax to a flame.

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## XII.—THE RIGHT OF SELF-DEFENCE AGAINST THE ACCUSATIONS OF PARLIAMENT.

**Extract from Mr. Erskine's Speech on the Trial of Stockdale.***

*Gentlemen of the Jury*,—Mr. Stockdale, who is brought before you as a criminal for the publication of this book, *a*

* When Warren Hastings, Governor General of India, was impeached by the House of Commons, the articles of impeachment were

*review of the articles of impeachment against Mr. Hastings*, has, by employing *me* as his advocate, reposed what must appear to many an extraordinary degree of confidence; since, although he well knows that I am personally connected in friendship with most of those whose conduct and opinions are principally arraigned by its author, he nevertheless commits to my hands his defence and justification. Now the question, gentlemen, you have to try upon all this matter is extremely simple. It is neither more nor less than this: At a time when the charges against Mr. Hastings were, by the implied consent of the Commons, in every hand and on every table; when, by their managers, the lightning of eloquence was continually consuming him, and flashing in the eyes of the public;—when every man was, with perfect impunity, saying, and writing, and publishing, just what he pleased of the supposed plunderer and devastator of nations; would it have been criminal IN MR. HASTINGS HIMSELF to have reminded the public that he was a native of this free land, entitled to the common protection of her justice, and that he had a defence in his turn to offer them, the outlines of which he implored them in the mean time to receive, as an antidote to the unlimited and unpunished poison in circulation against him? *This is*, gentlemen, without color or exaggeration, the true question you are to decide. Because I assert, without the hazard of contradiction, that IF MR. HASTINGS HIMSELF could have stood justified or excused in your eyes for publishing this volume in his own defence, *the author*, if he wrote it *bona fide** to defend him, must stand equally excused and justified: and if *the author* be justified, the publisher cannot be criminal, unless you have evidence that it was published by him, with a different spirit and intention from those in which it was written.

drawn up by Mr. Burke; and not only were the allegations specified, but they were embellished with all the eloquence of that gifted orator. The pamphlet having been extensively circulated throughout the kingdom, the Rev. Mr. Logan, a Scotch clergyman, drew up a Review of the Articles of Impeachment, and carried it for publication to Mr. Stockdale, an eminent bookseller in London. For the publication of this pamphlet, Mr. Fox moved, in the House of Commons, that Mr. Stockdale be prosecuted.

* Bona fide, *in good faith, sincerely, honestly.*

The question, therefore, gentlemen, is correctly what I just have stated it to be. Could Mr. Hastings have been condemned to infamy for writing this book? Gentlemen, I tremble with indignation to be driven to put such a question in England. Shall it be endured, that a subject of this country may be impeached by the Commons for the transactions of twenty years; that the accusation shall spread as wide as the region of letters; that the accused shall stand day after day, and year after year, as a spectacle before the public, which shall be kept in a perpetual state of inflammation against him, yet that HE shall not, without the severest penalties, be permitted to submit any thing to the judgment of mankind in his defence? If this be law, (which it is for you this day to decide,) such a man HAS NO TRIAL: this great hall, built by our fathers for English justice, is no longer a court, but an altar; and an Englishman, instead of being judged in it by GOD AND HIS COUNTRY, IS A VICTIM AND A SACRIFICE.

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### XIII.—THE EFFECTS OF PROTESTANTISM.

Extract from an Oration before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Dartmouth College, N. H., Aug. 18, 1826, by N. A. Haven.

IT has been remarked, my friends, by those who have reasoned most profoundly upon the constitution of society, that the human mind has never, in modern times, attained its full and perfect maturity, but among the Protestant nations of Christendom. In reviewing the splendid career of human intelligence, during the three last centuries, it is impossible not to ascribe much of its progress to the reformation of Luther. That great man gave an impulse to society which it has ever since preserved. He taught men to examine, to reason, to inquire. He unfolded to their wondering gaze, a form of moral beauty, which had been too long shrouded from their eyes by the timid dogmatism of the papal church. It is to Protestant Christianity, gentlemen, that you are indebted for the noblest exercise of your rational powers. It is to Protestant Christianity that you owe the vigor of your intellectual exertions, and the purity of your moral sentiments. I could

easily show you how much the manliness of English literature, and the fearless intrepidity of German speculation, and how much even of the accurate science of France, may be ascribed to the spirit of Protestant Christianity. It is from the influence of this spirit, that the sublime astronomy of La Place has not been, like that of Galileo, condemned as heretical. It is to Protestant Christianity that you owe the English Bible; a volume, that has done more to correct and refine the taste, to elevate the imagination, to fill the mind with splendid and glowing images, than all the literature which the stream of time has brought down to the present age. I hope I am not laying an unhallowed hand upon the ark of God, if I presume to recommend the Bible to you as an object of literary enthusiasm. The Bible!—Where in the compass of human literature, can the fancy be so elevated by sublime description, can the heart be so warmed by simple, unaffected tenderness? Men of genius! who delight in bold and magnificent speculation, in the Bible you have a new world of ideas opened to your range. Votaries of eloquence! in the Bible you find the grandest thoughts clothed in a simple majesty, worthy of the subject and the Author.—Servants of God! I need not tell *you* that the glories of immortality are revealed in language, which mortal lips had never before employed! But I forbear. The Bible is in your hands; and even now, while I am speaking its praise, "it is silently fulfilling its destined course;" it is raising many a heart to the throne of God.

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### XIV.—THE EFFECTS OF ATHEISM UPON SOCIETY.

Extract from a Sermon of Rev. W. E. Channing.

Few men, my friends, suspect, perhaps no man comprehends, the extent of the support given by religion to every virtue. No man, perhaps, is aware, how much our moral and social sentiments are fed from this fountain; how powerless conscience would become, without the belief of a God; how palsied would be human benevolence, where there not the sense of a higher benevolence to quicken and sustain it; how sud-

denly the whole social fabric would quake, and with what a fearful crash it would sink into a hopeless ruin, were the ideas of a Supreme Being, of accountableness, and of a future life, to be utterly erased from every mind. Once let men thoroughly believe that they are the work and sport of chance; that no superior intelligence concerns itself with human affairs: that all their improvements perish for ever at death; that the weak have no guardian, and the injured no avenger; that there is no recompense for sacrifices to uprightness and the public good; that an oath is unheard in heaven; that secret crimes have no witness but the perpetrator; that human existence has no purpose, and human virtue no unfailing friend; that this brief life is every thing to us, and that death is total, everlasting extinction; once let men *thoroughly* abandon religion; and who can conceive or describe the extent of the desolation which would follow! We hope, perhaps, that human laws and natural sympathy would hold society together. As reasonably might we believe, that were the sun quenched in the heavens, *our* torches would illuminate, and *our* fires quicken and fertilize the creation. What is there in human nature to awaken respect and tenderness, if man be the unprotected insect of a day? And what is he more, if atheism be true? Erase all thought and fear of God from a community, and selfishness and sensuality would absorb the whole man. Appetite, knowing no restraint, and poverty and suffering, having no solace or hope, would trample in scorn on the restraints of human laws. Virtue, duty, principle, would be mocked and spurned as unmeaning sounds. A sordid self-interest would supplant every other feeling; and man would become, in fact, what the theory of atheism declares him to be—a companion for brutes.

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### XV.—PARAPHRASE OF THE NINETEENTH PSALM.

Addison.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim;

The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land,
The work of an almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth:
Whilst all the stars, that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark, terrestrial ball!
What though nor real voice, nor sound,
Amid their radiant orbs be found!
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The Hand that made us is Divine."

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## XVI.—THE AGGRESSIONS OF FRANCE IN 1797.

**Extract from Robert Goodloe Harper's Address to his Constituents, upon the Dispute between the United States and France, May, 1797.**

THE haughty language of the French Republic, my fellow citizens, towards this country, has been in effect neither more nor less than this:—"You Americans, whom we redeemed from slavery, when you were about to sink under the yoke of your former masters, and who, for that reason, ought to become in all things subservient to us, have instituted a government which has presumed to judge for itself, and refused to be guided by our directions. As a friendly admonition of our just displeasure, we take your vessels, confiscate your property, and throw your citizens into dungeons and prison ships, for '*we are terrible to our enemies.*' But as soon as you shall

reclaim your government from its errors, and teach it to conform to our will, you shall again be received into favor."—Yes, this is the plain language of their conduct; this, the true interpretation of their words. And is America, fellow citizens, so low, so fallen, that she must tamely and submissively kiss this rod? Has that spirit which, twenty years ago, when she had not half her present population, not a tenth part of her wealth, no government, no bond of union among her different parts, no experience of her strength, no establishments of national defence, no name, no existence as a people, has that spirit which then impelled her to resist the haughty pretensions and tyrannical encroachments of Britain, in the zenith of her power, and elated by her recent triumph over the arms of France; has that spirit become so totally extinguished, that she must crouch at the feet of this haughty, this ambitious republic, and, by abject submission, purchase a precarious, a dishonorable quiet? Americans of seventy-six! ye who fought at Bennington, at Saratoga, at Monmouth; companions of Warren, of Montgomery, of Gates, of Greene, and of Washington, where have ye retired? Has your courage rusted with your swords, or is the soil which gave you birth no longer capable of nourishing patriots and heroes? Shall your country, that country which, notwithstanding the insulting taunts of this proud republic, *your arms* rescued from the oppressions of a tyrannical parent, shall it reap no further fruit from your toils and your blood, than to be reduced under the obedience of an unjust and ambitious neighbor, who now claims a surrender of our interests and our rights, and the direction of our affairs? No—Americans—I hear you with one voice answer—No, *if our country call for us, we will again beat our ploughshares into swords, and convince the proud and insolent aggressor, that the spirit of seventy-six, the spirit which roused and sustained us in the Revolution, is not yet extinct.*

## XVII.—QUEEN MARGARET'S ADDRESS TO THE LORDS, BEFORE THE BATTLE OF TEWKSBURY.*

Extract from Shakspeare.—*Third part of Henry VI. Act* 5, *Scene* 4.

GREAT lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
What though the mast be now blown overboard,
The cable broke, the holding anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallowed in the flood?
Yet lives our pilot still: Is't meet, that he
Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
With tearful eyes add water to the sea,
And give more strength to that which hath too much;
Whiles,† in his moan, the ship splits on the rock,
Which industry and courage might have sav'd?
Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this!
Say Warwick‡ was our anchor; what of that?
And Montague our top-mast; what of him?
Our slaughter'd friends the tackles; what of these?
Why, is not Oxford here another anchor?
And Somerset another goodly mast?
The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings?
And, though unskilful, why not Ned§ and I
For once allowed the skilful pilot's charge?
We will not from the helm, to sit and weep;
But keep our course, though the rough wind say—No,
From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wreck.
As good to chide the waves, as speak them fair.
And what is Edward, but a ruthless sea?
What Clarence, but a quicksand of deceit?
And Richard, but a ragged fatal rock?
All these the enemies to our poor bark.

* The battle of Tewksbury, between King Edward and Margaret, took place May 3, 1471. See History of England. This comparing the Republic to a ship; and the different officers and departments of government, to the captain, pilot masts, &c. of a vessel, is not original with Shakspeare.

† *Whiles*, whilst.

‡ Warwick, Oxford, &c. were English Earls.

§ *Ned* is Prince Edward, son of the queen.

Say, you can swim; alas, 'tis but a while:
Tread on the sand; why there you quickly sink:
Bestride the rock; the tide will wash you off,
Or else you famish, that's a threefold death.
This speak I, lords, to let you understand,
In case some one of you would fly from us,
That there's no hop'd-for mercy with the brothers,
More than with ruthless waves, with sands, and rocks.
Why, courage, then! what cannot be avoided,
'Twere childish weakness to lament or fear.

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### XXIII.—THE COURAGE OF A PEOPLE THEIR GREAT STRENGTH.

Extract from Robert Goodloe Harper's Speech, on the necessity of resisting the aggressions and encroachments of France, delivered in the House of Representatives of the U. S., May 29, 1797.

*Mr. Speaker*,—THERE cannot be the least doubt, but that, when France is at length convinced that we are firmly resolved to call forth all our resources, and to exert all our strength to resist her encroachments and aggressions, she will soon desist from them. She need not be told, sir, what these resources are; she knows well their greatness and extent; she knows well that this country, if driven into a war, could soon become invulnerable to her attacks, and could throw a most formidable and preponderating weight into the scale of her adversary. She will not therefore drive us to this extremity, but will desist as soon as she finds us determined. If our means, sir, of repelling the attacks of France, were less than they really are, they might be rendered all sufficient, by resolution and courage. It is in these that the strength of nations consists, and not in fleets, nor armies, nor population, nor money: in the "unconquerable will—the courage never to submit or yield." These are the true sources of national greatness; and, to use the words of a celebrated writer,—"where these means are not wanting, all others will be found or created." It was by these means that Holland, in the days of her glory, triumphed over the mighty power of Spain. It was by these means that, in later time, the Swiss, a people not half so numerous as we are, and possessing few of our advantages, honorably maintained

their neutrality amid the shock of surrounding states, and against the haughty aggressions of France herself. France insisted that the Swiss should surrender their privileges as a neutral nation, but, finding them resolved to maintain them, gave up the attempt. This was effected by that determined courage, which alone can make a nation great or respectable: and this effect has invariably been produced by the same cause in every age and in every clime. It was this that made Rome the mistress of the world, and Athens the protectress of Greece. When was it that Rome attracted most strongly the admiration of mankind, and impressed the deepest sentiment of fear on the hearts of her enemies? It was when seventy thousand of her sons lay bleeding at Cannæ, and when Hannibal, victorious over three Roman armies and twenty nations, was thundering at her gates. It was then that the young and heroic Scipio, having sworn on his sword, in the presence of the fathers of the country, not to despair of the Republic, marched forth at the head of a people, firmly resolved to conquer or die; and that resolution insured them the victory. When did Athens appear the greatest and the most formidable? It was when giving up their houses and possessions to the flames of the enemy, and having transferred their wives, their children, their aged parents, and the symbols of their religion, on board of their fleet, they resolved to consider themselves as the Republic, and their ships as their country. It was then they struck that terrible blow, under which the greatness of Persia sunk and expired.

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## XIX.—AMERICAN TAXATION.

Marquis of Granby's Speech in the House of Lords, relative to the American Colonies.

I RISE, sir, to trouble the house with a few words on the bill now before it. I have sat, sir, during the course of two divisions, without taking any part, even so much as giving a silent vote on any American question: because, sir, as I will fairly confess to you, I entered these walls with prejudices against the system administration was pursuing. I thought it

would be but justice to hear the arguments that might be urged on both sides,—to compare those arguments,—and to draw my opinion from that comparison. As to the bill immediately the object of our consideration, I think it, in every respect, so arbitrary, so oppressive, and so totally founded on principles of resentment, that I am exceedingly happy in having this public opportunity of bearing my testimony against it, in the strongest manner I am able. In heaven's name, what language are you now holding out to America? Resign your property—divest yourselves of your privileges and freedom —renounce every thing that can make life comfortable;—or we will destroy your commerce, we will involve your country in all the miseries of famine: and if you express the sensations of men at such harsh treatment, we will then declare you in a state of rebellion, and put yourselves and your families to fire and sword.

And yet, sir, the noble lord on the floor has just told this house, that a reconciliation is the sole object of his wishes. I hope the noble lord will pardon me, if I doubt the perfect sincerity of those wishes. At least, sir, his actions justify my doubts, for every circumstance in his whole conduct, with regard to America, has directly militated against his present professions. And what, sir, must the Americans conclude? While you are ravaging their coasts, and extirpating their commerce, and are withheld only by your impotence from spreading fresh ruin by the sword; can they, sir, suppose that such chastisement is intended to promote a reconciliation, and that you mean to restore to their forlorn country those liberties you deny to their present possession, and in the insolence of persecution, are compassing earth and seas to destroy? You can with no more justice, sir, compel the Americans to your obedience, by the operation of the present measures, by making use of their necessities, and withdrawing from them that commerce on which their existence depends, than a ruffian can found an equitable claim to my possessions, when he forcibly enters my house, and with a dagger at my throat, or a pistol at my breast, makes me seal deeds which will convey to him my estate and property. From the fullest conviction of my soul, I therefore disclaim every idea, both of policy and right, internally to tax America. I disavow the whole system. It was commenced in iniquity, it is pursued with re

sentment, and it can terminate in nothing but blood. Under whatsoever shape it may in future be revived, by whomsoever produced and supported, it shall from me meet the most constant, determined, and invariable opposition.

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## XX.—THE COMMEMORATION OF THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.

Extract from a Discourse delivered at Plymouth, Mass., Dec. 22, 1820, in commemoration of the first settlement of New-England.—By DANIEL WEBSTER.

LET us rejoice, my friends, that we behold this day. Let us be thankful that we have lived to see the bright and happy breaking of the auspicious morn, which commences the third century of the history of New-England. Auspicious indeed; bringing a happiness beyond the common allotment of Providence to men; full of present joy, and gilding with bright beams the prospect of futurity, is the dawn, that awakens us to the commemoration of the landing of the Pilgrims.

Living at an epoch which naturally marks the progress of the history of our native land, we have come hither to celebrate the great event with which that history commenced. For ever honoured be this, the place of our fathers' refuge! For ever remembered the day which saw them, weary and distressed, broken in every thing but spirit, poor in all but faith and courage, at last secure from the dangers of wintry seas, and impressing this shore with the first footsteps of civilized man.

We have come to this rock to record here our homage for our Pilgrim fathers; our sympathy in their sufferings; our gratitude for their labors; our admiration of their virtues; our veneration for their piety; and our attachment to those principles of civil and religious liberty, which they encountered the dangers of the ocean, the storms of heaven, the violence of savages, disease, exile, and famine, to enjoy and to establish.

Great actions and striking occurrences, having excited a temporary admiration, often pass away and are forgotten, because they leave no lasting results, affecting

and happiness of communities. Such is frequently the fortune of the most brilliant military achievements. Of the ten thousand battles which have been fought; of all the fields fertilized with carnage; of the banners which have been bathed in blood; of the warriors who have hoped that they had risen from the field of conquest to a glory as bright and as durable as the stars, how few that continue long to interest mankind. The victory of yesterday is reversed by the defeat of to-day; the star of military glory, rising like a meteor, like a meteor has fallen; disgrace and disaster hang on the heels of conquest and renown; victor and vanquished presently pass away to oblivion; and the world goes on in its course, with the loss only of so may lives, and so much treasure.

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## XXI.—THE GREAT EFFECTS OF MORAL POWER.

Extract from the same Oration.

It was said, my friends, by the Athenian commander,* on the morning of that decisive day, "if we conquer, we shall make Athens the greatest city of Greece." A prophecy, how well fulfilled! "If God prosper us," might have been the more appropriate language of our Pilgrim Fathers, when they landed, two hundred years ago, upon this Rock,† "If God prosper us," we shall here begin a work which will last for ages; we shall plant here a new society, in the principles of the fullest liberty, and the purest religion: we shall sub-

* This was Miltiades. On the morning of the battle at Marathon, the opinions of the Grecian generals were divided—some not advising an engagement, while others, among whom was Miltiades, warmly advocated it. In this juncture, it depended upon the officer called ὁ Πολέμαρχος. *the Polemarch*, to decide. Miltiades, therefore, addressed him in the strongest language, advocating an immediate engagement; and, in the course of his eloquent remarks, said ἢν δὲ περιγένηται αὕτη ἡ πόλις, οἶη τέ ἐστι πρώτη τῶν Ἑλληνίδων πολίων γενέσθαι—*but if, on the other hand, this city shall come off victorious, she will undoubtedly be the very first of all Greece.*—Herodotus, Erato, cix.

† The Rock of Plymouth.

due this wilderness which is before us ; we shall fill this region of the great continent, which stretches almost from pole to pole, with civilization and Christianity ; the temples of the true God shall rise, where now ascends the smoke of idolatrous sacrifice ; fields and gardens, the flowers of summer, and the waving and golden harvests of autumn, shall extend over a thousand hills, and stretch along a thousand valleys, never yet, since the creation, reclaimed to the use of civilized man. We shall whiten this coast with the canvass of a prosperous commerce ; we shall stud the long and winding shore with a hundred cities. That which we sow in weakness shall be raised in strength. From our sincere but houseless worship, there shall spring splendid temples to record God's goodness ; from the simplicity of our social union, there shall arise wise and politic constitutions of government, full of the liberty which we ourselves bring and breathe ; from our zeal for learning, institutions shall spring, which shall scatter the light of knowledge throughout the land, and in time, paying back where they have borrowed, shall contribute their part to the great aggregate of human knowledge ; and our descendants, through all generations, shall look back to this spot, and to this hour, with unabated affection and regard.

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### XXII.—THE ATROCITY OF SLAVERY.

Extract from the same Oration.

I DEEM it my duty, on this occasion, my friends, to suggest that the land is not yet wholly free from the contamination of a traffic, at which every feeling of humanity must for ever revolt—I mean the African slave trade. Neither public sentiment, nor the law, has yet been able entirely to put an end to this odious and abominable trade. At the moment when God, in his mercy, has blessed the Christian world with a universal peace, there is reason to fear, that, to the disgrace of the Christian name and character, new efforts are making for the extension of this trade, by subjects and citizens of Christian states, in whose hearts no sentiment of humanity or

justice inhabits, and over whom neither the fear of God nor the fear of man exercises a control. In the sight of our law, the African slave trader is a pirate and a felon ; and in the sight of heaven, an offender far beyond the ordinary depth of human guilt. There is no brighter part of our history, than that which records the measures which have been adopted by the government, at an early day, and at different times since, for the suppression of this traffic ; and I would call on all the true sons of New-England, to co-operate with the laws of man, and the justice of heaven.

If there be, within the extent of our knowledge or influence, any participation in this traffic, let us pledge ourselves here, upon the Rock of Plymouth, to extirpate and destroy it. It is not fit that the land of the pilgrims should bear the shame longer. I hear the sound of the hammer—I see the smoke of the furnaces, where manacles and fetters are still forged for human limbs. I see the visages of those, who by stealth, and at midnight, labor in this work of hell, foul and dark, as may become the artificers of such instruments of misery and torture. Let that spot be purified, or let it cease to be of New-England. Let it be purified, or let it be set aside from the Christian world ; let it be put out of the circle of human sympathies and human regards ; and let civilized man henceforth have no communion with it.

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## XXIII.—AMERICA IN NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY.

Extract from the same Oration.

The hours of this day, my friends, are rapidly flying, and this occasion,—this centennial celebration of the landing of our Pilgrim Fathers,—will soon be passed. Neither we nor our children can expect to behold its return. They are in the distant regions of futurity, they exist only in the all-creating power of God, who shall stand here, an hundred years hence, to trace, through us, their descent from the Pilgrims, and to survey, as we have now surveyed, the progress of their country during the lapse of a century. We would anticipate their concurrence with us in our sentiments of deep regard for our

common ancestors. We would anticipate and partake the pleasure with which they will then recount the steps of New-England's advancement. On the morning of that day, although it will not disturb us in our repose, the voice of acclamation and gratitude, commencing on the rock of Plymouth, shall be transmitted through millions of the sons of the Pilgrims, till it lose itself in the murmurs of the Pacific seas.

We would leave for the consideration of those who shall then occupy our places, some proof that we hold the blessings transmitted from our fathers in just estimation; some proof of our attachment to the cause of good government, and of civil and religious liberty; some proof of a sincere and ardent desire to promote every thing which may enlarge the understandings and improve the hearts of men. And when from the long distance of an hundred years, they shall look back upon us, they shall know, at least, that we possessed affections, which, running backward, and warming with gratitude for what our ancestors have done for our happiness, run forward also to our posterity, and meet them with cordial salutation, ere yet they have arrived on the shore of being.

Advance, then, ye future generations! We would hail you, as you rise in your long succession, to fill the places which we now fill, and to taste the blessings of existence, where we are passing, and soon shall have passed our own human duration. We bid you welcome to this pleasant land of the fathers. We bid you welcome to the healthful skies, and the verdant field of New England. We greet your accession to the great inheritance which we have enjoyed. We welcome you to the blessings of good government and religious liberty. We welcome you to the treasures of science and the delights of learning. We welcome you to the transcendent sweets of domestic life, to the happiness of kindred, and parents, and children. We welcome you to the immeasurable blessings of rational existence, the immortal hope of Christianity, and the light of everlasting truth!

## XXIV.—THE DANGER OF ALTERING THE CONSTITUTION.

Extract from Governeur Morris' Speech on the Judiciary, delivered in the United States Senate, January 14, 1802.

*Mr. President,*—Is there a member of this house who can lay his hand on his heart and say, that consistently with the plain words of our constitution, we have a right to repeal this law? I believe not. And if we undertake to construe this constitution to our purposes, and say that public opinion is to be our judge, there is an end to all constitutions. To what will not this dangerous doctrine lead? Should it to-day be the popular wish to destroy the first magistrate, you can destroy him: and should he to-morrow be able to conciliate to himself the will of the people, and lead them to wish for your destruction, it is easily effected. Adopt this principle, and the whim of the moment will not only be the law, but the constitution of our country.

Some, indeed, flatter themselves, that our destiny will be like that of Rome. Such, indeed, it might be, if we had the same wise, but vile aristocracy, under whose guidance they became the masters of the world. But we have not that strong aristocratic arm, which can seize a wretched citizen, scourged almost to death by a remorseless creditor, turn him into the ranks, and bid him, as a soldier, bear our eagle in triumph round the globe! I hope indeed we shall never have such an abominable institution. But what, I ask, will be the situation of these states, (organized as they now are,) if, by the dissolution of our national compact, they be left to themselves? What is the probable result? We shall either be the victims of foreign intrigue, and split into factions, fall under the domination of a foreign power, or else, after the misery and torment of civil war, become the subjects of an usurping military despot. What but this compact, what but this specific part of it, can save us from ruin? The judicial power, that fortress of the constitution, is now to be overturned. Yes, with honest Ajax, I would not only throw a shield before it, I would build around it a wall of brass. But I am too weak to defend the rampart against the host of assailants. I must call to my assistance their good sense, their patriotism, and their virtue. Do not, gentlemen, suffer the

rage of passion to drive reason from her seat. If this law be indeed bad, let us join to remedy the defects. Has it been passed in a manner which wounded your pride, or roused your resentment? Have, I conjure you, the magnanimity to pardon that offence. I entreat, I implore you, to sacrifice those angry passions to the interests of our country. Pour out this pride of opinion on the altar of patriotism. Let it be an expiatory libation for the weal of America. Do not, I beseech you, do not suffer that pride to plunge us all into the abyss of ruin. Indeed, indeed, it will be but of little, very little avail, whether one opinion or the other be right or wrong; it will heal no wounds, it will pay no debts, it will rebuild no ravaged towns. Do not rely on that popular will, which has brought us frail beings into political existence. That opinion is but a changeable thing. It will soon change. This very measure will change it. You will be deceived. Do not, I beseech you, in reliance on a foundation so frail, commit the dignity, the harmony, the existence of our nation, to the wild wind. Trust not your treasure to the waves. Throw not your compass and your charts into the ocean. Do not believe that its billows will waft you into port. Indeed, indeed, you will be deceived. Cast not away this only anchor of our safety. I have seen its progress. I know the difficulties through which it was obtained: I stand in the presence of Almighty God, and of the world; and I declare to you, that if you lose this charter, never! no, never will you get another! We are now, perhaps, arrived at the parting point. Here, even here, we stand on the brink of fate. Pause—Pause—For heaven's sake, pause! !

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## XXV.—SONG OF THE GREEKS, 1822.

Campbell.

AGAIN to the battle, Achaians!
Our hearts bid the tyrants defiance;
Our land,—the first garden of Liberty's tree—
It has been, and shall *yet* be, the land of the free;

For the cross* of our faith is replanted,
The pale dying crescent is daunted,
And we march that the foot-prints of Mahomet's slaves
May be washed out in blood from our forefathers' graves.
Their spirits are hovering o'er us,
And the sword shall to glory restore us.

Ah! what though no succour advances,
Nor Christendom's chivalrous lances
Are stretched in our aid?—Be the combat our own!
And we'll perish or conquer more proudly alone:
For we've sworn, by our country's assaulters,
By the virgins they've dragged from our altars,
By our massacred patriots, our children in chains,
By our heroes of old, and their blood in our veins,
That living, we *will* be victorious,
Or that dying, our deaths shall be glorious.

A breath of submission we breathe not;
The sword that we've drawn we will sheath not;
Its scabbard is left where our martyrs are laid,
And the vengeance of ages has whetted its blade.
Earth may hide—waves ingulph—fire consume us,
But they *shall* not to slavery doom us:
If they rule, it shall be o'er our ashes and graves:—
But we've smote them already with fire on the *waves*,
And new triumphs on *land* are before us,
To the charge!—Heaven's banner is o'er us.

This day shall ye blush for its story,
Or brighten your lives with its glory?
Our women, Oh, say, shall they shriek in despair,
Or embrace us from conquest with wreaths in their hair?
Accursed may his memory blacken,
If a coward there be that would slacken
Till we've trampled the turban, and shown ourselves worth
Being sprung from and named for the godlike of earth.
Strike home, and the world shall revere us,
As heroes descended from heroes.

* The cross is the standard of the Greeks, as the crescent is of the Turks.

Old Greece lightens up with emotion
Her inlands, her isles of the Ocean;
Fanes rebuilt and fair towns shall with jubilee ring,
And the Nine shall new hallow their Helicon's spring;
Our hearths shall be kindled in gladness,
That were cold and extinguished in sadness;
Whilst our maidens shall dance with their white waving arms,
Singing joy to the brave that delivered their charms,
When the blood of yon Musselman cravens
Shall have crimsoned the beaks of our ravens.

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### XXVI.—THE CLAIMS OF GREECE UPON AMERICA.

Extract from the Address of the Boston Committee, in behalf of the Greeks.

When we reflect, my friends, upon the present actual condition of the Greeks, we feel that no arguments can be wanting to enlist your sympathies, and those of this whole people, in their behalf. We feel that we can confidently call upon the citizens throughout our country, to join the efforts already made and making in the civilized world, for the relief of an oppressed, suffering, agonizing, Christian people. We call upon our merchants, whose hearts are as noble as their fortunes, to put forth their liberality in behalf of an enterprising nation, which has not enjoyed the blessings of a government, able and willing to protect their flag on every sea; but which, nevertheless, amidst indignity, insecurity, and oppression, has acquired a high reputation for commercial skill and industry. We call upon the inhabitants in general of our favored cities, towns, and villages, while they glory in the possession of privileges which call out and strengthen the powers of man, and make him capable of all that is great and generous, to stretch forth a helping hand to a people of noble origin and aspiring feelings, subjected for centuries to the most revolting slavery. We would invite the matrons of America, wives and mothers, to contemplate, and to realize the picture of the fate of Scio, and to use their influence in exciting a general and a powerful emotion, in behalf of the sufferers, in a war

like this ; and while they draw around their firesides, and miss no member from his place in the happy circle there, to think of the mothers and the daughters, bred up like themselves in ease and competence, in the garden of the Levant, sold in the open market, driven with ropes about their necks into Turkish transports, and doomed to the indignities of a Syrian or an Algerine slavery. We call upon the friends of freedom and humanity to take an interest in the struggles of five millions of Christians, rising by the impulse of nature, and in vindication of rights long and intolerably trampled on. We invoke the ministers of religion to take up a solemn testimony in the cause, to assert the rights of fellow men, and of fellow Christians ; to plead for the victims whose great crime is Christianity. We call on the citizens of America to remember the time, and it is within the memory of thousands that now live, when our own beloved, prosperous country waited at the door of the court of France and the states of Holland, pleading for a little money and a few troops ; and not to disregard the call of those who are struggling against a tyranny infinitely more galling than that which our fathers thought it beyond the power of man to support. Every *other* civilized nation has set us this example ; let not the freest state on earth any longer be the only one which has done nothing to aid a gallant people struggling for freedom.

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### XXVII.—THE EXORDIUM OF CURRAN'S DEFENCE OF ROWAN.

Extract from the Speech of Mr. Curran, in defence of Archibald Hamilton Rowan,* who was tried for the publication of a libel.

*Gentlemen of the Jury,*—WHEN I consider the period at which this prosecution is brought forward ; when I behold the

* The trial of Mr. Rowan, in Ireland, in the year 1792, was one that produced general and intense excitement. He was a gentleman of a liberal education, of elegant accomplishments, of an ample fortune, and moved in the first circles of society. He was charged with having written, published, and distributed, an inflammatory address to "the Society of United Irishmen," of which he was secretary, calling upon them to arm themselves in the cause of Catholic Emancipation.

*extraordinary safeguard of armed soldiers resorted to,** no doubt for the preservation of peace and order; when I catch, as I cannot but do, the throb of public anxiety which beats from one end to the other of this hall; when I reflect on what may be the fate of a man of the most beloved personal character, of one of the most respectable families of our country, himself the only individual of that family, I may almost say of that country, who can look to that possible fate with unconcern:—Feeling, as I do, all these impressions, it is in the honest simplicity of my heart I speak, when I say, that I never rose in a court of justice with so much embarrassment as upon this occasion.

If, gentlemen, I could entertain a hope of finding refuge for the disconcertion of my mind, in the perfect composure of yours; if I could suppose that those awful vicissitudes of human events, which have been stated or alluded to, could leave your judgments undisturbed, and your hearts at ease, I know I should form a most erroneous opinion of you character: I entertain no such chimerical hopes; I form no such unworthy opinions; I expect not that your hearts can be more at ease than my own; I have no right to expect it; but I have a right to call upon you, in the name of your country, in the name of the living God, of whose eternal justice you are now administering that portion which dwells with us on this side of the grave, to discharge your breasts, as far as you are able, of every bias of prejudice or passion; that if my client be guilty of the offence charged upon him, you may give tranquillity to the public by a firm verdict of conviction; or, if he is innocent, by as firm a verdict of acquittal; and that you will do this in defiance of the paltry artifices and senseless clamors that have been resorted to, in order to bring him to his trial with anticipated conviction. And, gentlemen, I feel an additional necessity of thus conjuring you to be upon your guard, from the able and imposing statement which you have just heard on the part of the prosecution. I know well the virtues and talents of the excellent person who conducts that prosecution; I know how much he would disdain to impose upon you by the trappings of

* A few minutes before Mr. Curran rose to speak, a guard of soldiers was brought into the court-house by the sheriff.

office; but I also know how easily we mistake the lodgment which character and eloquence can make upon our *feelings*, for those impressions that reason, and fact, and proof only, ought to work upon our *understandings*.

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### XXVIII.—CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION.

Extract from the same Speech.

*Gentlemen of the Jury*,—This paper, which is charged upon my client, and which is called seditious and libellous, insists upon the necessity of emancipating the catholics of Ireland, and that is charged as a part of the libel. If they had kept this prosecution impending for another year, how much would remain for a jury to decide upon, I should be at a loss to discover. It seems as if the progress of public reformation was eating away the ground of the prosecution. Since the commencement of the prosecution, this part of the libel has unluckily received the sanction of the legislature. In that interval, our catholic brethren have obtained that admission, which it seems it was a libel to propose: in what way to account for this I am really at a loss. Have any alarms been occasioned by the emancipation of our catholic brethren? Has the bigoted malignity of any individuals been crushed? Or, has the stability of the government, or has that of the country, been weakened? Or, is one million of subjects stronger than four millions? Do you think that the benefit they received should be poisoned by the stings of vengeance? If you think so, you must say to them, "You have demanded your emancipation, and you have got it; but we abhor your persons, we are outraged at your success; and we will stigmatize, by a criminal prosecution, the relief which you have obtained from the voice of your country." I ask you, gentlemen, do you think, as honest men, anxious for the public tranquillity, conscious that there are wounds not yet completely cicatrized, that you ought to speak this language, at this time, to men who are too much disposed to think that in this very emancipation they have been saved from their own parliament by the humanity of their sovereign?

Or, do you wish to prepare them for the revocation of these improvident concessions? Do you think it wise or humane, at this moment, to insult them, by sticking up in a pillory the man who dared to stand forth their advocate? I put it to your oaths, do you think that a blessing of that kind, that a victory obtained by justice over bigotry and oppression, should have a stigma cast upon it by an ignominious sentence upon men bold and honest enough to propose that measure; to propose the redeeming of religion from the abuses of the church—the reclaiming of three millions of men from bondage, and giving liberty to all who had a right to demand it—giving, I say, in the so much censured words of this paper, giving "UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION!" I speak in the spirit of the British law, which makes liberty commensurate with, and inseparable from, the British soil—which proclaims, even to the stranger and the sojourner, the moment he sets his foot upon British earth, that the ground on which he treads is holy, and consecrated by the genius of UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION. No matter in what language his doom may have been pronounced; no matter what complexion incompatible with freedom, an Indian or an African sun may have burnt upon him; no matter in what disastrous battle his liberty may have been cloven down; no matter with what solemnities he may have been devoted upon the altar of slavery; the first moment he touches the sacred soil of Britain, the altar and the god sink together in the dust; his soul walks abroad in her own majesty; his body swells beyond the measure of his chains, that burst from around him, and he stands redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled, by the irresistible genius of UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION.

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### XXIX.—THE INHUMANITY OF SLAVERY.

Cowper.

O FOR a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumor of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,

Might never reach me more. My ear is pained,
My soul is sick, with every day's report
Of wrong and outrage with which earth is filled.
There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart;
It does not feel for man; the natural bond
Of brotherhood is severed as the flax
That falls asunder at the touch of fire.
He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
Not colored like his own; and having power
To enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause
Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey.
Lands intersected by a narrow frith
Abhor each other. Mountains interposed
Make enemies of nations, who had else
Like kindred drops been mingled into one.
Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys;
And, worse than all, and most to be deplored
As human nature's broadest, foulest blot,
Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat
With stripes, that Mercy, with a bleeding heart,
Weeps when she sees inflicted on a beast.
Then what is man? And what man seeing this,
And having human feelings, does not blush,
And hang his head, to think himself a man?
I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews, bought and sold, have ever earn'd.
No: dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
Just estimation prized above all price,
I had much rather be myself the slave,
And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.
We have no slaves at home—then why abroad?
And they themselves, once ferried o'er the wave
That parts us, are emancipate and loosed.
Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free;
They touch our country, and their shackles fall.
That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud
And jealous of the blessing. Spread it then,

And let it circulate through every vein
Of all your empire ; that, where Britain's power
Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too.

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### XXX.—CHRISTIANITY THE FOUNDATION OF THE LAW.

**Extract from Mr. Erskine's Speech on the trial of Williams, for the publication of Paine's Age of Reason.**

*Gentlemen of the Jury,*—How any man can rationally vindicate the publication of such a book as "Paine's Age of Reason," in a country where the Christian religion is the very foundation of the law of the land, I am totally at a loss to conceive, and have no wish to discuss. How is a tribunal, whose whole jurisdiction is founded upon the solemn belief and practice of what is denied as falsehood, and reprobated as impiety, to deal with such an anomalous defence? Upon what principle is it even offered to the court, whose authority is contemned and mocked at? If the religion, proposed to be called in question, be not previously adopted in belief, and solemnly acted upon, what authority has the court to pass any judgment at all of acquittal or condemnation? Why am I now, or upon any other occasion, to submit to your lordship's authority? Why am I now, or at any time, to address twelve of my equals, as I am now addressing you, with reverence and submission? Under what sanction are the witnesses to give their evidence, without which there can be no trial? Under what obligations can I call upon you, the jury, representing your country, TO ADMINISTER justice? Surely upon no other, than that you are sworn to administer it UNDER THE OATHS YOU HAVE TAKEN. The whole judicial fabric, from the king's sovereign authority, to the lowest office of magistracy, has no other foundation. The whole is built, both in form and substance, upon the same oath of every one of its ministers, to do justice, AS GOD SHALL HELP THEM HEREAFTER. What God? and WHAT HEREAFTER? That God, undoubtedly, who has commanded kings to rule, and judges to decree, with justice ; who has said to witnesses, not by the voice of nature, but in revealed commandments, "THOU

SHALT NOT BEAR FALSE TESTIMONY AGAINST THY NEIGHBOUR," and who has enforced obedience to them by the revelation of the unutterable blessings which shall attend their observances; and the awful punishment which shall await upon their transgressions.

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## XXXI.—CHRISTIANITY THE FAITH OF THE MOST GIFTED MINDS.

Extract from the same Speech.

*Gentlemen of the Jury,*—It seems, from the publication of this infidel book, that this is an AGE OF REASON, and that the time and the person are at last arrived that are to dissipate the errors which have overspread the past generations of ignorance! The believers in Christianity are many, but it belongs to the few, who are wise, to correct their credulity! Belief is an act of reason, and superior reason may therefore dictate to the weak. In running the mind along the numerous list of sincere and devout Christians, I cannot help lamenting that Newton had not lived to this day, to have had his shallowness filled up with this new flood of light. But the subject is too awful for irony. I will speak plainly and directly. *Newton was a Christian!* Newton, whose mind burst forth from the fetters cast by nature upon our finite conceptions;—Newton, whose science was truth, and the foundation of whose knowledge was philosophy; not those visionary and arrogant assumptions which too often usurp its name, but philosophy, resting upon the basis of mathematics, which, like figures, cannot lie;—Newton, who carried the line and rule to the utmost barriers of creation, and explored the principles by which, no doubt, all created matter is held together and exists.

But this extraordinary man, in the mighty reach of his mind, overlooked, perhaps, the errors which minuter investigation of the created things on this earth might have taught him, of the essence of his Creator. What shall then be said of the great Mr. Boyle, who looked into the organic structure of all matter, even to the brute inanimate substance which the foot treads on? Such a man

may be supposed to have been equally qualified with Mr. Paine, "to look through nature up to nature's God." Yet the result of all his contemplation, was the most confirmed and devout belief in all which the other holds in contempt as despicable and drivelling superstition.

But these men were only deep thinkers, and lived in their closets, unaccustomed to the traffic of the world, and to the laws which practically regulate mankind. Gentlemen, in the place where you now sit to administer the justice of this great country, above a century ago the never to be forgotten Sir Matthew Hale presided, whose faith in Christianity is an exalted commentary upon its truth and reason, and whose life was a glorious example of its fruits in man; administering human justice with a wisdom and purity drawn from the pure fountain of the Christian dispensation, which has been and will be in all ages, a subject of the highest reverence and admiration.

But it is said, by Mr. Paine, that the Christian fable is but the tale of the more ancient superstitions of the world, and may easily be detected by a proper understanding of the mythologies of the heathens. Did Milton understand those mythologies? Was HE less versed than MR. PAINE in the superstitions of the world? No: they were the subject of his immortal song; and though shut out from all recurrence to them, he poured them forth from the stores of a memory, rich with all that man ever knew, and laid them in their order, as the illustration of that real and exalted faith, the unquestionable source of that fervid genius, which cast a sort of shade upon all the other works of man.

Thus, gentlemen, you find all that is great, or wise, or splendid, or illustrious, amongst created beings;—all the minds gifted beyond ordinary nature, though divided by distant ages, and by clashing opinions, yet joining, as it were, in one sublime chorus, to celebrate the truths of Christianity, and laying upon its holy altars the never-fading offerings of their immortal wisdom.

## XXXII.—THE OCCASIONS OF INTEMPERANCE.

Extract from an Address delivered before the Massachusetts Society for the Suppression of Intemperance, May 31, 1827.—By CHARLES SPRAGUE.

IT is truly astonishing, my friends, to behold how completely the habit of *unnecessary* drinking pervades the various classes of our community. In one way or another it is their morning and evening devotion, their noonday and midnight sacrifice. From the highest grade to the lowest, from the drawing-room to the kitchen, from the gentleman to the laborer, down descends the universal custom. From those who sit long at the wine that has been rocked upon the ocean, and ripened beneath an Indian sky, down to those who solace themselves with the fiery liquor that has cursed no other shores than our own—down, till it reaches the miserable abode, where the father and mother will have *rum*, though the children cry for *bread*—down to the bottom, even to the prison-house, the forlorn inmate of which hails *him* his best friend, who is cunning enough to convey to him, undiscovered, the all-consoling, the all-corroding poison.

Young men must express the warmth of their mutual regard, by daily and nightly libations at some fashionable hotel—it is the custom. The more advanced take turns in flinging open their own doors to each other, and the purity of their esteem is testified by the number of bottles they can empty together—it is the custom. The husband deems it but civil to commemorate the accidental visit of his acquaintance by a glass of ancient spirit, and the wife holds it a duty to celebrate the flying call of her companion with a taste of the latest *liqueur**—for this, also, is the custom. The interesting gossipry of every little evening coterie † must be enlivened with the customary cordial. Custom demands, that idle quarrels, perhaps generated over a friendly cup, another friendly cup must drown. Foolish wagers are laid, to be adjusted in foolish drinking—the rich citizen stakes a dozen, the poor

* Pronounced, as if written lekuré, accent on the last syllable: it means, any spirituous cordial.

† Pronounced, *co-te-ree*, accent on the last syllable.

one, a dram. "The brisk minor panting for twenty-one," baptizes his new-born manhood in the strong drink to which he intends training it up. Births, marriages, and burials, are all hallowed by strong drink. Anniversaries, civic festivities, military displays, municipal elections, and even religious ceremonials, are nothing without strong drink. The political ephemera of a little noisy day, and the colossus whose foot-steps millions wait upon, must alike be apotheosised in liquor. A rough-hewn statesman is toasted at, and drank at, to his face in one place, while his boisterous adversary sits through the same mummery in another. Here, in their brimming glasses, the adherents of some successful candidate mingle their congratulations; and there, in like manner, the partizans of his defeated rival forget their chagrin. Even the great day of national emancipation is, with too many, only a great day of drinking; and the proud song of deliverance is trouled* from the lips of those, who are bending body and soul to a viler thraldom, than that from which their fathers rescued them.

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### XXXIII.—THE EFFECTS OF INTEMPERANCE UPON A REPUBLIC.

Extract from the same Address.

In a national point of view, my friends, the subject of intemperance assumes a fearful political importance. The ruinous consequences of wide-spread intemperance to a people governing themselves, can hardly be overrated. If there be on earth one nation more than another, whose institutions must draw their life-blood from the individual purity of its citizens, that nation is our own. Rulers by divine right, and nobles by hereditary succession, may, perhaps, tolerate with impunity those depraving indulgences which keep the great mass abject. Where the many enjoy little or no power, it were a trick of policy to wink at those enervating vices, which would rob them of both the ability and the inclination to enjoy it. But in our country, where almost every man,

* Pronounced *trōled*.

however humble, bears to the omnipotent ballot-box his full portion of the sovereignty—where at regular periods the ministers of authority, who went forth to rule, return to be ruled, and lay down their dignities at the feet of the monarch multitude—where, in short, public sentiment is the absolute lever that moves the political world, the purity of the people is the rock of political safety. We may boast, if we please, of our exalted privileges, and fondly imagine that they will be eternal—but whenever those vices shall abound, which undeniably tend to debasement, steeping the poor and the ignorant still lower in poverty and ignorance, and thereby destroying that wholesome mental equality which can alone sustain a self-ruled people—it will be found by woful experience, that our happy system of government, the best ever devised for the intelligent and good, is the very worst to be intrusted to the degraded and vicious. The great majority will then truly become a many-headed monster, to be tamed and led at will. The tremendous power of suffrage, like the strength of the eyeless Nazarite, so far from being their protection, will but serve to pull down upon their heads the temple their ancestors reared for them. Caballers and demagogues will find it an easy task to delude those who have deluded themselves; and the freedom of the people will finally be buried in the grave of their virtues. National greatness may survive—splendid talents and brilliant victories may fling their delusive lustre abroad—these can illumine the darkness that hangs round the throne of a despot—but their light will be like the baleful flame that hovers over decaying mortality, and tells of the corruption that festers beneath. The immortal spirit will have gone—and along our shores, and among our hills—those shores made sacred by the sepulchre of the Pilgrim, those hills hallowed by the uncoffined bones of the Patriot—even there, in the ears of their degenerate descendants, shall ring the last knell of departed Liberty.

## XXXIV.—SPEECH OF THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM BEFORE HIS EXECUTION.

**Extract from Shakspeare—King Henry 8th.—Act. II. Scene I.**

All good people,
You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
I have this day received a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die: Yet, heaven bear witness,
And, if I have a conscience, let it sink me,
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful!
The law I bear no malice for my death,
It has done, upon the premises, but justice:
But those, that sought it, I could wish more Christians:
Be what they will, I heartily forgive them:
Yet let them look* they glory not in mischief,
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;
For then my guiltless blood must cry against them.
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies
More than I dare make faults. You few that loved me,
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends, and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying,
Go with me, like good angels, to my end;
And as the long divorce† of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to heaven.
* * * * All good people,
Pray for me! I must now forsake ye; the last hour
Of my long weary life is come upon me.
Farewell * * * *
And when you would say something that is sad,
Speak how I fell.

* Let them see to it that they glory, &c.

† *Divorce*, that which causes the *divorcement* or separation of the head from the body: divorce of steel, *the axe*.

## XXXV.—THE OBLIGATIONS OF AMERICA TO LAFAYETTE.

Extract from Mr. Hayne's Speech in the Senate of the United States, upon the Bill making provision for Gen. Lafayette, Dec. 1824.

I HAD hoped, Mr. President, that this bill would have met with no opposition. I had hoped that the world would see, that against a proposition for showing our gratitude, as a nation, in something more than mere words to General Lafayette, not a voice would be raised. But, sir, I am disappointed: and it is therefore the irksome task of this committee to go into detail, and to show how much we are absolutely indebted to this great man.

It appears from some documents, sir, in possession of the committee, that the General, during six years of our revolutionary war, sacrificed one hundred and forty thousand dollars of his private fortune, in the service of this country. And how, sir, was this sacrifice made? Under what circumstances? Was he one of our own citizens—one of those whose lives and fortunes were necessarily exposed during the vicissitudes of a contest for the right of self-government? No, sir, no such thing He tore himself away from his country and his home, to fight the battles of freedom in a foreign land, and to make common cause with a people to whom he owed no duty. Nor was he satisfied with the devotion of his personal services. It is a matter of record on the pages of your history, that he armed a regiment for you; that he sent a vessel laden with arms and munitions of war for you; that he put shoes on the feet of your bare-foot and suffering soldiery. For all these services he asked no recompense—he received none. He spent his fortune for you; he shed his blood for you; and without acquiring any thing but a claim upon your gratitude, he impoverished himself.

And now, sir, what would be thought of us in Europe, if, after all that has passed, we should fail to make a generous and liberal provision for our venerable guest? We have, under circumstances calculated to give to the event great celebrity, invited him to our shores. We have received him with the utmost enthusiasm. The people have every where greeted him in the warmest terms of gratitude and affection.

Now what will be thought of us in Europe, and, what is much more important, how will we deserve to be thought of, if we send back our venerable guest without any more substantial proof of our gratitude, than vague expressions of regard? You have made him a spectacle for the world to gaze on. He cannot go back to France, and become the private citizen he was when he left it. You have, by the universal homage of your hearts and tongues, made his house a shrine, to which every pilgrim of liberty, from every quarter of the world, will repair. At least let him not, after this, want the means of giving welcome to the Americans, who, whenever they visit the shores of France, will repair in crowds to his hospitable mansion, to testify their veneration to the illustrious compatriot of their fathers. I regret, sir, that I have been compelled to say thus much upon the subject. But, sir, I have full confidence that there cannot in this house, there cannot in this nation, be but one universal feeling of gratitude and affection for Lafayette.

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## XXXVI.—THE OBLIGATIONS OF AMERICA TO GREECE.

Extract from Daniel Webster's Speech, delivered in the House of Representatives, on the 19th of January, 1824, upon the following Resolution:

"*Resolved*, That provision ought to be made, by law, for defraying the expense incident to the appointment of an Agent or Commissioner to Greece, whenever the President shall deem it expedient to make such appointment."

I AM afraid, Mr. Chairman, that so far as my part in this discussion is concerned, those expectations which the public excitement existing on the subject, and certain associations, easily suggested by it, have conspired to raise, may be disappointed. An occasion which calls the attention to a spot, so distinguished, so connected with interesting recollections, as Greece, may naturally create something of warmth and enthusiasm. In a grave political discussion, however, it is necessary that that feeling should be chastised. I shall endeavour properly to repress it, although it is impossible that it should be altogether extinguished. We must, indeed, fly be-

yond the civilized world; we must pass the dominion of law, and the boundaries of knowledge; we must, more especially, withdraw ourselves from this place, and the scenes and objects which here surround us, if we would separate ourselves, altogether, from the influence of all those memorials of herself which ancient Greece has transmitted for the admiration and the benefit of mankind. This free form of government, this popular assembly, the common council, held for the common good, where have we contemplated its earliest models? This practice of free debate and public discussion, the contest of mind with mind, and that popular eloquence, which, if it were now here, on a subject like this, would move the stones of the capitol, whose was the language in which all these were first exhibited? Even the edifice in which we assemble, these proportioned columns, this ornamented architecture, all remind us that Greece has existed, and that we, like the rest of mankind, are greatly her debtors. But I have not introduced this motion in the vain hope of discharging any thing of this accumulated debt of centuries. What I have to say of Greece, therefore, concerns the modern, not the ancient; the living, and not the dead. It regards her, not as she exists in history, triumphant over time, and tyranny, and ignorance; but as she now is, contending, against fearful odds, for being, and for the common privilege of human nature.

I think it right, too, sir, not to be unseasonable in the expression of our regard, and, as far as that goes, in a ministration of our consolation, to a long oppressed and now struggling people. I am not of those who would, in the hour of utmost peril, withhold such encouragement as might be properly and lawfully given, and when the crisis should be past, overwhelm the rescued sufferer with kindness and caresses. The Greeks address the civilized world with a pathos not easy to be resisted. They invoke our favor by more moving considerations than can well belong to the condition of any other people. They stretch out their arms to the Christian communities of the earth, beseeching them, by a generous recollection of their ancestors, by the consideration of their own desolated and ruined cities and villages, by their wives and children, sold into an accursed slavery, by their own blood, which they seem willing to pour out like water, by the common faith, and in the name, which unites

all Christians, that they would extend to them at least some token of compassionate regard.

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### XXXVII.—STANZAS ADDRESSED TO THE GREEKS.

Anonymous.

On, on, to the just and glorious strife!
With your swords your freedom shielding;
Nay, resign, if it must be so, even life;
But die, at least, unyielding.

On to the strife! for 'twere far more meet
To sink with the foes who bay you,
Than crouch, like dogs, at your tyrant's feet,
And smile on the swords that slay you.

Shall the pagan slaves be masters, then,
Of the land which your fathers gave you?
Shall the Infidel lord it o'er Christian men,
When your own good swords may save you?

No! let him feel that their arms are strong,—
That their courage will fail them never,—
Who strike to repay long years of wrong,
And bury past shame for ever.

Let him know there are hearts, however bowed
By the chains which he threw around them,
That will rise, like a spirit from pall and shroud,
And cry "wo!" to the slaves who bound them.

Let him learn how weak is a tyrant's might
Against liberty's sword contending;
And find how the sons of Greece can fight,
Their freedom and land defending.

Then on! then on to the glorious strife!
With your swords your country shielding,
And resign, if it must be so, even life;
But die, at least, unyielding.

Strike! for the sires who left you free!
Strike! for their sakes who bore you!
Strike! for your homes and liberty,
And the heaven your worship o'er you!

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## XXXVIII.—THE PHYSICAL AND MORAL EFFECTS OF INTEMPERANCE.

Extract from a Sermon on Intemperance, by Lyman Beecher, D. D.

Of all the ways to hell, my friends, which the feet of deluded mortals tread, that of the intemperate is the most dreary and terrific. The demand for artificial stimulus to supply the deficiencies of healthful aliment, is like the rage of thirst, and the ravenous demand of famine. *It is famine:* for the artificial excitement has become as essential now to strength and cheerfulness, as simple nutrition once was. But nature, taught by habit to require what once she did not need, demands gratification now with a decision inexorable as death, and to most men as irresistible. The denial is a living death. The stomach, the head, the heart and arteries, and veins, and every muscle, and every nerve, feel the exhaustion, and the restless, unutterable wretchedness which puts out the light of life, and curtains the heavens, and carpets the earth with sackcloth. All these varieties of sinking nature, call upon the wretched man with trumpet tongue, to dispel this darkness, and raise the ebbing tide of life, by the application of the cause which produced these woes, and after a momentary alleviation will produce them again with deeper terrors, and more urgent importunity; for the repetition, at each time, renders the darkness deeper, and the torments of self-denial more irresistible and intolerable.

At length, the excitability of nature flags, and stimulants of higher power, and in greater quantities, are required to rouse the impaired energies of life, until at length the whole process of dilatory murder, and worse than purgatorial suffering, having been passed over, the silver cord is loosed, the golden bowl is broken, the wheel at the cistern stops, and the dust returns to the earth as it was, and the spirit to God who gave it.

The sufferings, however, of an animal nature, occasioned by intemperance, are not to be compared with the *moral* agonies which convulse the soul. It is an immortal being who sins, and suffers; and as his earthly house dissolves, he is approaching the judgment seat, in anticipation of a miserable eternity. He feels his captivity, and in anguish of spirit clanks his chains and cries for help. Conscience thunders, remorse goads, and as the gulf opens before him, he recoils, and trembles, and weeps, and prays, and resolves, and promises, and reforms, and "seeks it yet again,"—again resolves, and weeps, and prays, and "seeks it yet again!" Wretched man! he has placed himself in the hands of a giant, who never pities, and never relaxes his iron gripe. He may struggle, but he is in chains. He may cry for release, but it comes not; and lost! lost! may be inscribed upon the door posts of his dwelling.

In the mean time these paroxysms of his dying moral nature decline, and a fearful apathy, the harbinger of spiritual death, comes on. His resolution fails, and his mental energy, and his vigorous enterprise; and nervous irritation and depression ensue. The social affections lose their fulness and tenderness, and conscience loses its power, and the heart its sensiblity, until all that was once lovely and of good report, retires and leaves the wretch abandoned to the appetites of a ruined animal. In this deplorable condition, reputation expires, business falters and becomes perplexed, and temptations to drink multiply as inclination to do so increases, and the power of resistance declines. And now the vortex roars, and the struggling victim buffets the fiery wave with feebler stroke, and warning supplication, until despair flashes upon his soul, and with an outcry that pierces the heavens, he ceases to strive, and disappears.

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## XXXIX.—HOME DEAR TO THE AFRICAN; AND THE GUILT OF TEARING HIM FROM IT.

Extract from "The West Indies," a Poem, by James Montgomery.

MAN, through all ages of revolving time,
Unchanging man, in every varying clime,

Deems his own land of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside;
His HOME the spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.
And is the *Negro* outlawed from his birth?
Is he alone a stranger on the earth?
Is there no shed, whose peeping roof appears
So lovely, that it fills his eyes with tears?
No land, whose name, in exile heard, will dart
Ice through his veins, and lightning through his heart?
Ah! yes; beneath the beams of brighter skies,
His home amidst his father's country lies;
There, with the partner of his soul, he shares
Love-mingled pleasures, love-divided cares;
There, as with nature's warmest, filial fire,
He soothes his blind, and feeds his helpless sire;
His children, sporting round his hut, behold
How they shall cherish him when he is old.
Thus lived the Negro in his native land,
Till Christian cruisers anchored on his strand;
—'Twas night; his babes around him lay at rest,
Their mother slumber'd on their father's breast;
A yell of murder rang around their bed;
They woke; their cottage blazed; the victims fled;
Forth sprang the ambushed ruffians on their prey,
They caught, they bound; they drove them far away;
The white man bought them at the mart of blood;
In pestilential barks they crossed the flood;
Then were the wretched ones asunder torn,
To distant isles, to separate bondage borne,
Denied, though sought with tears, the sad relief
That misery loves,—the fellowship of grief.

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### XL.—THE SLAVE TRADE.

Extract from Mr. Wilberforce's Speech, delivered on the 2d of April, 1792, in the House of Commons, on a motion for the Abolition of the Slave Trade.

*Mr. Speaker*,—I CANNOT but persuade myself, that whatever difference of opinion there may have been, we shall this

day be at length unanimous. I cannot believe that a British House of Commons will give its sanction to the continuance of this infernal traffic, the African slave trade. We were for awhile ignorant of its real nature; but it has now been completely developed, and laid open to your view in all its horrors. Never was there, indeed, a system so big with wickedness and cruelty; it attains to the fullest measure of pure, unmixed, unsophisticated wickedness; and scorning all competition or comparison, it stands without a rival in the secure, undisputed possession of its detestable pre-eminence.

But I rejoice, sir, to see that the people of Great Britain have stepped forward on this occasion, and expressed their sense more generally and unequivocally than in any instance wherein they have ever before interfered. I should in vain attempt to express to you the satisfaction with which it has filled my mind, to see so great and glorious a concurrence, to see this great cause triumphing over all lesser distinctions, and substituting cordiality and harmony in the place of distrust and opposition. Nor have its effects amongst ourselves been in this respect less distinguished or less honorable. It has raised the character of Parliament. Whatever may have been thought or said concerning the unrestrained prevalency of our political divisions, it has taught surrounding nations, it has taught our admiring country, that there are subjects still beyond the reach of party. There is a point of elevation where we get above the jarring of the discordant elements that ruffle and agitate the vale below. In our ordinary atmosphere, clouds and vapors obscure the air, and we are the sport of a thousand conflicting winds and adverse currents; but here, we move in a higher region, where all is pure, and clear, and serene, free from perturbation and discomposure:

> As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
> Swells from the vale and midway leaves the storm;
> Tho' round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
> Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Here then, on this august eminence, let us build the temple of benevolence; let us lay its foundation deep in truth and justice, and let the inscription on its gates be "peace and good will towards men." Here let us offer the first fruit of our prosperity; here let us devote ourselves to the service of

these wretched men, and go forth burning with a generous ardor to compensate, if possible, for the injuries we have hitherto brought on them. Let us heal the breaches we have made. Let us rejoice in becoming the happy instruments of arresting the progress of rapine and desolation, and of introducing into that immense country the blessings of Christianity, the comforts of civilized, and the sweets of social life. I am persuaded, sir, there is no man who hears me, who would not join with me in hailing the arrival of this happy period; who does not feel his mind cheered and solaced by the contemplation of these delightful scenes.

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## XLI.—MR. WILBERFORCE THE FIRST AND GREAT PROJECTOR OF ABOLISHING THE SLAVE TRADE.

Extract from the same speech.

I CANNOT but believe, Mr. Speaker, that the hour is at length come, when we shall put a final period to the existence of this abominable—this unchristian traffic—the slave trade. But if, in this fond expectation, I should be unhappily mistaken, be assured, sir, I never will desert the cause; but to the last moment of my life, I will exert my utmost powers in the service of that unhappy country. In truth, if I were not to persevere, I must be dead to every generous emotion that can actuate and stimulate the mind of man. Can a noble object interest? or the consciousness of an honorable office? What object so noble as this of relieving the miseries of thousands upon thousands of our fellow creatures; introducing Christianity and civilization to a fourth part of the habitable globe? I am, indeed, conscious of the honorable nature of the office I have undertaken, and grateful to God for having permitted me to take the lead in the communication of such extended blessings. My task is one in which it is impossible to tire; my work repays itself: it fills my mind with complacency and peace. I lie down with it at night with composure, and rise to it in the morning with alacrity. If it obliges me to be conversant with scenes of wretchedness, this is but like visiting a hospital from mo-

tives of humanity, where your own feelings repay you for the pain you undergo. No, sir, no; I never will desist from this blessed work; but I cannot help persuading myself that there will be no call for my perseverance. I will not allow myself to doubt about the issue, and cheerfully wait the event of your decision.

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### XLII.—THE LOVE OF COUNTRY AND OF HOME.

Extract from "The West Indies" a Poem, by James Montgomery.

THERE is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven, o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light;
And milder moons emparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth:
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
For in this land of heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest:
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his softened looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, father, friend:
Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life;
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel-guard of loves and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fire-side pleasures gambol at her feet.
"Where shall that *land*, that *spot of earth* be found?"
Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look around;
O thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land, THY COUNTRY, and that spot, THY HOME!

## XLIII.—THE RESPONSIBILITY DEVOLVING ON THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

Extract from a Discourse delivered at Yale College, Nov. 29, 1827, by Professor Eleazer T. Fitch.

The world, my friends, is before us, as Americans, presenting its claims. Here the experiment is happily begun, whether a nation may not perpetuate its existence and prosperity with free institutions; and the people who groan in bondage, or sigh for more liberal measures in other nations, look hither for sympathy and encouragement, and for the dawning of a brighter day. They watch anxiously the issues of an experiment which is the world's last hope for the success of freedom. If we are so unfaithful as to alienate these blessings from our land, and cause God who has conferred them to withdraw from us in indignation; if, I say, the experiment fails in our hands; what despondency must weigh down the hearts of all the friends of freedom in the earth! They will reproach us with their doom, as they descend into a dark and hopeless night of despotism. And our shame shall be recorded on the annals of the world, as an ungrateful republic which thrusted from her the richest boon of Heaven.

Posterity appear before us, urging their claims. We hold in trust the privileges of their birth-right. If we alienate the precious trust, how will they reproach our memories that we robbed them of their inheritance! My friends, enlightened piety is, under God, the hope of this nation. Let the sentiment be deeply engraven on your hearts, that the American citizen must honor the God of his fathers, if he would effectually consult the welfare of his country. And to you, who are preparing for important influence, and are soon to enter upon responsible stations in this community, the subject is addressed with peculiar force. With you, are soon to be deposited the hopes of other generations. If you, and the generation who are rising upon the stage of life with you, shall, in your various stations, wait on God and fulfil your appointed duties, the God of our fathers will bless you. Jehovah shall dwell in the land, its glory and defence. Iniquity shall retire at his presence, with her train of deformity

and crime. The hearts of all shall be blessed with unity and joy. And from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the unnumbered millions yet to inhabit this continent, shall rejoice in inheriting the rich legacy of your institutions.

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### XLIV.—THE OBLIGATIONS OF AMERICA TO ENGLAND.

Extract from an Oration delivered at Plymouth, December 22, 1824, by Edward Everett.

When we think, my friends, of the history of the South American states, by what people many of them have been colonized, and what is their present state, who is there that is not grateful in the contrast which our history presents? Who does not feel, what reflecting American does not acknowledge, the incalculable advantages derived to this land, out of the deep fountains of civil, intellectual, and moral truth, from which we have drawn in England?—What American does not feel proud that he is descended from the countrymen of Bacon, of Newton, and of Locke? Who does not know, that while every pulse of civil liberty in the heart of the British empire beat warm and full in the bosom of our fathers; the sobriety, the firmness, and the dignity with which the cause of free principles struggled into existence *here*, constantly found encouragement and countenance from the sons of liberty *there*?—Who does not remember that when the pilgrims went over the sea, the prayers of the faithful British confessors, in all the quarters of their dispersion, went over with them, while their aching eyes were strained, till the star of hope should go up in the western skies?—And who will ever forget, that in that eventful struggle, which severed this mighty empire from the British crown, there was not heard, throughout our continent in arms, a voice which spoke louder for the rights of America, than that of Burke or of Chatham, within the walls of the British parliament, and at the foot of the British throne?—No, for myself, I can truly say, that after my native land, I feel a tenderness and a reverence for that of my fathers. The pride I take in my own country makes me respect that from which we are sprung. In touching the soil of England,

I seem to return like a descendant to the old family seat;—to come back to the abode of an aged, the tomb of a departed parent. I acknowledge this great consanguinity of nations. The sound of my native language beyond the sea, is a music to my ear, beyond the richest strains of Tuscan softness, or Castilian majesty,—I am not yet in a land of strangers, while surrounded by the manners, the habits, the forms, in which I have been brought up. I wander delighted through a thousand scenes, which the historians, the poets have made familiar to us,—of which the names are interwoven with our earliest associations. I tread with reverence the spots, where I can retrace the footsteps of our suffering fathers; the pleasant land of their birth has a claim on my heart. It seems to me a classic, yea, a holy land, rich in the memories of the great and good; the martyrs of liberty, the exiled heralds of truth; and richer as the parent of this land of promise in the west.

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### XLV.—THE SUFFERING OF THE PILGRIMS.

Extract from the same Oration.

Let us now, my friends, advert to that period when our Pilgrim Fathers left their country and their homes for this then unknown shore. Methinks I see that one solitary, adventurous vessel, freighted with the prospects of a future state, and bound across the unknown sea. I behold it pursuing, with a thousand misgivings, the uncertain, the tedious voyage. Suns rise and set, and weeks and months pass, and winter surprises them on the deep, but brings them not the sight of the wished for shore. I see them now scantily supplied with provisions, crowded almost to suffocation in their ill-stored prison, delayed by calms, pursuing a circuitous route;—and now driven in fury before the raging tempest, on the high and giddy waves. The awful voice of the storm howls through the rigging. The laboring masts seem straining from their base;—the dismal sound of the pumps is heard;—the ship leaps, as it were, madly from billow to billow;—the ocean breaks, and settles with engulfing floods over the floating deck, and beats with deadening, shivering

weight, against the staggered vessel. I see them, escaped from these perils, pursuing their all but desperate undertaking, and landing at last, after a five months passage, on the ice-clad rocks of Plymouth,—weak and weary from the voyage,—poorly armed, scantily provisioned, depending on the charity of their ship-master for a draught of beer on board, drinking nothing but water on shore,—without shelter,—without means,—surrounded by hostile tribes. Shut now the volume of history, and tell me, on any principle of human probability, what shall be the fate of this handful of adventurers.—Tell me, man of military science, in how many months were they all swept off by the thirty savage tribes, enumerated within the early limits of New-England? Tell me, politician, how long did this shadow of a colony, on which your conventions and treaties had not smiled, languish on the distant coast? Student of history, compare for me the baffled projects, the deserted settlements, the abandoned adventures of other times, and find the parallel of this. Was it the winter's storm, beating upon the houseless heads of women and children? was it hard labor and spare meals?—was it disease? was it the tomahawk? was it the deep malady of a blighted hope, a ruined enterprise, and a broken heart, aching in its last moments, at the recollection of the loved and left, beyond the sea? was it some, or all of these united, that hurried this forsaken company to their melancholy fate? And is it possible that neither of these causes, that not all combined, were able to blast this bud of hope?—Is it possible, that from a beginning so feeble, so frail, so worthy, not so much of admiration as of pity, there has gone forth a progress so steady, a growth so wonderful, an expansion so ample, a reality so important, a promise, yet to be fulfilled, so glorious?

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### XLVI.—THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

Mrs. Hemans. Written, 1825.

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast;
And the woods, against a stormy sky,
Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark,
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark,
On the wild New-England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;—
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;—

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;—
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom,
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.

The ocean-eagle soared
From his nest, by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared;—
This was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band;
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow, serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas? the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine.

Ay, call it holy ground,—
The soil where first they trod,
They have left unstained, what there they found—
Freedom to worship God!

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### XLVII.—THE OBLIGATIONS OF AMERICA TO LAFAYETTE.

Extract from Mr. Storrs' Speech, in the House of Representatives of the United States, upon the bill making provision for General Lafayette.

*Mr. Speaker*—In relation to the bill now before us, a bill for showing in a substantial manner our gratitude to the brave and generous Lafayette, let us remember that the eyes of Europe are this moment upon us. Her monarchs, her people, are anxiously waiting to see how we shall act. The despots of the old world are anxious to know whether, after inviting Lafayette to our shores—after offering to send a national ship to bring him over—after welcoming him from city to city, we are about to send him back, and subject him to the sneers of royalty, and, with him, to expose ourselves and the cause of free government to their reproaches. The question we are called to decide is, whether America, for whom he shed his blood, devoted his fortune, and dedicated his talents and his virtues, is about to send back her benefactor in the face of Europe, to be the object of their scorn, and leave the record of our proceedings, as a monument of the feelings of the American people. The question before us is, whether we will support the principles of our own government in our conduct towards one who has been considered on both continents as the great Apostle of Liberty, and justly so considered; for, next to the great Apostle of the gentiles himself, has this man served the best interests of mankind. Next in value to those which the one disseminated, are the blessings which the other has labored to spread among the nations of the world. The question is, whether his services are worth a memorial. This, it is true, is not needed for his character; as has been well said on a public occasion, "history has already taken charge of his fame," but, as was justly observed by the presiding officer of this house, General Lafayette now

stands among posterity, and our act this day is to be the judgment of posterity on his merits and his fame. Are we, then, here to record our value for civil liberty and all the blessings it bestows; or is it that we may send one of the greatest benefactors her cause has ever known, back to his country as a witness of the ingratitude of republics? But I said I would not speak of his services, nor will I. Whoever has read or known our history can be no stranger to what he has done for us. It is to be known to-day, what we think to be due, at least, to our character as a nation.

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## XLVIII.—THE EARL OF RICHMOND'S ADDRESS TO HIS TROOPS, BEFORE THE BATTLE OF BOSWORTH.*

Extract from Shakspeare. Richard 3d.—Act 5—Scene 3.

More than I have said, loving countrymen,
The leisure and enforcement† of the time
Forbids to dwell on:—Yet remember this,—
God, and our good cause, fight upon our side;
The prayers of holy saints and wronged souls,
Like high-reared bulwarks, stand before our faces;
Richard except,‡ those, whom we fight against,
Had rather have *us* win, than him they follow.
For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant, and a homicide;
One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd;
One that made means‖ to come by what he hath,
And slaughter'd those that were the means to help him;
A base foul stone, made precious by the foil
Of England's chair, where he is falsely set;§

* The battle of Bosworth, in Leicestershire, England, between King Richard 3d and Henry Earl of Richmond, took place August 22, 1485, in which King Richard was defeated and slain.

† The leisure and enforcement, that is, the want of leisure, and the pressing urgency "of the time."

‡ That is, all our opponents excepting Richard "had rather have us win."

‖ To "make means" to obtaining any thing, signified to try after it by some indirect and wicked methods.

§ The meaning of this is:—as poor stones are sometimes made valuable by being "set" in gold or "foil," so Richard has attained some consequence, by having sat upon the "chair," or throne of England.

One that hath even been God's enemy:
Then if you fight against God's enemy,
God will, in justice, ward you as his soldiers;
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;
If you do fight against your country's foes,
Your country's fat* shall pay your pains the hire;
If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors;
If you do free your children from the sword,
Your children's children quit† it in your age.
Then, in the name of God, and all these rights,
Advance your standards, draw your willing swords:
For me, the ransom of my bold attempt‡
Shall be this cold corse on the earth's cold face;
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
The least of you shall share his part thereof.
Sound, drums and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully;
God and St. George!‖ Richmond, and victory!

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## XLIX.—THE CONDITION OF IRELAND IN 1797.

Extract from Mr. Curran's Speech in defence of Peter Finerty, who was tried for a libel in Ireland, 1797:§

*Gentlemen of the Jury,*—LET me here say that it is, not with respect to Mr. ORR that your verdict is now sought; you are called upon, on your oaths, to say that the government is wise and merciful, that the people are prosperous and happy,

* Your country's fat,—the richness or prosperity of your country.

† "Quit," to requite, to repay.

‡ The ransom of my bold attempt,—the fine paid by me in atonement for my rashness, shall be my dead corse. *Johnson.*

‖ "St. George" was the usual cry of the English soldiers when entering into battle.

§ The publication alleged to be libellous was a letter addressed to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, commenting with great severity upon his conduct in relation to the death of the unfortunate Orr, who was tried, convicted, (wickedly and unjustly, as has been said,) and executed for high treason. Finerty was the printer of a public paper, and did nothing more than give the letter an insertion in its columns.

that military law ought to be continued, that the British constitution could not with safety be restored to this country, and that the statements of a contrary import by your advocates in either country were libellous and false. I tell you these are the questions, and I ask you can you have the front to give the expected answer in the face of a community who know the country as well as you do? Let me ask you, how could you reconcile with such a verdict the jails, the tenders, the gibbets, the conflagrations, the murders, the proclamations, that we hear of every day in the streets, and see every day in the country! What are the processions of the learned counsel himself, circuit after circuit? Merciful God! what is the state of Ireland, and where shall you find the wretched inhabitant of this land! You may find him perhaps in a jail, the only place of security, I had almost said, of ordinary habitation; you may see him flying by the conflagration of his own dwelling; or you may find his bones bleaching on the green fields of his country; or he may be found tossing upon the surface of the ocean, and mingling his groans with those tempests less savage than his persecutors, that drift him to a returnless, distance from his family and his home. And yet, with these facts ringing in the ears, and staring in the face of the prosecutor, you are called upon to say, on your oaths, that these facts do not exist! You are called upon, in defiance of shame, of truth, of honor, to deny the sufferings under which you groan, and to flatter the persecution that tramples you under foot!

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### L.—THE CHARACTER OF AN INFORMER UNDER A CORRUPT GOVERNMENT.

Extract from the same Speech.

*Gentlemen of the Jury*—The learned Attorney-General is pleased to say, that the traverser has charged the Government with the encouragement of informers. This, gentlemen, is a small fact that you are to deny at the hazard of your souls, and upon the solemnity of your oaths. You are, upon your oaths, to say to the sister country, that the government of Ireland

uses no such abominable instruments of destruction as INFORMERS. Let me ask you honestly, what do you feel when, in my hearing, when in the face of this audience, you are called upon to give a verdict that every man of us, and every man of you, know by the testimony of your own eyes to be utterly and absolutely false? I speak not now of the public proclamation of INFORMERS, with a promise of secrecy and of extravagant reward; I speak not of the fate of those horrid wretches, who have been so often transferred from the table to the dock, and from the dock to the pillory; I speak of what your own eyes have seen, day after day, during the course of this commission, from the box where you are now sitting; the number of horrid miscreants, who avowed upon their oaths, that they had come from the very seat of government—from the castle, where they had been worked upon by the fear of death and the hopes of compensation, to give evidence against their fellows, that the mild and wholesome councils of this government are holden over these catacombs of living death, where the wretch that is buried a man, lies till his heart has time to fester and dissolve, and is then dug up a witness.

Is this fancy, or is it fact? Have you not seen him after his resurrection from that tomb, after having been dug out of the region of death and corruption, make his appearance upon the table, the living image of life and of death, and the supreme arbiter of both? Have you not marked when he entered, how the stormy wave of the multitude retired at his approach? Have you not marked how the human heart bowed to the supremacy of his power, in the undissembled homage of deferential horror? How his glance, like the lightning of Heaven, seemed to rive the body of the accused, and mark it for the grave, while his voice warned the devoted wretch of wo and death; a death, which no innocence can escape, no art elude, no force resist, no antidote prevent. There was an antidote—*a juror's oath;* but even that adamantine chain, that bound the integrity of man to the throne of Eternal Justice, is solved and melted in the breath that issues from the INFORMER'S MOUTH—conscience swings from her mooring, and the appalled and affrighted juror consults his own safety in the surrender of the victim.

## LI.—BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.*

Rev. John Wolfe

Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moon-beam's misty light,
And the lantern, dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet, nor in shroud, we bound him;
But he lay, like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow!
But we stedfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe would be rioting over his head,
And we far away on the billow.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But nothing he'll reck, if they let him sleep on,
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock tolled the hour for retiring;
And we heard, by the distant random gun,
That the foe was suddenly firing.

* Who fell in the battle of Corunna, in Spain, 1808.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
But left him alone with his glory.

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### LII.—THE HORRORS OF WAR.

Extract from a Sermon of the Rev. Thomas Chalmers, entitled, "Thoughts on Universal Peace."

THE first great obstacle, my friends, to the extinction of war, is the way in which the heart of man is carried off from its barbarities and its horrors, by the splendor of its deceitful accompaniments. There is a feeling of the sublime in contemplating the shock of armies, just as there is in contemplating the devouring energy of a tempest; and this so elevates and engrosses the whole man, that his eye is blind to the tears of bereaved parents, and his ear is deaf to the piteous moan of the dying, and the shriek of their desolated families. There is a gracefulness in the picture of a youthful warrior burning for distinction on the field, and lured by this generous aspiration to the deepest of the animated throng, where, in the fell work of death, the opposing sons of valor struggle for a remembrance and a name; and this side of the picture is so much the exclusive object of our regard, as to disguise from our view the mangled carcasses of the fallen, and the writhing agonies of the hundreds and the hundreds more, who have been laid on the cold ground, where they are left to languish and to die. There no eye pities them. No sister is there to weep over them. There no gentle hand is present to ease the dying posture, or bind up the wounds, which, in the maddening fury of the combat, have been given and received by the children of one common Father. There death spreads its pale ensigns over every countenance, and when night comes on, and darkness around them, how many a despairing wretch must take up with the bloody field as the untended bed of his last sufferings, without one friend to bear the message of tenderness to his distant home, without one companion to close his eyes.

On every side of me, I see causes at work which go to spread a most delusive colouring over war, and to remove its shocking barbarities to the back-ground of our contemplations altogether. I see it in the history which tells me of the superb appearance of the troops, and the brilliancy of their successive charges. I see it in the poetry, which lends the magic of its numbers to the narrative of blood, and transports its many admirers, as by its images, and its figures, and its nodding plumes of chivalry, it throws its treacherous embellishments over a scene of legalized slaughter. I see it in the music, which represents the progress of the battle; and where, after being inspired by the trumpet-notes of preparation, the whole beauty and tenderness of a drawing room are seen to bend over the sentimental entertainment; nor do I hear the utterance of a single sigh to interrupt the death-tones of the thickening contest, and the moans of the wounded men, as they fade away upon the ear, and sink into lifeless silence. All, all goes to prove what strange and half-sighted creatures we are. Were it not so, war could never have been seen in any other aspect than that of unmingled hatefulness; and I can look to nothing but to the progress of Christian sentiment upon earth, to arrest the strong current of its popular and prevailing partiality for war.

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### LIII.—THE GLORY OF NEW-ENGLAND—HER FREE SCHOOLS.

Extract from Judge Story's Discourse before the Essex Historical Society, September 18, 1828.

I KNOW not, my friends, what more munificent donation any government can bestow, than by providing instruction at the public expense, not as a scheme of charity, but of municipal policy. If a private person deserves the applause of all good men, who founds a single hospital or college, how much more are they entitled to the appellation of public benefactors, who, by the side of every church in every village, plant a school of letters! Other monuments of the art and genius of man may perish; but these, from their very nature seem, as far as human foresight can go, absolutely im-

mortal. The triumphal arches of other days have fallen; the sculptured columns have crumbled into dust; the temples of taste and religion have sunk into decay; the pyramids themselves seem but mighty sepulchres hastening to the same oblivion, to which the dead they cover have long since passed. But here, every successive generation becomes a living memorial of our public schools, and a living example of their excellence. Never, never may this glorious institution be abandoned or betrayed, by the weakness of its friends, or the power of its adversaries. It can scarcely be abandoned or betrayed, while New-England remains free, and her representatives are true to their trust. It must for ever count in its defence a majority of all those, who ought to influence public affairs by their virtues or their talents; for it must be, that here they first felt the divinity of knowledge stir within them. What consolation can be higher, what reflection prouder, than the thought, that in weal and in wo, our children are under the public guardianship, and may here gather the fruits of that learning which ripens for eternity!

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### LIV.—NEW-ENGLAND.

J. G. Percival.

Hail to the land whereon we tread,
Our fondest boast;
The sepulcher of mighty dead,
The truest hearts that ever bled,
Who sleep on glory's brightest bed,
A fearless host:
No slave is here—our unchained feet
Walk freely, as the waves that beat
Our coast.

Our fathers crossed the ocean's wave
To seek this shore;
They left behind the coward slave
To welter in his living grave;
With hearts unbent, and spirits brave,

They sternly bore
Such toils as meaner souls had quelled;
But souls like these, such toils impelled
To soar.

Hail to the morn, when first they stood
On Bunker's height,
And, fearless, stemmed the invading flood,
And wrote our dearest rights in blood,
And mowed in ranks the hireling brood,
In desperate fight!
O! 'twas a proud, exulting day,
For e'en our fallen fortunes lay
In light.

There is no other land like thee,
No dearer shore;
Thou art the shelter of the free;
The home, the port of Liberty,
Thou hast been and shalt ever be,
Till time is o'er.
Ere I forget to think upon
My land, shall mother curse the son
She bore.

Thou art the firm unshaken rock,
On which we rest;
And, rising from thy hardy stock,
Thy sons the tyrant's frown shall mock,
And Slavery's galling chains unlock,
And free the oppress'd;
All, who the wreath of Freedom twine,
Beneath the shadow of their vine
Are blest.

We love thy rude and rocky shore,
And here we stand—
Let foreign navies hasten o'er,
And on our heads their fury pour,
And peal their cannon's loudest roar,

And storm our land;
They still shall find, our lives are given,
To die for home;—and leant on heaven,
Our hand.

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### LV.—THE DEATH OF CHARLES JAMES FOX.

**Extract from Mr. Sheridan's Speech, to the Electors of Westminster, September 18, 1806.**

I COME now, gentlemen, with a very embarrassed feeling, to that declaration which I yet think you must have expected from me, but which I make with reluctance, because, from the marked approbation I experienced from you, I fear with reluctance you will receive it. I FEEL MYSELF UNDER THE NECESSITY OF RETIRING FROM THIS CONTEST. I beseech you to hear me with patience, and in the temper with which I address you. There is in true friendship this advantage; the inferior mind looks to the presiding intellect as its guide and landmark while living, and to the engraven memory of its principles, as a rule of conduct, after its death. Yet further, still unmixed with idle superstition, there may be gained a salutary lesson from contemplating what would be grateful to the mind of the departed, were he conscious of what is passing here. I solemnly believe, that could such a consideration have entered into Mr. Fox's last moments, there is nothing his wasted spirits would so have deprecated, as a contest of the nature which I now disclaim and relinquish. It was never ascertained to me until Monday last, after this meeting had been fixed, that Lord Percy would certainly be a candidate. My friends hesitated, in the hope that it might be left to arbitration which candidate should withdraw. That hope has failed. I claim the privilege of nearest and dearest friendship, to set the example of a sacrifice—comparatively how small to what it demands! Nothing could have induced me to have proceeded to a disputed poll on this occasion.—The hour is not far distant when an awful knell shall tell you, that the unburied remains of your reverend patriot, are passing through the streets to that sepulchral

home, where your kings—your heroes—your sages—and your poets lie, and where they are to be honored by the association of his noble remains—that hour, when, however the splendid gaudiness of public pageantry may be avoided, you—you—all of you will be self-marshalled in reverential sorrow, mute, and reflecting on your mighty loss.—At that moment, shall the disgusting contest of an election-wrangle break the solemnity of the scene?—Is it fitting that any man should overlook the crisis, and risk the rude and monstrous contest? Is it fitting that I should be that man?—Allow me to hope, from the manner in which you have received the little I have said on this subject, that I need add no more.

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## LVI.—THE WORTHLESSNESS OF THE PATRONAGE OF "THE GREAT."

Dr. Johnson's celebrated Letter to Lord Chesterfield.*

*My Lord*,—I HAVE been lately informed, by the proprietor of THE WORLD,† that two papers, in which my dictionary is recommended to the public, were written by your Lordship. To be so distinguished, is an honor, which, being very little accustomed to favors from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

When upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your Lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address, and could not forbear to wish that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending. But I found my attendance so little encouraged, that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your Lordship in public—I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly

*When Dr. Johnson had commenced his large Dictionary, he waited upon Lord Chesterfield, for his patronage, but met with a cold repulse. After the *truly great man* had completed his Herculean task, Chesterfield, from mere selfish motives, began to repent of his former treatment, and wished to have the Dictionary dedicated to himself, and for this purpose wrote the two recommendatory papers spoken of. But the shallow artifice did not succeed.

†"THE WORLD" was a periodical paper published in London.

scholar can possess. I had done all that I could, and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

Seven years, my Lord, have now passed, since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door: during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it at last, to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favor. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a PATRON before.

Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern upon a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached the ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labors, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed, till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity, not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron, which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried on my work thus far, my lord, with so little obligation to any favorer of learning, I shall not, therefore, be disappointed, though I should conclude it with less, if less be possible.

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### LVII.—COMPARISON BETWEEN BURKE AND JOHNSON.

Extract from Cumberland's "Retrospection."

OH THOU, my muse!—(if yet I have a muse,)
Come, teach me by what answer to appease
This friend, who importunes me to decide,
If Burke or Johnson were the greater man.
Nature gave to each
Pow'rs that, in some respects, may be compared,
For both were orators—and could we now
Canvass the social circles where they mix'd,
The palm for eloquence, by general vote,
Would rest with him, whose thunder never shook

The senate or the bar. When Burke harang'd
The nation's representatives, methought
The fine machinery, that his fancy wrought,
Rich, but fantastic, sometimes would obscure
That symmetry, which ever should uphold
The dignity and order of debate:
'Gainst orator like this had Johnson rose,
So clear was his perception of the truth,
So grave his judgment, and so high the swell
Of his full period, I must think, his speech
Had charm'd as many, and enlightened more.
Johnson, if right I judge, in classic lore
Was more diffuse than deep: he did not dig
So many fathoms down as Bently dug
In Grecian soil, but far enough to find
Truth ever at the bottom of his shaft.
Burke, borne by genius on a lighter wing,
Skimm'd o'er the flow'ry plains of Greece and Rome,
And, like the bee returning to its hive,
Brought nothing home but sweets; Johnson would dash
Through sophist or grammarian ankle-deep,
And rumage in their mud to trace a date,
Or hunt a dogma down, that gave offence
To his philosophy.
Both had a taste
For contradiction, but in mode unlike:
Johnson, at once would doggedly pronounce
Opinions false, and after, prove them such:
Burke, not less critical, but more polite,
With ceaseless volubility of tongue,
Play'd round and round his subject, till, at length,
Content to find you willing to admire;
He ceased to urge, or win you to assent.
Splendor of style, fertility of thought,
And the bold use of metaphor in both,
Strike us with rival beauty: Burke display'd
A copious period, that, with curious skill
And ornamental epithet drawn out,
Was, like the singer's cadence, sometimes apt,
Although melodious, to fatigue the ear:
Johnson, with terms unnaturaliz'd and rude,

And Latinisms fore'd into his line,
Like raw undrill'd recruits, would load his text
High sounding and uncouth ; yet, if you cull
His happier pages, you will find a style
Quintilian might have prais'd. Still I perceive
Nearer approach to purity in Burke,
Though not the full accession to that grace,
That chaste simplicity, which is the last
And best attainment author can possess.

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### LVIII.—THE FEARLESSNESS OF CONSCIOUS INNOCENCE.

Extract from the Speech of Robert Emmet, before sentence of death was pronounced upon him.

*My Lord,*—You ask me what I have to say, why sentence of death should not be pronounced on me according to law? I have nothing to say, that can alter your predetermination, or that will become me to say with any view to the mitigation of that sentence, which you are here to pronounce, and I must abide by. But I have that to say which interests me more than life, and which you have labored to destroy. I have much to say why my reputation should be rescued from the load of false accusation and calumny which has been heaped upon it.

I am charged with being an emissary of France. An emissary of France! and for what end? It is alleged, that I wished to sell the independence of my country! And for what end? Was this the object of my ambition? And is this the mode by which a tribunal of justice reconciles contradictions? No; I am no emissary—my ambition was to hold a place among the deliverers of my country—not in power, not in profit, but in the glory of the achievement! Sell my country's independence to France! and for what? A change of masters? No; but for ambition! Oh, my country! was it personal ambition that influenced me—had it been the soul of my actions, could I not, by my education and fortune, by the rank and consideration of my family, have placed myself amongst the proudest of your oppressors?

My country was my idol—to it I sacrificed every selfish, every endearing sentiment, and for it I now offer up my life. No, my lord, I acted as an *Irishman*, determined on delivering my country from the yoke of a foreign and unrelenting tyranny, and from the more galling yoke of a domestic faction.

Connexion with France was indeed intended—but only so far as mutual interest would sanction or require; were they to assume any authority inconsistent with the purest independence, it would be the signal of their destruction. Were the French to come as invaders, or enemies uninvited by the wishes of the people, I should oppose them to the utmost of my strength. Yes, my countrymen, I should advise you to meet them on the beach, with a sword in one hand and a torch in the other. I would meet them with all the destructive fury of war, and I would animate my countrymen to immolate them in their boats, before they had contaminated the soil of my country. If they succeeded in landing, and if forced to retire before superior discipline, I would dispute every inch of ground, raze every house, burn every blade of grass—the last spot in which the hope of freedom should desert me, there would I hold, and the last intrenchment of liberty should be my grave.

I have been charged with that importance, in the efforts to emancipate my country, as to be considered the key-stone of the combination of Irishmen, or, as your lordship expressed it, "the life and blood of the conspiracy." You do me honor overmuch—you have given to the subaltern all the credit of a superior; there are men engaged in this conspiracy, who are not only superior to me, but even to your own conceptions of yourself, my lord—men, before the splendor of whose genius and virtues I should bow with respectful deference, and who would think themselves dishonored to be called your friends—who would not disgrace themselves by shaking your blood-stained hand—[*Here he was interrupted.*]

What, my lord, shall you tell me, on the passage to that scaffold, which that tyranny, of which you are only the intermediary executioner, has erected for my murder, that I am accountable for all the blood that has and will be shed in this struggle of the oppressed against the oppressor—shall you tell me this, and must I be so very a slave as not to repel it?

I, who fear not to approach the Omnipotent Judge, to answer for the conduct of my whole life—am I to be appalled and falsified by a mere remnant of mortality here—by you, too, who, if it were possible to collect all the innocent blood that you have shed, in your unhallowed ministry, in one great reservoir, your lordship might swim in it?

My lords, you seem impatient for the sacrifice—the blood for which you thirst is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim: it circulates warmly and unruffled through the channels which God created for noble purposes, but which you are bent to destroy for purposes so grievous, that they cry to Heaven. Be yet patient! I have but a few words more to say. I am going to my cold and silent grave: my lamp of life is nearly extinguished: my race is run: the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom. I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world; it is the charity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph; for as no man who knows my motives, dare *now* vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity, and my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times and *other men* can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, *then*, and not till then, let my epitaph be written.—I HAVE DONE!

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## LIX.—SIR CHRISTOPHER AND QUIZ.

*From the Comedy of "Nolens Volens," of Everard Hall, Esq.*

[Sir Christopher is an elderly gentleman, who has a son at college, against whom he is much enraged for having fallen prematurely in love. Quiz, under the assumed name of "Blackletter," personates a professor of languages, having come for the purpose of pacifying Sir Christopher, and thus to obtain some money for the son.]

*Sir Ch.* And so, friend Blackletter, you are just come from college.

*Quiz.* Yes, sir.

*Sir Ch.* Ah, Mr. Blackletter, I once loved the name of a college, until my son proved so worthless.

*Quiz.* In the name of all the literati, what do you mean? You fond of *books*, and not bless your stars in giving you such a son?

*Sir Ch.* Ah, sir, he was once a youth of promise.—But do you know him?

*Quiz.* What! Frederick Classic?—ay, that I do—heaven be praised.

*Sir Ch.* I tell you, Mr. Blackletter, he is wonderfully changed.

*Quiz.* And a lucky change for him.—What, I suppose he was once a wild young fellow?

*Sir Ch.* No, sir, you don't understand me, or *I* don't *you*.—I tell you, he neglects his studies, and is foolishly in love, for which I shall certainly cut him off with a shilling.

*Quiz.* You surprise me, sir. I must beg leave to undeceive you—you are either out of your senses, or some wicked enemy of his has undoubtedly done him this injury. Why, sir, he is in love, I grant you, but it is only with his *book*. He hardly allows himself time to eat; and as for sleep—he scarcely takes two hours in the twenty-four.—(*Aside.*)—This is a thumper; for the dog has not looked into a book these six months to my certain knowledge.

*Sir Ch.* I have received a letter from farmer Downright this very day, who tells me he has received a letter from him, containing proposals for his daughter.

*Quiz.* This is very strange—I left him at college as close to his books as——oh, oh—I believe I can solve this mystery, and much to your satisfaction.

*Sir Ch.* I should be happy indeed if you could.

*Quiz.* Oh, as plain as that two and three are five. 'Tis thus—an envious fellow, a rival of your son's—a fellow who has not as much sense in his whole corporation as your son has in his little finger. Yes, I heard this very fellow ordering a messenger to farmer Downright with a letter; and this is no doubt the very one. Why, sir, your son will certainly surpass the Admirable Crichton—Sir Isaac Newton will be a perfect automaton compared with him, and the sages of antiquity, if resuscitated, would hang their heads in despair.

*Sir Ch.* Is it possible that my son is now at college, making these great improvements?

*Quiz.* Ay, that he is, sir.

*Sir Ch.* (*rubbing his hands*) Oh! the dear fellow, the dear fellow!

*Quiz.* Sir, you may turn to any part of Homer, and repeat *one* line—he will take it up, and, by dint of memory, continue repeating to the end of the book.

*Sir Ch.* Well, well, well. I find I was doing him great injustice; however, I'll make him ample amends—oh, the dear fellow, the dear fellow, the dear fellow—(*with great joy*)—he will be immortalized, and so shall I, for if I had not cherished the boy's genius in embryo, he would never have soared above mediocrity.

*Quiz.* True, sir.

*Sir Ch.* I cannot but think what *superlative* pleasure I shall have, when my son has got his education. No other man's in England shall be *comparative* with it—of that I am *positive*. Why, sir, the moderns are such dull, plodding, senseless barbarians, that a man of learning is as hard to be found as the unicorn.

*Quiz.* 'Tis much to be regretted, sir; but such is the lamentable fact.

*Sir Ch.* Even the shepherds, in days of yore, spoke their mother tongue in Latin; and now *hic, hæc, hoc*, is as little understood as the language of the moon.

*Quiz.* Your son, sir, will be a phenomenon, depend upon it.

*Sir Ch.* So much the better, so much the better. I expected soon to have been in the *vocative*, for you know you found me in the *accusative* case, and that's very near it—ha! ha! ha!

*Quiz.* You have reason to be merry, sir, I promise you.

*Sir Ch.* I have indeed. Well, I shall leave off *interjections* and promote an amicable *conjunction* with the dear fellow. Oh! we shall never think of addressing each other in plain English—no, no, we will converse in the pure classical language of the ancients. You remember the Eclogues of Virgil, Mr. Blackletter?

*Quiz.* Oh, yes sir, perfectly; have 'em at my finger ends. (*Aside*)—Not a bit of a one did I ever hear of in my life.

*Sir Ch.* How sweetly the first of them begins.

*Quiz.* Very sweetly, indeed, sir. (*Aside*)—Zounds, I wish he would change the subject.

*Sir. Ch.* " *Tytere, tu patulæ recubans,*" faith, 'tis more musical than fifty hand-organs.

*Quiz*—(*Aside.*) I had rather hear a jew's-harp.

*Sir Ch.* Talking of music, tho'—the Greek in the language, for that.

*Quiz.* Truly is it.

*Sir Ch.* Even the conjugations of the verbs far excel the finest sonata of Pleyel or Handel—for instance, " *tupto, tupso, tetupha,*"—can any thing be more musical?

*Quiz.* Nothing—"*stoop low, stoop so, stoop too far.*"

*Sir Ch.* Ha! ha! ha! " stoop too far!" that's a good one.

*Quiz.*—(*Aside*) Faith, I *have* stoop'd too far. All's over now, by Jupiter.

*Sir Ch.* Ha! ha! ha! a plaguy good *pun*, Mr. Black-letter

*Quiz.* Tolerable. I am well out of that scrape, however—(*aside.*)

*Sir Ch.* Pray, sir, which of the classics is your favourite?

*Quiz.* Why, sir, Mr. *Frederick* Classic, I think—he is so great a scholar.

*Sir Ch.* Po, po, you don't understand me—I mean which of the *Latin* classics do you admire most?

*Quiz.* Pox take him; what shall I say now? (*Aside.*)—The *Latin* classics? oh,—really, sir, I admire them *all* so much, it is difficult to say.

*Sir Ch.* Virgil is *my* favourite. How very expressive is his description of the unconquerable passion of queen Dido, where he says, "*haret lateri lethalis arundo.*" Is not that very expressive?

*Quiz.* Very expressive, indeed, sir. (*Aside*)—I wish we were forty miles asunder. I'shall never be able to hold out much longer at this rate.

*Sir Ch.* And Ovid is not without *his* charms!

*Quiz.* He is not, indeed, sir.

*Sir Ch.* And what a dear enchanting fellow *Horace* is!

*Quiz.* Wonderfully so!

*Sir Ch.* Pray, what think you of Xenophon?

*Quiz.* Who the devil is he, I wonder?—(*Aside.*) Xenophon!—oh, I think he unquestionably wrote good Latin, sir,

*Sir Ch.* Good *Latin*, man?—he wrote *Greek*—good *Greek*, you meant.

*Quiz.* True, sir, I did. *Latin*, indeed!—(*in great confusion*)—I meant *Greek*—did I say *Latin?* I really meant Greek. (*Aside.*)—Zounds! I don't know what I mean myself.

*Sir Ch.* Oh! Mr. Blackletter, I have been trying a long time to remember the name of one of Achilles' horses, but I can't for my life, think of it—*you* doubtless can tell me.

*Quiz.* O yes, his name was—but which of them do you mean?—what was he called?

*Sir Ch.* What was he called? Why that's the very thing I wanted to know. The one I allude to was born of the Harpy Celæno. I can't, for the blood of me, tell it.

*Quiz.* (*Aside*) Zounds, if I can either—(*to him*) born of the Harpy—oh! his name was—(*striking his forehead*)—Gracious! I forget it now. His name was,—was,—was,—zounds, 'tis as familiar to me as my A, B, C.

*Sir Ch.* Oh! I remember—'twas Xanthus, Xanthus—I remember now—'twas Xanthus—plague o' the name—that's it.

*Quiz.* Egad! so 'tis. "Thankus, Thankus"—that's it—strange I could not remember it. (*Aside*)—'Twould have been *stranger* if I *had*.

*Sir Ch.* You seem at times a little absent, Mr. Blackletter.

*Quiz.* Zounds! I wish I was absent altogether.

*Sir Ch.* We shall not disagree about learning, sir. I discover you are a man, not only of profound learning, but correct taste.

*Quiz.* I am glad *you* have found that out: (*aside*) for *I* never should. I came here to quiz the old fellow, and he'll quiz me, I fear. (*To him.*) O, by the by, I have been so confused—I mean so confounded; pshaw! so much engrossed with the contemplation of the Latin classics, I had almost forgot to give you a letter from your son.

*Sir Ch.* Bless me, sir! why did you delay that pleasure so long?

*Quiz.* I beg pardon, sir—here 'tis—(*gives a letter.*)

*Sir Ch.* (*Puts on his spectacles and reads.*) "To Miss Clara."

*Quiz.* No, no, no—that's not it—here 'tis—(*takes this letter and gives him another.*)

*Sir Ch.* What, are you the bearer of love epistles, too, Mr. Blackletter?

*Quiz.*—(*Aside.*) What a horrid blunder. (*To him*) Oh no, sir, that letter is from a female cousin at a boarding school, to Miss Clara Upright—no, Downright. That's the name.

*Sir Ch.* Truly she writes a good masculine fist. Well, let me see what my boy has to say.—(*Reads.*)

*Dear Father—*

"*There is a famous Greek manuscript just* "*come to light. I must have it.—The price is about a thousand* "*dollars. Send me the money by the bearer.*"

Short and sweet. There's a letter for you in the true Lacedæmonian style—laconic. Well, the boy shall have it, were it ten times as much. I should like to see this Greek manuscript; pray, sir, did you ever see it?

*Quiz.* I can't say I ever did, sir. (*Aside*) This is the only truth I have been able to edge in yet.

*Sir Ch.* I'll just send to my banker's for the money. In the mean time, we will adjourn to my library. I have been much puzzled with an obscure passage in Livy—we must lay our heads together for a solution. But I am sorry you are addicted to such absence of mind at times.

*Quiz.* 'Tis a misfortune, sir; but I am addicted to a greater than that at times.

*Sir Ch.* Ah! what's that?

*Quiz.* I am sometimes addicted to an absence of *body*.

*Sir Ch.* As how?

*Quiz.* Why thus sir—(*Takes up his hat and stick and walks off.*)

*Sir Ch.* Ha, ha ha—that's an absence of *body*, sure enough—an absence of *body* with a vengeance!—a very merry fellow this. He will be back for the money, I suppose, presently.—He is at all events, a very modest man, not fond of expresing his opinion—but that's a mark of merit.

### LX.—STARLIGHT ON MARATHON.

Extract from the Poems of Robert Montgomery.

No vesper breeze is floating now,
  No murmurs shake the air:
A gloom hath veil'd the mountain's brow,
  And quietude is there;
The night-beads, on the dew-white grass,
Drop brilliant as my footsteps pass.

No hum of life disturbs the scene.
  The clouds are rolled to rest;
'Tis like a calm where grief hath been,
  So welcome to the breast!
The warring tones of day have gone,
And starlight gleams on Marathon.

I look around from earth to sky,
  And gaze from star to star;
Till Grecian hosts seem gliding by,
  Triumphant from the war:
Like sleepless spirits from the dead
Revisting where once they bled.

What, though the mounds that mark'd each name
  Beneath the wings of Time
Have worn away,—theirs is the fame,
  Immortal and sublime;
For who can tread on Freedom's plain,
Nor wake her dead to life again?

Oh! to have seen the marching bands,
  And hear the battle-clash,
Have seen their weapon-clenching hands,
  And eyes' defiant flash,—
Their radiant shields and dancing crests,
And corslets on their swelling breasts.

Then said the mother to her son,
  And pointed to his shield,
"Come *with* it when the battle's done,
  Or *on* it—from the field!"
Then mute she glanced her fierce bright eye,
That spoke of ages vanished by.

'Twas here they fought: and martial peals
  Once thunder'd o'er the ground,
And gash and wound from plunging steels
  Bedew'd the battle mound.
Here Grecians trod the Persian dead,
And freedom shouted, while she bled!

But gone the day of Freedom's sword,
  And cold the patriot brave,
Who mow'd the dastard-minded horde
  Unto a gory grave;
While Greece arose sublimely free,
And dauntless as her own dark sea.

Still, starlight sheds the same pale beam
  For aye upon the plain;
And musing breasts might fondly dream
  The Grecian free again;
For empires fall, and freedom dies,
But dimless beauty robes the skies.

May HE whose glory gems the sky,
  God of the slave and free!
Hear every patriot's burning sigh
  That's offered here for thee:
For thee, sad Greece! and every son
That braves a Turk on Marathon.

## LXI.—THE CONDITION AND EFFECTS OF GUILT.

Extract from Mr. Curran's Speech in the case of Massey, against Headfort.*

*Gentlemen of the Jury,*—NEVER, so clearly as in the present instance, have I observed that safeguard of justice which Providence has placed in the nature of man. Such is the imperious dominion with which truth and reason wave their sceptre over the human intellect, that no solicitation, however artful, no talent, however commanding, can reduce it from its allegiance.

You have seen it in the learned advocate, who has preceded me, most peculiarly and strikingly illustrated—you have seen even *his* great talents, perhaps the first in any country, languishing under a cause too weak to carry him, and too heavy to be carried by him. He was forced to dismiss his natural candor and sincerity, and, having no merits in his case, to substitute the dignity of his own manner, the resources of his own ingenuity, over the overwhelming difficulties with which he was surrounded. Wretched client! Unhappy advocate! What a combination do you form! But such is the condition of guilt—its commission, mean and tremulous—its defence, artificial and insincere—its prosecution, candid and simple—its condemnation, dignified and austere. Such has been the defendant's guilt—such his defence—such shall be my address, and such, I trust, your verdict. The learned counsel has told you, that this unfortunate woman is not to be estimated at forty thousand pounds. Fatal and unquestionable is the truth of this assertion. Alas! gentlemen, she is no longer worth any thing—faded, fallen, degraded and disgraced, she is worth less than nothing! But it is for the honor, the hope, the expectation, the tenderness, and the comforts, that have been blasted by the defendant, and have

* This trial, which took place at Ennis, in Ireland, was one that excited vast interest, from the character of the parties. The plaintiff, the Rev. Charles Massey, of Sommerhill, Ireland, was a clergyman of an eminently high character. The defendant was the Marquis of Headfort, an English Lord, of vast wealth, but of a most wicked and abandoned character.

fied for ever, that you are to remunerate the plaintiff, by the punishment of the defendant. It is not her present value, which you are to weigh, but it is her value at that time, when she sat basking in a husband's love, with the blessing of heaven on her head, and its purity in her heart—when she sat amongst her family, and administered the morality of the parental board. Estimate that past value—compare it with its present deplorable diminution—and it may lead you to form some judgment of the severity of the injury, and the extent of the compensation.

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### LXII.—THE PERORATION OF MR. BURKE'S SPEECH, IN THE IMPEACHMENT OF WARREN HASTINGS.*

Extract from Mr. Burke's Speech in Westminster Hall, on the sixth day of the trial, 15th Feb. 1788.

*My Lords,*—We have now laid before you the whole conduct of Warren Hastings, foul, wicked, nefarious, and cruel as it has been, and we ask, what is it, that we want here to a great act of national justice? Do we want a cause, my lords? You have the cause of oppressed princes, of undone

* In 1772 Warren Hastings was appointed governor-general of India. In 1785 he returned to England. Between which periods very many accounts having been received of his mal-administration, Mr. Burke, in that year, in the house of commons, moved an inquiry into his conduct. This resulted in a vote of impeachment. On the 13th Feb. 1788, Westminster Hall was opened in due form for the trial. Mr. Burke, as head manager, made the introductory speech—a speech not surpassed by any effort of eloquence of ancient or modern times.

Of the degree of guilt attached to Mr. Hastings' conduct, there have been various and conflicting opinions. His partizans have ever held up his acquittal as a proof of his innocence; while others have said, that this was owing to law quibbles—to the want of strictly *legal* evidence. That he appointed agents of a suspicious character, and that these agents committed the foulest crimes, are facts indisputable. It is equally certain, that he did very many things which would not have been tolerated in England; but his friends say, that all these were justified by his peculiar siuation. Mr. Burke was convinced of his guilt, to the last moment of his life; and Mills, in his History of British India, has said, "if his accusers did not prove his guilt, he himself did not prove his innocence."

women of the first rank, of desolated provinces, and of wasted kingdoms.

Do you want a criminal, my lords? When was there so much iniquity ever laid to the charge of any one?—No, my lords, you must not look to punish any other such delinquent from India. Warren Hastings has not left substance enough in India to nourish such another delinquent.

My lords, is it a prosecutor you want?—You have before you the Commons of Great Britain as prosecutors; and, I believe, my lords, that the sun, in his beneficent progress round the world, does not behold a more glorious sight than that of men, separated from a remote people by the material bonds and barriers of nature, united by the bond of a social and moral community;—all the Commons of England resenting, as their own, the indignities and cruelties that are offered to all the people of India.

Do we want a tribunal? My lords, no example of antiquity, nothing in the modern world, nothing in the range of human imagination, can supply us with a tribunal like this. My lords, here we see, virtually, in the mind's eye, that sacred majesty of the crown, under whose authority you sit, and whose power you exercise. We have here the heir apparent to the crown. We have here all the branches of the royal family, in a situation between majesty and subjection. My lords, we have a great hereditary peerage here: those, who have their own honor, the honor of their ancestors, and of their posterity, to guard. We have here a new nobility, who have risen, and exalted themselves by various merits, by great military services, which have extended the fame of this country from the rising to the setting sun. We have persons exalted from the practice of the law, from the place in which they administered high, though subordinate justice, to a seat here, to enlighten with their knowledge, and to strengthen with their votes those principles which have distinguished the courts in which they have presided. My lords, you have here also the lights of our religion; you have the bishops of England. You have the representatives of that religion, which says, that their God is love, that the very vital spirit of their institution is charity.

My lords, these are the securities which we have in all the constituent parts of the body of this house. We know them,

we reckon, we rest upon them, and commit safely the interests of India and of humanity into your hands. Therefore, it is with confidence, that, ordered by the Commons,

I impeach Warren Hastings, Esquire, of high crimes and misdemeanors.

I impeach him, in the name of the Commons of Great Britain, in parliament assembled, whose parliamentary trust he has betrayed.

I impeach him, in the name of all the Commons of Great Britain, whose national character he has dishonored.

I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose laws, rights, and liberties he has subverted; whose properties he has destroyed, whose country he has laid waste and desolate.

I impeach him, in the name, and by virtue, of those eternal laws of justice which he has violated.

I impeach him, in the name of human nature itself, which he has cruelly outraged, injured, and oppressed in both sexes, in every age, rank, situation, and condition of life.

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### LXIII.—A DEFECTIVE CONSTITUTION BETTER THAN NONE.

Speech of Hon. Jonathan Smith, of Lanesboro', in the Massachusetts Convention for ratifying the Constitution,* January 25th, 1788.

*Mr. President*—I am a plain man, and get my living by the plough. I am not used to speak in public, but I beg your leave to say a few words to my brother plough-joggers in this house. I have lived in a part of the country where I have known the worth of a good government by the want of it. There was a black cloud that rose in the east,† last winter, which burst upon us, and produced a dreadful effect. It brought on a state of *anarchy*, and that leads to *tyranny*. I say, it brought anarchy. People that used to live peaceably, and were before good neighbors, got distracted, and took up arms against government, and then, if you went to speak to them, you had the *musket of death* presented to your breast.

* See note on the first speech in the Orator.

† The County of Bristol.

Now Mr. President, when I saw this constitution, I found that it was a cure for these disorders. It was just such a thing as we wanted. I got a copy of it, and read it over and over. I found in it all the checks and balances of power. I did not go to any lawyer, to ask his opinion: we have no lawyer in our town, and we do well enough without. I formed my own opinion, and was pleased with this constitution. My honorable old daddy there* won't think that I expect to be a congress-man, and swallow up the liberties of the people. I never had any post, nor do I want one, and before I am done, you will think that I don't deserve one. But I don't think the worse of the constitution because lawyers, and men of learning, and monied men are fond of it. I don't suspect that they want to get into congress, and abuse their power. I am not of such a jealous make. They that are honest men themselves, are not apt to suspect other people; and I think that those gentlemen who are so very suspicious, that, as soon as a man gets into power, he turns rogue, had better look *at home.*

Some gentlemen seem to think, Mr. President, that our liberty and property are not safe in the hands of monied men and men of learning. I am not of that mind.

Brother famers, let us suppose a case now. Suppose you had a farm of fifty acres, and your title was disputed, and there was a farm of 5000 acres joined to you that belonged to a man of learning, and his title was involved in the same difficulty; would you not be glad to have him for your friend, rather than stand alone in the dispute? Well, the case is the same here: these lawyers, these monied men, these men of learning, are all embarked in the same cause with us, and we must all swim or sink together; and shall we throw the constitution overboard, because it does not please us alike? Suppose two or three of you had been at the pains to break up a piece of rough land, and sow it with wheat—would you let it lay waste because you could not agree what *sort* of a fence to make? would it not be better to put up a fence that did not please every one's fancy, rather than not fence it at all, or keep disputing about it, until the wild beast came in and devoured it? Some gentlemen say, don't be in a hurry—take time to consider—and don't take a leap in the dark. I

* Pointing to Mr. Singletons.

say, Mr. President, take things in time—gather fruit when it is ripe. There is a time to sow and a time to reap; we sowed our seed when we sent men to the Federal Convention, now is the harvest, now is the time to reap the fruit of our labor, and if we don't do it now, I am afraid we never shall have another opportunity.

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## LXIV.—THE UNION ESSENTIAL TO OUR BEING AS A NATION.

Extract from the Hon. Fisher Ames' Speech in the Massachusetts Convention, for ratifying the Constitution, Feburary 5, 1788.

*Mr. President,*—I would now ask you, and the members of this Convention, simply this—shall we put every thing we hold precious to the hazard by rejecting this constitution? Who is there that really loves liberty, that will not tremble for its safety, if the federal government should be dissolved? Can liberty be safe without government?

The union is essential to our being as a nation. The pillars that prop it are crumbling to powder. The union is the vital sap that nourishes the tree. If we reject the constitution, to use the language of the country, we girdle the tree, its leaves will wither, its branches drop off, and the mouldering trunk will be torn down by the tempest. What security has this single state against foreign enemies? Could we defend the malt country, which the Britons so much desire? Can we protect our fisheries, or secure by treaties a sale for the produce of our lands in foreign markets? Is there no loss, no damages by delay? In spite of our negligence and perverseness, are we to enjoy at all times the privilege of forming a constitution, which no other nation has ever enjoyed at all? We approve our own form of state government, and seem to think ourselves in safety under its protection. We talk as if there were no danger in deciding wrong. But when the inundation comes, shall we stand on dry land? The state government is a beautiful structure. It is situated, however, upon the naked beach. The union is the dyke to fence out the flood. That dyke is broken and decayed, and if we do not repair it, when the next spring tide comes, we shall be buried in one common destruction.

## LXV.—SONG OF MARION'S MEN.*

William C. Bryant.

Our band is few, but true and tried,
Our leader frank and bold;
The British soldier trembles
When Marion's name is told.
Our fortress is the good green wood,
Our tent the cypress tree;
We know the forest round us,
As seamen know the sea.
We know its walls of thorny vines,
Its glades of reedy grass,
Its safe and silent islands
Within the dark morass.

Wo to the English soldiery
That little dread us near!
On them shall light, at midnight,
A strange and sudden fear:
When waking to their tents on fire
They grasp their arms in vain,
And they who stand to face us
Are beat to earth again;
And they who fly in terror, deem
A mighty host behind,
And hear the tramp of thousands
Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release
From danger and from toil;
We talk the battle over,
And share the battle's spoil;

* The explots of General Francis Marion, the famous partisan warrior of South Carolina, form an interesting portion of the annals of the American revolution. The British troops were so harrassed by the irregular warfare which he kept up at the head of a few daring followers, that they sent an officer to remonstrate with him for not coming into the open field and fighting, to use their expression, "like a gentleman and a christian."

The woodland rings with laugh and shout,
As if a hunt were up,
And woodland flowers are gathered
To crown the soldier's cup.
With merry songs we mock the wind
That in the pine top grieves,
And slumber long and sweetly,
On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon
The band that Marion leads—
The glitter of their rifles,
The scampering of their steeds.
'Tis life our fiery barbs to guide
Across the moon-lit plains;
'Tis life to feel the night wind
That lifts their tossing manes.
A moment in the British camp—
A moment—and away
Back to the pathless forest
Before the peep of day.

Grave men they are by broad Santee,
Grave men with hoary hairs,
Their hearts are all with Marion;
For Marion are their prayers.
And lovely ladies greet our band,
With kindliest welcoming,
With smiles like those of summer,
And tears like those of spring.
For them we wear these trusty arms,
And lay them down no more,
Till we have driven the Briton,
For ever, from our shore.

### LXVI.—PARLIAMENTARY REFORM OPPOSED.

Conclusion of Sir Robert Peel's speech on the question of Parliamentary Reform, delivered in the British House of Commons, March 3, 1831.

*Mr. Speaker:*— I deprecate, above all things, the course which some gentlemen have taken on this subject of Parliamentary Reform—that of making the revolution in France, a precedent for a revolution in this country. Let us, sir, remain content with the well-tempered freedom which we now enjoy, and which we have the means of securing, if we act with ordinary discretion. I lament exceedingly, sir, that government should have determined to agitate such a question as that of reform at this particular crisis; it would have been much wiser, in my opinion, to have avoided these new causes of excitement; for, depend upon it, that by this process, throughout this land, the first seeds of discontent and disunion are sown. In every town, sir, there will be a conflict—a moral conflict, I mean—between the possessors of existing authority and existing privileges, and those to whom the existing authority and the existing privileges are to be transferred. Sir, I lament, beyond measure, that government had not the prudence to adhere to that temperate course of policy which they have pursued elsewhere. I lament, that, if they did think it necessary to propose a plan of reform in this excited state of the public mind, they did not confine it within those narrow limits which would be consistent with the safety of the country, and the dignity of their own characters. They have thought proper, however, to adopt another course:—they have sent through the land the fire-brand of agitation—and it is easy so far, to imitate the giant enemy of the Philistines, as to send three hundred fire-brands through the country, carrying danger and dismay in all quarters;—but it is not so easy, when the mischief is done, to find a remedy for it. In the present difficulties of your situation, sir, you should have the power of summoning all the energies of life, and should take care that you do not signalize your own destruction, by bowing down the pillars of the edifice of your liberty, which, with all its imperfections, still contains the noblest society of freemen known to the habitable world.

## LXVII.—PARLIAMENTARY REFORM ADVOCATED.

Extract from the speech of the Lord Chancellor, (Mr. Brougham,) in the House of Lords, October, 1831, upon the Reform Bill.

*My Lords:*—It is not my intention on this subject of Parliamentary Reform, to use the language of intimidation. We stand now on the brink of a great event. We are now on the eve of the decision of this great measure, and it behooves you to consider, when men tell you that you should not heed clamors, that there is no worse folly—that there is no meaner, baser, more despicable kind of fear, than for men of reflection and reason to be afraid of being accused of fear. My Lords, this is the same argument, that, three years ago, prevented the liberation of the Catholics. But the storm increased—and what, after eight months of agitation and tumult, did your lordships do? Wisely, patriotically, firmly, you saved your country,—you refused any longer to listen to the senseless cuckoo note of those who said, "Do not emancipate them, for if you do, it will be through intimidation." And now, my Lords, to apply this branch of history—for history it has become—to the present time. You are now, my Lords, placed in this dilemma. If you refuse reform now, under the foolish notion of being afraid, you may live to see something of which wise men will really be afraid. You may have to live among the hearts of an alienated people—you may have to live among the tens of thousands, who hate you—you may have to live when all men shall be leagued against you; for it is you alone that stand between them and their wishes.

But some one has said, that none but the aristocracy are opposed to this bill.—My Lords, I deny it—and that none but the rabble, the House of Commons, and the people—(the people—a pretty good force that,)—are for it! Then the people are for it! The people, for whom the aristocracy has been constituted—for whom the crown has been constituted—for whom the laws have been enacted—for whom the government has been contrived—by whom the government is supported—whom it is bound to serve—without whom it cannot exist an instant! But then, says some one, no one but the atistocracy is opposed to it! I beg to deny that proposition with the utmost indignation. Who, my Lords, dares to say that the aristocracy are so enlisted? Men have gone on talking about

this being a measure only brought forward by the democrats —a thing unheard of among the aristocracy—and that no man of property can bear the idea of it. It is all false—you know it to be so. Do you not know that the Ministers are in favor of the bill? Do you not know that a large number of the wealthy and the titled are in favor of the bill? The idea that this bill is only supported by the democracy, and opposed by the aristocracy, is one of the wildest delusions that could be found in any of the cells of the Bethlehem Hospital! But I shall not stand upon the point of wealth and rank only; I shall also ask your Lordships to look at that of numbers. There are fifty-four old Peers who will vote for this bill, according to their expressed opinion, and twenty-five who will vote against it; and yet we are told that the old English nobility have all, with one voice, sworn open war against the measure. Your Lordships may pass this bill, and then we shall have peace and contentment; but I much rather dread another alternative. I dread that it may be refused, and that you may afterwards be induced, under other ministers, in less auspicious times, to grant a far more extensive measure than that which is now proposed.

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## LXVIII.—THE SETTLEMENT OF THE WESTERN STATES.

**Extract from the Speech of Mr. Webster, in the Senate of the United States, Jan. 20th, 1830.**

*Mr. President,*—I now proceed, sir, to some of the opinions expressed by the gentleman from South Carolina. Two or three topics were touched by him, in regard to which he expressed sentiments in which I do not at all concur.

In the first place, sir, the honorable gentleman spoke of the whole course and policy of the government towards those who have purchased and settled the public lands; and seemed to think this policy wrong. He held it to have been, from the first, hard and rigorous; he was of opinion, that the United States had acted towards those who had subdued the western wilderness, in the spirit of a step-mother; that the public domain had been improperly regarded as a source of revenue; and that we had rigidly compelled payment for that which ought to have been given away. He said we ought to have

followed the analogy of other governments, which had acted on a much more liberal system than ours, in planting colonies. He dwelt, particularly, upon the settlement of America by colonists from Europe; and reminded us, that their governments had not exacted from those colonists payment for the soil; with them, he said, it had been thought, that the conquest of the wilderness was, itself, an equivalent for the soil, and he lamented that we had not followed that example, and pursued the same liberal course towards our own emigrants to the West.

Now, I do not admit, sir, that the analogy to which the gentleman refers us is just, or that the cases are at all similar. There is no resemblance between the cases upon which a statesman can found an argument. The original North American colonists either fled from Europe, like our New England ancestors, to avoid persecution, or came hither at their own charges, and often at the ruin of their fortunes, as private adventurers. Generally speaking, they derived neither succor nor protection from their governments at home. Wide, indeed, is the difference between those cases and ours. From the very origin of the government, these western lands, and the just protection of those who had settled or should settle on them, have been the leading objects in our policy, and have led to expenditures, both of blood and treasure, not inconsiderable; not indeed exceeding the importance of the object, and not yielded grudgingly, or reluctantly certainly; but yet not inconsiderable, though necessary sacrifices, made for high proper ends. The Indian title has been extinguished at the expense of many millions. Is that nothing? There is still a much more material consideration. These colonists, if we are to call them so, in passing the Alleghany, did not pass beyond the care and protection of their own government. Wherever they went, the public arm was still stretched over them. A parental government at home was still ever mindful of their condition and their wants; and nothing was spared which a just sense of their necessities required. Is it forgotten, that it was one of the most arduous duties of the government in its earliest years, to defend the frontiers against the north-western Indians? Are the sufferings and misfortunes under Harmar and St. Clair not worthy to be remembered? Do the occurrences connected with these mili-

tary efforts show an unfeeling neglect of western interests? And here, sir, what becomes of the gentleman's analogy? What English armies accompanied our ancestors to clear the forests of a barbarous foe? What treasures of the Exchequer were expended in buying up the original title to the soil? What governmental arm held its Ægis over our fathers' heads as they pioneered their way in the wilderness? Sir, it was not till General Wayne's victory, in 1794, that it could be said we had conquered the savages. It was not till that period, that the government could have considered itself as having established an entire ability to protect those who should undertake the conquest of the wilderness. And here, sir, at the epoch of 1794, let us pause, and survey the scene. It is now thirty-five years since that scene actually existed. Let us, sir, look back, and behold it. Over all that is now Ohio, there then stretched one vast wilderness, unbroken, except by two small spots of civilized culture, the one at Marietta, and the other at Cincinnati. At these little openings, hardly each a pin's point upon the map, the arm of the frontiersman had levelled the forest, and let in the sun. These little patches of earth, and themselves almost shadowed by the over-hanging boughs of that wilderness, which had stood and perpetuated itself, from century to century, ever since the creation, were all, that had there been rendered verdant by the hand of man. In an extent of hundreds, and thousands of square miles, no other surface of smiling green attested the presence of civilization. The hunter's path crossed mighty rivers, flowing in solitary grandeur, whose sources lay in remote and unknown regions of the wilderness. It struck, upon the north, on a vast inland sea, over which the wintry tempests raged as on the ocean; all around was bare creation. It was fresh, untouched, unbounded, magnificent wilderness. And, sir, what is it now? Is it imagination only, or can it possibly be fact, that presents such a change, as surprises and astonishes us, when we turn our eyes to what Ohio now is? Is it reality, or a dream, that in so short a period even as thirty-five years, there has sprung up, on the same surface, an independent State, with a million of people? A million of inhabitants! an amount of population greater than that of all the cantons of Switzerland; equal to one third of all the people of the United States, when they undertook to accomplish their independence.

This new member of the Republic has already left far behind her a majority of the old States. She is now by the side of Virginia and Pennsylvania; and, in point of numbers, will shortly admit no equal but New-York herself. If, sir, we may judge of measures by their results, what lessons do these facts read us, upon the policy of the government? For my own part, while I am struck with wonder at the success, I also look with admiration at the wisdom and foresight which originally arranged and prescribed the system for the settlement of the public domain. Its operation has been, without a moment's interruption, to push the settlement of the western country to the full extent of our utmost means.

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### LXIX.—MR. HAYNE'S REPLY TO MR. WEBSTER.

**Extract from Mr. Hayne's Speech in the Senate of the United States, January 21, 1830.**

*Mr. President,*—When I took occasion, two days ago, to throw out some ideas with respect to the policy of the government, in relation to the public lands, nothing certainly could have been further from my thoughts, than that I should be compelled again to throw myself upon the indulgence of the Senate. Little did I expect to be called upon to meet such an argument as was yesterday urged by the gentleman from Massachusetts.* Sir, I questioned no man's opinions: I impeached no man's motives: I charged no party, or State, or section of country, with hostility to any other, but ventured, I thought in a becoming spirit, to put forth my own sentiments in relation to a great national question of public policy. Such was my course. The gentlemen from Missouri, it is true, had charged upon the Eastern States an early and continued hostility towards the West, and referred to a number of historical facts and documents in support of that charge. Now, sir, how have these different arguments been met? The honorable gentleman from Massachusetts, after deliberating a whole night upon his course, comes into this chamber to vindicate New-England; and instead of making up his issue with the

* Mr. Webster.

gentleman from Missouri, on the charges which *he had preferred*, chooses to consider me as the author of those charges, and, losing sight entirely of that gentleman, selects me as his adversary, and pours out all the vials of his mighty wrath upon my devoted head. Nor is he willing to stop there. He goes on to assail the institutions and policy of the South, and calls in question the principles and conduct of the State which I have the honor to represent. When I find a gentleman of mature age and experience—of acknowledged talents, and profound sagacity, pursuing a course like this, declining the contest offered from the West, and making war upon the unoffending South, I must believe, I am bound to believe, he has some object in view that he has not ventured to disclose. Mr. President, why is this? Has the gentleman discovered in former controversies with the gentleman from Missouri, that he is over-matched by that Senator? And does he hope for an easy victory over a more feeble adversary? Has the gentleman's distempered fancy been disturbed by gloomy forebodings of "new alliances to be formed," at which he hinted? Has the ghost of the murdered COALITION come back, like the ghost of Banquo, to "sear the eye-balls of the gentleman," and will it not "down at his bidding?" Are dark visions of broken hopes, and honors lost for ever, still floating before his heated imagination? Sir, if it be his object to thrust me between the gentleman from Missouri and himself, in order to rescue the East from the contest it has provoked with the West, he shall not be gratified. Sir, I will not be dragged into the defence of my friend from Missouri. The gentleman from Missouri is able to fight his own battles. The South shall not be forced into a conflict not its own. The gallant West needs no aid from the South to repel any attack which may be made on them from any quarter. Let the gentleman from Massachusetts controvert the facts and arguments of the gentleman of Missouri if he can—and if he win the victory, let him wear its honors: I shall not deprive him of his laurels.

## LXX.—MR. WEBSTER'S REJOINDER TO MR. HAYNE.

**Extract from the Speech of Mr. Webster, in the Senate of the United States, January 26, 1830.**

*Mr. President,*—THE honorable gentleman, in the course of his remarks, complained that I had slept on his speech. I must have slept on it, or not slept at all. The moment the honorable member sat down, his friend from Missouri rose, and, with much honeyed commendation of the speech, suggested that the impressions which it had produced were too charming and delightful to be disturbed by other sentiments or other sounds, and proposed that the Senate should adjourn. Would it have been quite amiable, in me, sir, to interrupt this excellent good feeling? Must I not have been absolutely malicious, if I could have thrust myself forward to destroy sensations thus pleasing? Was it not much better and kinder, both to sleep upon them myself, and to allow others, also, the pleasure of sleeping upon them? But if it be meant, by sleeping upon his speech, that I took time to prepare a reply to it, it is quite a mistake; owing to other engagements, I could not employ even the interval between the adjournment of the Senate, and its meeting the next morning, in attention to the subject of this debate. Nevertheless, sir, the mere matter of fact is undoubtedly true—I did sleep on the gentleman's speech; and slept soundly. And I slept equally well on his speech of yesterday, to which I am now replying. It is quite possible that, in this respect, also, I possess some advantage over the honorable member, attributable, doubtless, to a cooler temperament on my part; for, in truth, I slept upon his speeches remarkably well. But the gentleman inquires, why he was made the object of such a reply? Why was he singled out? If an attack has been made on the East, he, he assures us, did not begin it—it was the gentleman from Missouri. Sir, I answered the gentleman's speech, because I happened to hear it; and because, also, I chose to give an answer to that speech, which, if unanswered, I thought most likely to produce injurious impressions. I did not stop to inquire who was the original drawer of the bill. I found a responsible endorser before me, and it was my purpose to hold him liable, and to bring him to his just responsibility,

without delay. But, sir, this interrogatory of the honorable member was only introductory to another. He proceeded to ask me, whether I had turned upon him, in this debate, from the consciousness that I should find an over-match if I ventured on a contest with his friend from Missouri. If, sir, the honorable member, *ex gratia modestiæ*, had chosen thus to defer to his friend, and to pay him a compliment, without intentional disparagement to others, it would have been quite according to the friendly courtesies of debate, and not at all ungrateful to my own feelings. I am not one of those, sir, who esteem any tribute of regard, whether light and occasional, or more serious and deliberate, which may be bestowed on others, as so much unjustly withholden from themselves. But the tone and manner of the gentleman's question, forbid me that I thus interpret it. I am not at liberty to consider it as nothing more than a civility to his friend. It had an air of taunt and disparagement, something of the loftiness of asserted superiority, which does not allow me to pass it over without notice. It was put as a question for me to answer, and so put as if it were difficult for me to answer, whether I deemed the member from Missouri an over-match for myself, in debate here. It seems to me, sir, that this is extraordinary language, and an extraordinary tone, for the discussions of this body.

Matches and over-matches! Those terms are more applicable elsewhere than here, and fitter for other assemblies than this. Sir, the gentleman seems to forget where and what we are. This is a Senate: a Senate of equals: of men of individual honor and personal character, and of absolute independence. We know no masters: we acknowledge no dictators. This is a hall for mutual consultation and discussion; not an arena for the exhibition of champions. I offer myself, sir, as a match for no man; I throw the challenge of debate at no man's feet. But then, sir, since the honorable member has put the question, in a manner that calls for an answer, I will give him an answer; and I tell him, that, holding myself to be the humblest of the members here, I yet know nothing in the arm of his friend from Missouri, either alone, or when aided by the arm of *his* friend from South Carolina, that need deter, even me, from espousing what ever opinions I may choose to espouse, from debating whenever I may choose to debate, or from speaking

whatever I may see fit to say, on the floor of the Senate. Sir, when uttered as matter of commendation or compliment, I should dissent from nothing which the honorable member might say of his friend. Still less do I put forth any pretensions of my own. But, when put to me as matter of taunt, I throw it back, and say to the gentleman, that he could possibly say nothing less likely than such a comparison to wound my pride of personal character. The anger of its tone rescued the remark from intentional irony, which, otherwise, probably, would have been its general acceptation. But, sir, if it be imagined that by this mutual quotation and commendation; if it be supposed that, by casting the characters of the drama, assigning to each his part: to one the attack; to another the cry of onset; or, if it be thought that by a loud and empty vaunt of anticipated victory, any laurels are to be won here; if it be imagined, especially, that any, or all these things, will shake any purpose of mine, I can tell the honorable member, once for all, that he is greatly mistaken, and that he is dealing with one of whose temper and character he has yet much to learn. Sir, I shall not allow myself, on this occasion, I hope on no occasion, to be betrayed into any loss of temper; but if provoked, as I trust I never shall be, into crimination and recrimination, the honorable member may, perhaps, find, that, in that contest, there will be blows to take as well as blows to give; that others can state comparisons as significant, at least, as his own, and that his impunity may, possibly, demand of him whatever powers of taunt and sarcasm he may possess. I commend him to a prudent husbandry of his resources.

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### LXXI.—THE CONDUCT OF SOUTH CAROLINA IN THE REVOLUTION.

**Extract from Mr. Hayne's Speech, delivered in the Senate of the United States, January 21, 1830.**

*Mr. President:*—THE honorable gentleman from Massachusetts, while he exonerates me personally from the charge, intimates that there is a party in the country who are looking

to disunion. Sir, if the gentleman had stopped there, the accusation would "have passed by me as the idle wind which I regard not." But, when he goes on to give to his accusation a local habitation and a name, by quoting the expression of a distinguished citizen of South Carolina,* "that it was time for the South to calculate the value of the Union," it is impossible to mistake either the allusion or the object of the gentleman. Now, Mr. President, I call upon every one who hears me to bear witness, that this controversy is not of my seeking. The Senate will do me the justice to remember, that at the time this unprovoked and uncalled for attack was made upon the South, not one word had been uttered by me in disparagement of New-England, nor had I made the most distant allusion, either to the Senator from Massachusetts, or the State he represents. But, sir, that gentleman has thought proper, for purposes best known to himself, to strike the South through me, the most unworthy of her servants. He has crossed the border, he has invaded the State of South Carolina, is making war upon her citizens, and endeavoring to overthrow her principles and her institutions. Sir, when the gentleman provokes me to such a conflict, I meet him at the threshold. I will struggle while I have life, for our altars and our fire-sides, and if God gives me strength, I will drive back the invader discomfited. Nor shall I stop there. If the gentleman provokes the war, he shall have war. Sir, I will not stop at the border, I will carry the war into the enemy's territory, and not consent to lay down my arms, until I shall have obtained "indemnity for the past, and security for the future." It is with unfeigned reluctance, Mr. President, that I enter upon the performance of this part of my duty. I shrink almost instinctively from a course, however necessary, which may have a tendency to excite sectional feelings and sectional jealousies. But, sir, the task has been forced upon me, and I proceed right onward to the performance of my duty; be the consequences what they may, the responsibility is with those who have imposed upon me this necessity.

The Senator from Massachusetts has thought proper to cast the first stone, and if he shall find, according to a homely adage, "that he lives in a glass-house"—on his head be the conse-

* Dr. Cooper.

quences. The gentleman has made a great flourish about his fidelity to Massachusetts. I shall make no professions of zeal for the interests and honor of South Carolina—of that my constituents shall judge. If there be one State in the Union, Mr. President, (and I say it not in a boastful spirit,) that may challenge comparison with any other for an uniform, zealous, ardent, and *uncalculating devotion*, to the Union, that State is South Carolina. Sir, from the very commencement of the Revolution, up to this hour, there is no sacrifice, however great, she has not cheerfully made; no service she has ever hesitated to perform. She has adhered to you in your prosperity; but in your adversity, she has clung to you with more than filial affection. No matter what was the condition of her domestic affairs, though deprived of her resources, divided by parties, or surrounded by difficulties, the call of the country has been to her as the voice of God. Domestic discord ceased at the sound,—every man became at once reconciled to his brethren, and the sons of Carolina were all seen crowding together to the temple, bringing their gifts to the altar of their common country. What, sir, was the conduct of the South during the Revolution? Sir, I honor New-England for her conduct in that glorious struggle; but great as is the praise which belongs to her, I think, at least, equal honor is due to the South. They espoused the quarrel of their brethren, with a generous zeal, which did not suffer them to stop to calculate their interests in the dispute. Favorites of the mother country, possessed of neither ships nor seamen to create commercial rivalship, they might have found in their situation a guaranty, that their trade would be for ever fostered and protected by Great Britain. But, trampling on all considerations, either of interest or safety, they rushed into the conflict, and, fighting for principle, perilled all, in the sacred cause of freedom. Never was there exhibited in the history of the world higher examples of noble daring, dreadful suffering, and heroic endurance, than by the whigs of Carolina, during that Revolution. The whole State, from the mountains to the sea, was overrun by an overwhelming force of the enemy. The fruits of industry perished on the spot where they were produced, or were consumed by the foe. The "plains of Carolina" drank up the most precious blood of her citizens! Black and smoking ruins marked the places

which had been the habitations of her children! Driven from their homes into the gloomy and almost impenetrable swamps, even there the spirit of liberty survived, and South Carolina (sustained by the example of her Sumpters and her Marions) proved, by her conduct, that though her soil might be overrun, the spirit of her people was invincible.

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### LXXII.—"CARRYING THE WAR INTO THE ENEMY'S COUNTRY."

Extract from Mr. Webster's Speech, in the Senate of the United States, January 26, 1830.

*Mr President,*—THE honorable gentleman, professing to be provoked, by what he chose to consider a charge made by me against South Carolina, has taken up a new crusade against New-England. Leaving altogether the subject of the public lands, in which his success, perhaps, had been neither distinguished nor satisfactory, and letting go, also, of the topic of the tariff, he sallied forth, in a general assault, on the opinions, politics, and parties of New-England, as they have been exhibited in the last thirty years. This is natural. The "narrow policy" of the public lands had proved a legal settlement in South Carolina, and was not to be removed. The "accursed policy" of the Tariff, also, had established the fact of its birth and parentage in the same State. No wonder, therefore, the gentleman wished to carry the war, as he expressed it, into the enemy's country Prudently willing to quit these subjects, he was doubtless desirous of fastening on others, that which could not be transferred south of Mason and Dixon's line. The politics of New-England became his theme; and it was in this part of his speech, I think, that he menaced me with such sore discomfiture. Discomfiture! why, sir, when he attacks any thing which I maintain, and overthrows it; when he turns the right or left of any position which I take up; when he drives me from any ground I choose to occupy, he may then talk of discomfiture, but not till that distant day. What has he done? Has he maintained his own charges? Has he proved what he alleged? Has he sustained himself in his attack on the government,

and on the history of the North, in the matter of the public lands? Has he disproved a fact, refuted a proposition, weakened an argument, maintained by me? Has he come within beat of drum of any position of mine? Oh, no, but he has "carried the war into the enemy's country!" Carried the war into the enemy's country! Yes, sir, and what sort of a war has he made of it? Why, sir, he has stretched a drag-net over the whole surface of perished pamphlets, indiscreet sermons, frothy paragraphs, and fuming popular addresses; over whatever the pulpit, in its moments of alarm, the press in its heats, and parties in their extravagance, have severally thrown off, in times of general excitement and violence. He has thus swept together a mass of such things, as but that they are now old and cold, the public health would have required him rather to leave in their state of dispersion. For a good long hour or two, we had the unbroken pleasure of listening to the honorable member, while he recited, with his usual grace and spirit, and with evident high gusto, speeches, pamphlets, addresses, and all the *et ceteras* of the political press, such as warm heads produce in warm times, and such as it would be "discomfiture" indeed, for any one, whose taste did not delight in that sort of reading, to be obliged to peruse. This is his war. This is to carry the war into the enemy's country. It is in an invasion of this sort, that he flatters himself with the expectation of gaining laurels, fit to adorn a senator's brow.

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### LXXIII.—THE CHARACTERS OF SOUTH CAROLINA AND MASSACHUSETTS.

Extract from the same Speech.

*Mr. President*,—In carrying his warfare, such as it was, into New-England, the honorable gentleman all along professes to be acting on the defensive. He elects to consider me as having assailed South Carolina, and insists that he comes forth only as her champion, and in her defence. Sir, I do not admit that I made any attack whatever on South Carolina. Nothing like it. The honorable member, in his first speech, ex-

pressed opinions, in regard to revenue, and some other topics, which I heard both with pain and with surprise. I told the gentleman I was aware that such sentiments were entertained *out* of the Government, but had not expected to find them advanced in it; that I knew there were persons in the South who speak of our Union with indifference, or doubt, taking pains to magnify its evils, and to say nothing of its benefits; that the honorable member himself, I was sure, could never be one of these; and I regretted the expression of such opinions as he had avowed, because I thought their obvious tendency was to encourage feelings of disrespect to the Union, and to weaken its connexion. This, sir, is the sum and substance of all I said on the subject.

And let me here observe, sir, that the eulogium pronounced on the character of the State of South Carolina, by the honorable gentleman, for her revolutionary and other merits, meets my hearty concurrence. I shall not acknowledge, that the honorable member goes before me in regard for whatever of distinguished talent, or distinguished character, South Carolina has produced. I claim part of the honor, I partake in the pride of her great names. I claim them for countrymen, one and all. The Laurenses, the Rutledges, the Pinckneys, the Sumpters, the Marions—Americans all—whose fame is no more to be hemmed in by State lines, than their talents and patriotism were capable of being circumscribed within the same narrow limits. In their day and generation, they served and honored the country, and the whole country; and their renown is of the treasures of the whole country. Him, whose honored name the gentleman himself bears—does he esteem me less capable of gratitude for his patriotism, or sympathy for his sufferings, than if his eyes had first opened upon the light of Massachusetts, instead of South Carolina? Sir, does he suppose it in his power to exhibit a Carolina name so bright, as to to produce envy in my bosom? No, Sir—increased gratification and delight, rather. Sir, I thank God, that if I am gifted with little of the spirit which is able to raise mortals to the skies; I have yet none, as I trust, of that other spirit, which would drag angels down. When I shall be found, sir, in my place here in the Senate, or elsewhere, to sneer at public merit, because it happens to spring up beyond the little limits of my own state, or neighborhood;

when I refuse, for any such cause, or for any cause, the homage due to American talent, to elevated patriotism, to sincere devotion to liberty and the country; or if I see an uncommon endowment of heaven—if I see extraordinary capacity and virtue in any son of the South—and if, moved by local prejudice, or gangrened by State jealousy, I get up here to abate the tithe of a hair from his just character and just fame, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth!

Sir, let me recur to pleasing recollections—let me indulge in refreshing remembrance of the past—let me remind you, that in early times no States cherished greater harmony, both of principle and feeling, than Massachusetts and South Carolina. Would to God that harmony might again return! Shoulder to shoulder they went through the revolution—hand in hand they stood round the administration of Washington, and felt his own great arm lean on them for support. Unkind feeling, if it exist, alienation and distrust, are the growth, unnatural to such soils, of false principles since sown. They are weeds, the seeds of which that same great arm never scattered.

Mr. President, I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts—she needs none. There she is—behold her and judge for yourselves. There is her history—the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill—and there they will remain for ever. The bones of her sons, falling in the great struggle for independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every State from New-England to Georgia; and there they will lie for ever. And, sir, where American liberty raised its first voice, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives, in the strength of its manhood, and full of its original spirit. If discord and disunion shall wound it—if party strife and blind ambition shall hawk and tear it—if folly and madness—if uneasiness, under salutary and necessary restraint, shall succeed to separate it from that Union, by which alone its existence is made sure, it will stand, in the end, by the side of that cradle in which its infancy was rocked; it will strech forth its arm with whatever of vigor it may still retain, over the friends who gather round it; and it will fall at last, if fall it must, amidst the proudest monuments of its own glory, and on the very spot of its origin.

## LXXV.—THE EFFECTS OF THE STATE GOVERNMENTS RESISTING THE GENERAL GOVERNMENT.

Extract from the same Speech.

*Mr President,*—LET me now run the honorable gentleman's doctrine (the right on the part of the States to resist the General Government) a little into its practical application. Let us look at his probable *modus operandi.* If a thing can be done, an ingenious man can tell *how* it is to be done. Now, I wish to be informed, *how* this State interference is to be put in practice, without violence, bloodshed and rebellion. We will take the existing case of the tariff law. South Carolina is said to have made up her opinion upon it. If we do not repeal it, (as we probably shall not,) she will then apply to the case the remedy of her doctrine. She will, we must suppose, pass a law of her legislature, declaring the several acts of Congress, usually called the tariff laws, null and void, so far, as they respect South Carolina, or the citizens thereof. So far, all is a paper transaction, and easy enough. But the collector at Charleston is collecting the duties imposed by these tariff laws—he, therefore, must be stopped. The collector will seize the goods, if the tariff duties are not paid. The State authorities will undertake their rescue; the marshal, with his *posse,* will come to the collector's aid, and here the contest begins. The militia of the State will be called out to sustain the nullifying act. They will march, sir, under a very gallant leader: for I believe the honorable member himself commands the militia of that part of the State. He will raise the NULLIFYING ACT on his standard, and spread it out as his banner. It will have a preamble, bearing that the tariff laws are palpable, deliberate, and dangerous violations of the Constitution! He will proceed, with this banner flying, to the custom house in Charleston;

"All the while,
"Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds."

Arrived at the custom-house, he will tell the collector that he must collect no more duties under any of the tariff laws. This he will be somewhat puzzled to say, by the way, with a

grave countenance, considering what hand South Carolina herself had in that of 1816. But, sir, the collector would, probably, not desist at his bidding—here would ensue a pause; for they say, that a certain stillness precedes the tempest. Before this military array should fall on the custom-house, collector, clerks, and all, it is very probable some of those composing it, would request of their gallant commander in chief, to be informed a little upon the point of law; for they have, doubtless, a just respect for his opinions as a lawyer, as well as for his bravery as a soldier. They know he has read Blackstone and the constitution, as well as Turrene and Vauban. They would ask him, therefore, something concerning their rights in this matter. They would inquire, whether it was not somewhat dangerous to resist a law of the United States. What would be the nature of their offence, they would wish to learn, if they, by military force and array, resisted the execution in Carolina of a law of the United States, and it should turn out, after all, that the law *was constitutional?* He would answer, of course, treason. No lawyer could give any other answer. John Fries, he would tell them, had learned that some years ago. How then, they would ask, do you propose to defend us? We are not afraid of bullets, but treason has a way of taking people off, that we do not much relish. How do you propose to defend us? "Look at my floating banner," he would reply; "see there the *nullifying law!*" Is it your opinion, gallant commander, they would then say, that if we should be indicted for treason, that same floating banner of yours would make a good plea in bar? "South Carolina is a sovereign State," he would reply. That is true, but would the Judge admit our plea? "These tariff laws," he would repeat "are unconstitutional—palpably, deliberately, dangerously." That all may be so; but if the tribunals should not happen to be of that opinion, shall we swing for it? We are ready to die for our country, but it is rather an awkward business, this dying without touching the ground. After all, that is a sort of *hemp-tax*, worse than any part of the tariff.

Mr. President, the honorable gentleman would be in a dilemma, like that of another great General. He would have a knot before him, which he could not untie. He must cut it with his sword. He must say to his followers, defend yourselves with your bayonets; and this is war—civil war.

## LXXVII.—THE INESTIMABLE VALUE OF THE UNION.

Extract from the same Speech.

*Mr. President,*—If the plain provisions of the Constitution of these United States shall now be disregarded, and the new doctrines (of State rights) interpolated in it, it will become as feeble and helpless a being as its enemies, whether early or more recent, could possibly desire. It will exist in every State, but as a poor dependant on State permission. It must borrow leave to be, and will be, no longer than State pleasure, or State discretion, sees fit to grant the indulgence, and to prolong its poor existence.

But, sir, although there are fears, there are hopes also. The people have preserved this, their own chosen Constitution, for forty years, and have seen their happiness, prosperity, and renown, grow with its growth, and strengthen with its strength. They are now, generally, strongly attached to it. Overthrown by direct assault, it cannot be; evaded, undermined, NULLIFIED, it will not be, if we, and those who shall succeed us here, as agents and representatives of the people, shall conscientiously and vigilantly discharge the two great branches of our public trust—faithfully to preserve, and wisely to administer it.

Mr. President, I have thus stated the reasons of my dissent to the doctrines which have been advanced and maintained. I am conscious of having detained you, and the Senate, much too long. I was drawn into the debate with no previous deliberation, such as is suited to the discussion of so grave and important a subject. But it is a subject of which my heart is full, and I have not been willing to suppress the utterance of its spontaneous sentiments. I cannot, even now, persuade myself to relinquish it, without expressing, once more, my deep conviction, that since it respects nothing less than the Union of the States, it is of most vital and essential importance to the public happiness. I profess, sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our Federal Union. It is to that Union we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that Union that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of

our country. That union we reached, only by the discipline of our virtues, in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences, these great interests immediately awoke, as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings; and although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread farther and farther, they have not outrun its protection, or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social, and personal happiness, I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the Union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty, when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below: nor could I regard him as a safe counsellor in the affairs of this Government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union should be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it shall be broken up and destroyed. While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us, and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant, that, in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise; God grant, that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind. When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance, rather, behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured—bearing for its motto, no such miserable interrogatory as—*What is all this worth?* Nor those other words of delusion and folly—*Liberty first, and Union afterwards*—but every where, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample

folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart—Liberty *and* Union, now and for ever, one and inseparable!

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### LXXVIII.—MARCO BOZZARIS.*

F. G. Halleck.

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power;
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet ring,—
Then press'd that monarch's throne,—a king:
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

An hour passed on—the Turk awoke;
That bright dream was his last;
He woke—to hear his sentry's shriek,
"To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"
He woke—to die midst flame and smoke,
And shout and groan, and sabre stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast,
As lightnings from the mountain cloud;
And heard with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band;
"Strike—till the last armed foe expires,
Strike—for your altars and your fires,
Strike—for the green graves of your sires,
God—and your native land!"

*He fell in an attack upon the Turkish camp, at Lapi, the site of the ancient Platæa, August 20th, 1823, and expired in the moment of victory. His last words were, "To die for liberty, is a pleasure and not a pain."

They fought—like brave men, long and well,
  They piled that ground with Moslem slain,
They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,
  Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile, when rang their proud hurrah,
  And the red field was won;
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
  Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, death!
  Come to the mother when she feels
For the first time her first born's breath;—
  Come when the blessed seals
Which close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;—
Come when the heart beats high and warm,
  With banquet-song, and dance, and wine,
And thou art terrible: the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear
  Of agony are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
  Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,
And in its hollow tones are heard
  The thanks of millions yet to be.
Bozzaris! with the storied brave
  Greece nurtur'd in her glory's time,
Rest thee—there is no prouder grave,
  Even in her own proud clime.
We tell thy doom without a sigh;
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's,
One of the few, the immortal names,
  That were not born to die.

### LXXIX.—HAMLET AND HORATIO.

Shakspeare.—Hamlet, Act I, Scene II.

*Horatio.* HAIL to your lordship!
*Hamlet.* I am glad to see you well:
Horatio—or I do forget myself.
*Hor.* The same, my lord, and your poor *servant* ever.
*Ham.* Sir, my good *friend;* I'll change *that* name with you.
But what is your affair in Elsinore?
*Hor.* My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.
*Ham.* I pray thee do not mock me, fellow student;
I think it was to see my mother's wedding.
*Hor.* Indeed, my lord, it followed hard upon.
*Ham.* Thrift, thrift, Horatio; the funeral baked meats,
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven,
Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio!
My father—methinks I see my father!
*Hor.* Where, my lord?
*Ham.* In my mind's eye, Horatio.
*Hor.* I saw him once; he was a goodly king.
*Ham.* He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.
*Hor.* My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.
*Ham.* Saw! who?
*Hor.* My lord, the king, your father.
*Ham.* The king, my father!
*Hor.* Season your admiration for a while,
With an attent ear; till I may deliver
This marvel to you.
*Ham.* For Heaven's love, let me hear.
*Hor.* Two nights together had those gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead waist and middle of the night,
Been thus encountered, a figure like your father,
Armed at point exactly, cap-à-pié,
Appears before them, and with solemn march,
Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walked

By their oppressed and fear-surprised eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distilled
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb and speak not to him. This to me,
In dreadful secrecy, impart they did;
And I with them, the third night, kept the watch:
Where, as they had delivered, both, in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes. I knew your father;
These hands are not more like.

*Ham.* But where was this?

*Hor.* My lord, upon the platform, where we watched.

*Ham.* Did you not speak to it?

*Hor.* My lord, I did;
But answer made it none. Yet once, methought,
It lifted up its head, and did address
Itself to motion, like as it would speak:
But even then the morning cock crew loud;
And, at the sound, it shrunk in haste away,
And vanished from our sight.

*Ham.* 'Tis very strange!

*Hor.* As I do live, my honored lord, 'tis true;
And we did think it writ down in our duty,
To let you know of it.

*Ham.* Indeed, indeed, sir, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to-night?

*Hor.* We do, my lord.

*Ham.* Armed, say you?

*Hor.* Armed, my lord.

*Ham.* From top to toe?

*Hor.* My lord, from head to foot.

*Ham.* Then saw you not his face?

*Hor.* O, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.

*Ham.* What, looked he frowningly?

*Hor.* A countenance more
In sorrow than in anger.

*Ham.* Pale, or red?

*Hor.* Nay, very pale.

*Ham.* And fixed his eyes upon you?

*Hor.* Most constantly.

*Ham.* I would I had been there!

*Hor.* It would have much amazed you.
*Ham.* Very like, very like—Staid it long?
*Hor.* While one with a moderate haste might tell a hundred.
*Ham.* His beard was grizzled?—no?
*Hor.* It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silvered.
*Ham.* I will watch to-night;
Perchance 'twill walk again.
*Hor.* I warrant 'twill.
*Ham.* If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you, sir,
If you have hitherto concealed this sight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still;
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue;
I will requite your love; so, fare you well.
Upon the platform 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll visit you.

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### LXXX.—DESCRIPTION OF JUNIUS.

Burke.

Where, Mr. Speaker, shall we look for the origin of this relaxation of the laws, and of all government? How comes this Junius to have broken through the cobwebs of the law, and to range uncontrolled, unpunished, through the land? The myrmidons of the court have been long, and are still, pursuing him in vain. They will not spend their time upon me, or you; no: they disdain such vermin, when the mighty boar of the forest, that has broken through all their toils, is before them. But, what will all their efforts avail? No sooner has he wounded one, than he lays down another dead at his feet. For my part, when I saw his attack upon the king, I own my blood ran cold. I thought he had ventured too far, and that there was an end of his triumphs; not that he had not asserted many truths. Yes, sir, there are in that composition many bold truths by which a wise prince might

profit. But while I expected from this daring flight his final ruin and fall, behold him rising still higher, and coming down souse upon both houses of parliament. Yes, he did make you his quarry, and you still bleed from the wounds of his talons. You crouched, and still crouch beneath his rage. Nor has he dreaded the terror of your brow, sir; he has attacked even you—he has—and I believe you have no reason to triumph in the encounter. In short, after carrying away our royal eagle in his pounces, and dashing him against a rock, he has laid you prostrate. Kings, lords, and commons, are but the sport of his fury. Were he a member of this house, what might not be expected from his knowledge, his firmness, and integrity! He would be easily known by his contempt of all danger, by his penetration, by his vigor. Nothing would escape his vigilance and activity; bad ministers could conceal nothing from his sagacity; nor could promises or threats induce him to conceal any thing from the public.

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## LXXXI.—SPEECH OF KING HENRY V. TO HIS SOLDIERS, BEFORE THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT.

Extract from Shakspeare. King Henry V.—Act 4—Scene 3.

If we are mark'd to die, we are enough
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honor.
I pray thee, wish not one man more.
Rather proclaim it now through all my host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart: his passport shall be made,
And crowns, for convoy, put into his purse:
We would not die in that man's company,
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is call'd—the feast of Crispian.*

*The battle of Agincourt was fought on the 25th of October, St. Crispin's day. The origin of the name of this day is this. Crispinus and Crispianus were two brothers, Italian Catholics, who travelled in France, in the 4th century, to propagate the Christian religion, and paid their expenses by working at their trade, which was that of shoemaking. But, having been beheaded for their tenets, they became, from that time, the tutelar saints of the shoemakers, who commemorated the day of their death.

He, that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil* feast his friends,
And say—to-morrow is Saint Crispian:
Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars,
And say, those wounds I had on Crispin's day.
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages,†
What feats he did that day. Then shall our names,
Familiar in their mouths‡ as household words,—
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,—
Be, in their flowing cups freshly remember'd;
This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian§ shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we, in it, shall be remembered;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he, to-day that sheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition:‖
And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here;
And hold their manhoods cheap, while any speaks,
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

* *The vigil*, the evening preceding this festival.

† *With advantages*, i. e. extolling or magnifying the exploits of this day.

‡ *Familiar in their mouths*, in the mouths of the old men.

§ See note on preceding page.

‖ *Gentle his condition*, advance him to the rank of a gentleman.

*Johnson.*

## LXXXII.—THE TRUE OBJECT OF ERECTING NATIONAL MONUMENTS.

Extract from Daniel Webster's Address, delivered at the laying of the Corner Stone of the Bunker Hill Monument, June 17th, 1825.

Let it not be supposed, fellow citizens, that, in erecting a monument upon the revolutionary battle-ground, the heights of Bunker, our object is to perpetuate national hostility, or even to cherish a mere military spirit. It is higher, purer, nobler. We consecrate our work to the spirit of national independence, and we wish that the light of peace may rest upon it for ever. We rear a memorial of our conviction of that unmeasured benefit which has been conferred on our own land, and of the happy influences, which have been produced, by the same events on the general interests of mankind. We come, as Americans, to mark a spot, which must for ever be dear to us and our posterity. We wish, that whosoever, in all coming time, shall turn his eye hither, may behold, that the place is not undistinguished, where the first great battle of the revolution was fought. We wish that this structure may proclaim the magnitude and importance of that event to every class and every age. We wish that infancy may learn the purpose of its erection from maternal lips, and that weary and withered age may behold it, and be solaced by the recollections which it suggests. We wish that labor may look up here, and be proud, in the midst of its toil. We wish that, in those days of disaster, which, as they come on all nations, must be expected to come on us also, desponding patriotism may turn its eyes hitherward, and be assured that the foundations of our national power still stand strong. We wish that this column, rising towards heaven, among the pointed spires of so many temples dedicated to God, may contribute also to produce, in all minds, a pious feeling of dependence and gratitude. We wish, finally, that the last object on the sight of him who leaves his native shore, and the first to gladden his who revisits it, may be something which shall remind him of the liberty and the glory of his country. Let it rise, till it meet the sun in his coming; let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit.

## LXXXIII.—ADDRESS TO THE SURVIVING SOLDIERS OF THE REVOLUTION.

Extract from the same Address.

VENERABLE MEN! you have come down to us, from a former generation. Heaven has bounteously lengthened out your lives, that you might behold this joyous day. You are now upon the heights of Bunker, where you stood, fifty years ago, this very hour, with your brothers, and your neighbors, shoulder to shoulder, in the strife for your country. Behold, how altered! The same heavens are indeed over your heads! the same ocean rolls at your feet; but all else how changed! You hear now no roar of hostile cannon; you see no mixed volumes of smoke and flame, rising from burning Charlestown. The ground strewed with the dead and the dying; the impetuous charge; the steady and successful repulse; the loud call to repeated assault; the summoning of all that is manly to repeated resistance; a thousand bosoms freely and fearlessly bared, in an instant, to whatever of terror there may be in war and death;—all these you have witnessed, but you witness them no more. All is peace. The heights of yonder metropolis,* its towers and roofs, which you then saw filled with wives, and children, and countrymen, in distress and terror, and looking, with unutterable emotions, for the issue of the combat, have presented you, to-day, with the sight of its whole happy population, come out to welcome and greet you with an universal jubilee. Yonder proud ships,† by a felicity of position, appropriately lying at the foot of this mount, and seeming fondly to cling around it, are not means of annoyance to you, but your country's own means of distinction and defence. All is peace; and God has granted you this sight of your country's happiness, ere you slumber in the grave for ever. He has allowed you to behold and partake the reward of your patriotic toils; and he has allowed us, your sons and countrymen, to meet you here, and in the name of the present generation, in the name of your country, in the name of liberty, to thank you!

* Boston.

† The United States Navy Yard, at Charlestown, is within sight of Bunker's Hill.

## LXXXIV.—THE OBLIGATIONS OF AN AMERICAN CITIZEN.

Extract from the same Address.

*Fellow-citizens*,—We may, indeed, indulge an honest exultation in the conviction of the benefit which the example of our country has produced, and is likely to produce, on human freedom and human happiness. And let us endeavor to comprehend, in all its magnitude, and to feel, in all its importance, the part assigned to us in the great drama of human affairs. We are placed at the head of the system of representative and popular governments. Thus far our example shows that such governments are compatible, not only with respectability and power, but with repose, with peace, with security of personal rights, with good laws, and a just administration.

And let the sacred obligations, which have devolved on this generation and on us, sink deep into our hearts. Those are daily dropping from among us who established our liberty and our government. The great trust now descends to new hands. Let us apply ourselves to that which is presented to us, as our appropriate object. We can win no laurels in a war for independence. Earlier and worthier hands have gathered them all. Nor are there places for us by the side of Solon, and Alfred, and other founders of states. Our fathers have filled them. But there remains to us a great duty of defence and preservation: and there is open to us, also, a noble pursuit, to which the spirit of the times strongly invites us. Our proper business is improvement. Let our age be the age of improvement. In a day of peace let us advance the arts of peace, and the works of peace. Let us develope the resources of our land, call forth its powers, build up its institutions, promote all its great interests, and see, whether we also, in our day and generation, may not perform something worthy to be remembered. Let us cultivate a true spirit of union and harmony. In pursuing the great objects which our condition points out to us, let us act under a settled conviction and an habitual feeling, that these twenty-four states are one country. Let our conceptions be enlarged to the circle of our duties. Let us extend our ideas over

the whole of the vast field in which we are called to act. Let our object be, OUR COUNTRY, OUR WHOLE COUNTRY, AND NOTHING BUT OUR COUNTRY. And, by the blessing of God, may that country itself become a vast and splendid monument, not of oppression and terror, but of wisdom, of peace, and of liberty, upon which the world may gaze with admiration for ever!

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### LXXXV.—KING HENRY'S SPEECH TO HIS SOLDIERS BEFORE HARFLEUR.

Extract from Shakspeare. King Henry V.—Act 3—Scene 1.

ONCE more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead!
In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,
As modest stillness and humility:
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favor'd rage:
Then lend the eye a terrible aspéct;*
Let it pry through the portage of the head,†
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it,
As fearfully, as doth a galled rock‡
O'erhang and jutty§ his confounded‖ base,
Swill'd¶ with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide;
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit**
To his full height!—On, on, you noblest English,
Whose blood is fet†† from fathers of war proof!

* The accent of this word is on the last syllable.

† *Portage* (from the Latin *porta*, a gate or any opening,) here means the sockets of the eyes: as if he had said—let the eyes appear through the port-holes of the head, as the "brass cannon" through the *port*-holes of a ship, or the battlements of a fortification.

‡ *A galled rock*, a rock worn away by the waves.

§ To *jutty*, to shoot out beyond his base.

‖ *His confounded base*, his worn or wasted base.

¶ *Swill'd*, washed or drenched.

** *Bend up every spirit*, a metaphor taken from the bow.

†† *Fet*, fetched.

Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,
Have, in these parts, from morn till even fought,
And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument :*
Dishonor not your mothers; now attest,
That those, whom you called fathers, did beget you!
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war!—And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt not;
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips, ‡
Straining upon the start.‡ The game's afoot;
Follow your spirit: and, upon this charge,
Cry—God for Harry! England and Saint George!

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## LXXXVI.—DEBATE ON THE BRITISH TREATY. §

Extract from Fisher Ames' Speech, on the British Treaty, delivered in the House of Representatives of the United States, April 28, 1796.

*Mr. Chairman*,—THE question before us seems at last to resolve itself to this—SHALL WE BREAK THE TREATY? The treaty is bad, fatally bad, is the cry. It sacrifices the interest, the honor, the independence of the United States, and the faith of our engagements to France. If we listen to the

* *For lack of argument*, for want of some object to oppose.

† *Slips*, are pieces of leather, so contrived as to start two dogs at once.

‡ *Straining upon the start*, eager to be loosed.

§ The debate in the House of Representatives, upon Jay's celebrated treaty, is perhaps the most memorable that ever occurred in that body, and we may add, one of the most important. For, the great question was discussed, whether a treaty would be valid without the approbation of the House. Those who were in the affirmative of this question argued, from the constitution, that the treaty was already made, and could not be broken without breaking the faith of the nation: for the constitution vests the power of making treaties in the President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate. Those in the negative argued, that if the President and Senate could make treaties, without the as-

clamor of party intemperance, the evils are of a number not to be counted, and of a nature not to be borne, even in idea. The language of passion and exaggeration may silence that of sober reason, in other places, it has not done it here. The question here is, whether the treaty be really so very fatal, as to oblige the nation to break its faith.

I lay down two rules, which ought to guide us in this case. The treaty must appear to be bad, not merely in the petty details, but in its character, principle and mass. And in the next place, this ought to be ascertained by the decided and general concurrence of the enlightened public. I confess, there seems to me something very like ridicule thrown over the debate, by the discussion of the articles in detail.

The undecided point is, shall we break our faith? And, while our country and enlightened Europe await the issue, with more than curiosity, we are employed to gather piece-meal, and article by article, from the instrument, a justification for the deed by trivial calculations of commercial profit and loss. This is little worthy of the subject, of this body, or of the nation. If the treaty is bad, it will appear to be so in its mass. Evil, to a fatal extreme, if that be its tendency, requires no proof; it brings it. Extremes speak for themselves, and make their own law. Few men of any reputation for sense, among those who say the treaty is bad, will put that reputation so much at hazard, as to pretend that it is so extremely bad as to warrant and require a violation of the public faith.

In the next place, will the state of public opinion justify the deed? No government, not even a despotism, will break its faith, without some pretext, and it must be plausible, it must be such as will carry the public opinion along with it.—Reasons of policy, if not of morality, dissuade even Turkey and Algiers from breaches of treaty in mere wantonness of perfidy, in open contempt of the reproaches of their subjects.

sistance of the House, they might absorb all legislative power. The treaty itself too was made a subject of great animadversion by one party. For a comprehensive account of the whole debate, see Pitkin's Political and Civil History of the United States, vol. 2, page 442. Suffice it to say, that mature reflection has shown, that the treaty obtained as much for us, as, from all circumstances, we could expect; and, that the power of making treaties is wholly independent of the popular branch of the legislature.

Surely, a popular government will not proceed more arbitrarily, as it is more free; nor with less shame or scruple in proportion as it has better morals. It will not proceed against the faith of treaties at all, unless the strong and decided sense of the nation shall pronounce, not simply, that the treaty is not advantageous, but that it ought to be broken and annulled.

Why, Mr. Chairman, do the opposers of this treaty complain, that the West Indies are not laid open? Why do they lament, that any restriction is stipulated on the commerce of the East Indies? Why do they pretend, that if they reject this, and insist upon more, more will be accomplished? Let us be explicit—more would not satisfy. If all was granted, would not a treaty of amity with Great Britain still be obnoxious? Have we not this instant heard it urged against our envoy, that he was not ardent enough in his hatred of Great Britain? A treaty of amity is condemned, because it was not made by a foe, and in the spirit of one. The same gentleman, at the same instant, repeats a very prevailing objection, that no treaty should be made with the enemy of France. No treaty, exclaim others, should be made with a monarch or a despot; there will be no naval security, while those sea-robbers domineer on the ocean: their den must be destroyed; that nation must be extirpated.

I like this, sir, because it is sincerity. With feelings such as these, we do not pant for treaties. Such passions seek nothing, and will be content with nothing, but the destruction of their object. If a treaty left King George his island, it would not answer; no—not if he stipulated to pay rent for it. It has even been said, the world ought to rejoice, if Britain was sunk in the sea; if, where there are now men and wealth, and laws and liberty, there was no more than a sandbank for the sea-monsters to fatten on; a space for the storms of the ocean to mingle in conflict.

## LXXXVII.—THE OBLIGATIONS OF NATIONAL FAITH.

Extract from the same Speech.

*Mr. Chairman,*—It is no bad proof of the merit of the treaty under consideration, that, under every unfavorable circumstance, it should be so well approved. In spite of first impressions, in spite of misrepresentation and party clamor, inquiry has multiplied its advocates; and, at last, the public sentiment appears to me clearly preponderating to its side. I ask, and I would ask the question significantly, what are the inducements to reject the treaty? What great object is to be gained, and fairly gained by it? If, however as to the merits of the treaty, candor should suspend its approbation, what is there to hold patriotism, a moment, in balance, as to the violation of it? Nothing; I repeat, confidently, nothing. There is nothing before us, in that event, but confusion and dishonor.

If, by executing the treaty, there is no possibility of dishonor, and if, by rejecting, there is some foundation for doubt and for reproach, it is not for me to measure, it is for your own feelings to estimate the vast distance that divides the one side of the alternative from the other.

This, sir, is a cause that would be dishonored and betrayed, if I contented myself with appealing only to the understanding. It is too cold, and its processes are too slow for the occasion. I desire to thank God, that since he has given me an intellect so fallible, he has impressed upon me an instinct that is sure. On a question of shame and honor, reasoning is sometimes useless, and worse. I feel the decision in my pulse—if it throws no light upon the brain, it kindles a fire at the heart.

It is not easy to deny, it is impossible to doubt, that a treaty imposes an obligation on the American nation. What is the obligation—perfect or imperfect? If perfect, the debate is brought to a conclusion. If imperfect, how large a part of our faith is pawned? Is half our honor put at risk, and is that half too cheap to be redeemed? How long has this hair-splitting subdivision of good faith been discovered? and why has it escaped the researches of the writers on the law

of nations? Shall we add a new chapter to that law, or insert this doctrine as a supplement to, or more properly a repeal of the ten commandments?

On every hypothesis, sir, the conclusion is not to be resisted; we are either to execute this treaty, or break our faith.

To expatiate on the value of public faith, may pass with some men for declamation—to such men I have nothing to say. To others I will urge—can any circumstance mark upon a people more turpitude and debasement? Can any thing tend more to make men think themselves mean, or degrade to a lower point their estimation of virtue, and their standard of action?

It would not merely demoralize mankind, it tends to break all the ligaments of society, to dissolve that mysterious charm which attracts individuals to the nation, and to inspire in its stead a repulsive sense of shame and disgust.

What is patriotism? Is it a narrow affection for the spot where a man was born? Are the very clods where we tread entitled to this ardent preference, because they are greener? No, sir, this is not the character of the virtue, and it soars higher for its object. It is an extended self-love, mingling with all the enjoyments of life, and twisting itself with the minutest filaments of the heart. It is thus we obey the laws of society, because they are the laws of virtue. In their authority we see, not the array of force and terror, but the venerable image of our country's honor. Every good citizen makes that honor his own, and cherishes it not only as precious, but as sacred. He is willing to risk his life in its defence, and is conscious that he gains protection while he gives it. For, what rights of a citizen will be deemed inviolable, when a state renounces the principles that constitute their security? Or, if his life should not be invaded, what would its enjoyments be, in a country odious, in the eyes of strangers, and dishonored in his own? Could he look with affection and veneration to such a country as his parent? The sense of having one would die within him; he would blush for his patriotism, if he retained any, and justly, for it would be a vice. He would be a banished man in his native land.

## LXXXVIII.—THE RATIFICATION OF THE BRITISH TREATY, NECESSARY TO THE SAFETY OF THE WESTERN POSTS.

Extract from the same Speech.

*Mr. Chairman,*—In the event of our breaking the treaty now under consideration, one most momentous consequence will follow—the loss of the western posts. But if any should still maintain, that the peace with the Indians will be stable without the posts, to them I will urge another reply. From arguments calculated to produce conviction, I will appeal directly to the hearts of those who hear me, and ask, whether it is not already planted there? I resort especially to the convictions of the western gentlemen, whether, supposing no posts and no treaty, the settlers will remain in security? Can they take it upon them to say, that an Indian peace, under these circumstances, will prove firm? No, sir, it will not be peace, but a sword: it will be no better than a lure to draw victims within the reach of the tomahawk.

On this theme, my emotions are unutterable. If I could find words for them, if my powers bore any proportion to my zeal, I would swell my voice to such a note of remonstrance, it should reach every log-house beyond the mountains. I would say to the inhabitants, awake from your false security: your cruel dangers, your more cruel apprehensions, are soon to be renewed: the wounds, yet unhealed, are to be torn open again: in the day time, your path through the woods will be ambushed: the darkness of midnight will glitter with the blaze of your dwellings. You are a father—the blood of your sons shall fatten your cornfield: you are a mother—the war-whoop shall wake the sleep of the cradle.

On this subject you need not suspect any deception on your feelings. It is a spectacle of horror, which cannot be overdrawn. If you have nature in your hearts, it will speak a language, compared with which, all I have said or can say will be poor and frigid.

By rejecting the posts, we light the savage fires, we bind the victims. This day we undertake to render account to the widows and orphans, whom our decision will make; to the wretches that will be roasted at the stake; to our coun-

try; and, I do not deem it too serious to say, to conscience and to God. We are answerable; and if duty be any thing more than a word of imposture, if conscience be not a bug-bear, we are preparing to make ourselves as wretched as our country.

There is no mistake in this case, there can be none. Experience has already been the prophet of events, and the cries of our future victims have already reached us. The western inhabitants are not a silent and uncomplaining sacrifice. The voice of humanity issues from the shade of the wilderness. It exclaims, that while one hand is held up to reject this treaty, the other grasps a tomahawk. It summons our imagination to the scenes that will open. It is no great effort of the imagination to conceive, that events so near are already begun. I can fancy that I listen to the yells of savage vengeance, and the shrieks of torture. Already they seem to sigh in the west wind—already they mingle with every echo from the mountains.

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### LXXXIX.—THE DUELLIST UNFIT FOR OFFICES OF TRUST.

Extract from a Discourse, entitled, "The Remedy for Duelling;" by Lyman Beecher, D. D.

PERMIT me now, my friends, to ask you, solemnly, will you any longer persist in your attachment to duellists? Will you any longer, either deliberately or thoughtlessly, vote for them? Will you renounce allegiance to your Maker, and cast the Bible behind your back? Will you confide in men, void of the fear of God, and destitute of moral principle? Will you intrust *life* to MURDERERS, and *liberty* to DESPOTS? Are you patriots, and will you constitute those legislators, who despise you, and despise equal laws, and wage war with the eternal principles of justice? Are you Christians, and, by upholding duellists, will you deluge the land with blood, and fill it with widows and with orphans? Will you aid in the prostration of justice—in the escape of criminals—in the extinction of liberty? Will you place in the chair of state—in the

senate—or on the bench of justice, men who, if able, would murder you for speaking truth? Will you teach your children that there is no guilt in murder? Will you instruct them to think lightly of duelling, and train them up to destroy or be destroyed in the bloody field? Will you bestow your suffrage, when you know that, by withholding it, you may arrest this deadly evil—when this too is the only way in which it can be done, and when the present is perhaps the only period, in which resistance can avail—when the remedy is so easy, so entirely in your power; and when God, if you do not punish these guilty men, will most inevitably punish you?

Have you beheld a dying father, conveyed, bleeding and agonizing, to his distracted family, had you heard their piercing shrieks, and witnessed their frantic agony; would you reward the savage man who had plunged them in distress? Had the duellist destroyed your neighbor—had your own father been killed by the man who solicits your suffrage—had your son, laid low by his hand, been brought to your door, pale in death, and weltering in blood—would you then think the crime a small one? Would you honor with your confidence, and elevate to power by your vote, the guilty monster? And what would you think of your neighbors, if, regardless of your agony, they should reward him? And yet, such scenes of unutterable anguish are multiplied every year. Every year the duellist is cutting down the neighbor of somebody. Every year, and many times in the year, a father is brought dead or dying to his family, or a son is laid breathless at the feet of his parents; and every year you are patronizing by your votes the men who commit these crimes, and looking with cold indifference upon, and even mocking the sorrows of your neighbor. Beware—I admonish you to beware, lest, having no feeling for the sorrows of another, you be called to weep for your own sorrow; lest your own kindred fall by the hand of the very murderer, for whom you vote, or by the hand of some one, whom his example has trained to the work of blood.

## XC.—THE EXILE AT REST.*

By the Rev. John Pierpont.

His falchion† flashed along the Nile;
His hosts he led through Alpine snows;
O'er Moscow's towers, that blazed the while,
His eagle flag unrolled—and froze.

Here sleeps he now, alone! not one
Of all the Kings whose crowns he gave,
Bends o'er his dust—nor wife nor son
Has ever seen or sought his grave.

Behind this sea-girt rock, the star
That led him on from crown to crown
Has sunk;—and nations from afar
Gazed as it faded and went down.

High is his couch;—the ocean flood
Far, far below, by storms is curled;
As round him heaved, while high he stood,
A stormy and unstable world.

Alone he sleeps! the mountain cloud,
That Night hangs round him, and the breath
Of morning scatters, is the shroud
That wraps the conqueror's clay in death.

Pause here! The far-off world at last
Breathes free;—the hand that shook its thrones,
And to the earth its mitres cast,
Lies powerless now beneath these stones.

Hark! comes there, from the pyramids,
And from Siberian wastes of snow,
And Europe's hills, a voice that bids
The world he awed to mourn him?—No:

* Napoleon Bonaparte, as he lies buried at St. Helena.
† Pronounced, fal-shun.

The only, the perpetual dirge
That's heard here, is the sea-bird's cry,—
The mournful murmur of the surge,—
The cloud's deep voice—the wind's low sigh.

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## XCI.—IMPEACHMENT OF WARREN HASTINGS.*

**Extract from Mr. Sheridan's Speech, on summing up the Evidence on the Second Charge against Warren Hastings, Esq., delivered before the High Court of Parliament, June, 1788.**

*My Lords,*—I SHALL not waste your lordships' time nor my own by any preliminary observations on the importance of the subject before you, or on the propriety of our bringing it, in this solemn manner, to a final decision. We are, my lords, anxious, in stating the crimes with which he is charged, to keep out of recollection the person of the unfortunate prisoner. In prosecuting him to conviction, we are impelled only by a sincere abhorrence of his guilt, and a sanguine hope of remedying future delinquency. We can have no private incentive to the part we have taken. We are actuated singly by the zeal we feel for the public welfare, and by an honest solicitude for the honor of our country, and the happiness of those who are under its dominion and protection. It is in the hope, my lords, of accomplishing these salutary ends, of restoring character to England, and happiness to India, that we have come to the bar of this exalted tribunal.

In looking round for an object fit to be held out to an oppressed people, and to the world as an example of national justice, we are forced to fix our eyes on Mr. Hastings. It is he, my lords, who has degraded our fame, and blasted our fortunes in the East. It is he, who has tyrannized, with relentless severity, over the devoted natives of those regions. It is he who must atone, as a victim, for the multiplied calamities he has produced!

What, my lords, do you think of the tyranny and savage apathy of a man who could act in open defiance of those prejudices, which are so interwoven with the very existence

* See note on page 99.

of the females of the East, that they can be removed only by death? What do your lordships think of the atrocity of a man, who could threaten to profane and violate the sanctuary of the princesses of Oude, by declaring that he would storm it with his troops, and expel the inhabitants from it by force? There is, my lords, displayed in the whole of this black transaction a wantonness of cruelty and ruffian-like ferocity that, happily, are not often incident, even to the most depraved and obdurate of our species. Had there been in the composition of the prisoner's heart one generous propensity or lenient disposition even slumbering and torpid, it must have been awaked and animated into kindness and mercy towards these singularly interesting females. Their character and situation at the time, presented every circumstance to disarm hostility, and to kindle the glow of manly sympathy. But no tender impression could be made on his soul, which is as hard as adamant, and as black as sin. Stable as the everlasting hills in its schemes and purposes of villany, it has never once been shaken by the cries of affliction, the claims of charity, or the complaints of injustice. With steady, undeviating step, he marches on to the consummation of the abominable projects of wickedness, which are engendered and contrived in its gloomy recesses. What his soul prepares, his hands are ever ready to execute.

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### XCII.—THE CHARACTER OF FILAL PIETY.

Extract from the same Speech.

*My Lords*,—The counsel of Mr. Hastings, in recommending an attention to the *public* in preference to the *private* letters, remarked particularly, that one of the latter should not be taken in evidence, because it was evidently and abstractly private, relating the anxieties of Mr. Middleton, on account of the illness of his son. This is a singular argument indeed. The circumstance, however, undoubtedly merits strict observation, though not in the view in which it was placed by the counsel. It goes to show that some at least of the persons concerned in these transactions, felt the force of those ties which their efforts were directed to tear asunder; that

those who could ridicule the respective attachment of a mother and a son; who could prohibit the reverence of the son to the mother; who could deny to *maternal debility*, the protection which *filial tenderness* should afford, were yet sensible of the straining of *those cords* by which they are connected. There is something in the present business, with all that is horrible to create aversion, so vilely loathsome, as to excite disgust. It is, my lords, surely superfluous to dwell on the sacredness of the ties, which those aliens to feeling, those apostates to humanity, thus divided. In such an assembly, as the one before which I speak, there is not an eye but must look reproof to this conduct, not a heart but must anticipate its condemnation. *Filial Piety!* It is the primal bond of society. It is that instinctive principle, which panting for its proper good, soothes, unbidden, each sense and sensibility of man. It now quivers on every lip. It now beams from every eye. It is that gratitude, which, softening under the sense of recollected good, is eager to own the vast, countless debt, it never, alas! can pay, for so many long years of unceasing solicitudes, honourable self denials, life preserving cares. It is that part of our practice, where duty drops its awe, where reverence refines into love. It asks no aid of memory. It needs not the deductions of reason. Pre-existing, paramount over all, whether moral law or human rule, few arguments can increase and none can diminish it. It is the sacrament of our nature; not only the duty, but the indulgence of man. It is his first great privilege. It is among his last, most endearing delights, when the bosom glows with the idea of reverberated love; when to requite on the visitations of nature, and return the blessings that have been received; when what was emotion, fixed into vital principle; what was instinct, habituated into a master passion, sways all the sweetest energies of man, hangs over each vicissitude of all that must pass away, aids the melancholy virtues in their last, sad tasks of life; to cheer the languors of decrepitude and age; "explore the thought; explain the aching eye!"

But, my lords, I am ashamed to consume so much of your lordships' time, in attempting to give a cold picture of this sacred impulse, when I behold so many breathing testimonies of its influence around me; when every countenance in this assembly is beaming and erecting itself into the recognition of this universal principle!

### CXIII.—THE RESPONSIBILITY OF AGENTS.

Extract from the same Speech.

*My Lords*,—The inquiry which now only remains, is, whether Mr. Hastings is to be answerable for the crimes committed by his agents?

It will not, I trust, be concluded, that, because Mr. Hastings has not marked every passing shade of guilt, and because he has only given the bold outline of cruelty, he is therefore to be acquitted. It is laid down by the law of England, that law which is the perfection of reason, that a person, ordering an act to be done by his agent, is answerable for that act with all its consequences. "*Quid facit per allium, facit per se.*"* Middleton was appointed, in 1777, the confidential agent—the *second self* of Mr. Hastings. The governor-general ordered the measure. Even if he never saw, nor heard afterwards of its consequences, he was therefore answerable for every pang that was inflicted, and for all the blood that was shed. But he did hear, and that instantly, of the whole. He wrote to accuse Middleton of forbearance and neglect! He commanded him to work upon the hopes and fears of the princesses, and to leave no means untried, until, to speak his own language, which was better suited to the *banditti* of a *cavern*, "he obtained possession of the secret hoards of the old ladies." He would not allow even of a delay of two days, to smoothe the compelled approaches of a son to his mother, on this occasion! His orders were peremptory. After this, my lords, can it be said, that the prisoner was ignorant of the acts, or not culpable for their consequences? It is true, he did not direct the *guards*, the *famine*, and the *bludgeons*; he did not weigh the *fetters*, nor number the *lashes* to be inflicted on his victims: but yet, he is equally guilty, as if he had borne an active and personal share in each transaction. It is, as if he had commanded that the *heart* should be torn from the bosom, and enjoined that no *blood* should follow. He is in the same degree accountable to the *law*, to his *country*, to his *conscience*, and to his God!

* What one does through another, he does of himself.

### XCIV.—THE TRUE NATURE OF JUSTICE.

**Extract from the same Speech.**

*My Lords,*—When the Board of Directors received the advices which Mr. Hastings thought proper to transmit, though unfurnished with any other materials to form their judgment, they expressed very strongly their doubts, and properly ordered an inquiry into the circumstances of the alleged disaffection of the Begums, declaring it at the same time to be a debt, which was due to the honor and justice of the British nation. This inquiry, however, Mr. Hastings thought it absolutely necessary to elude. "Besides," says he, "I hope it will not be a departure from official language to say, that the *majesty of justice* ought not to be approached without solicitation. She ought not to descend to inflame or provoke, but to withold her judgment, until she is called on to determine." But, my lords, do you, the judges of this land, and the expounders of its rightful laws, do you approve of this mockery, and call it the character of justice, which takes the *form of right* to excite *wrong?* No, my lords, *justice* is not this halt and miserable object; it is not the ineffective bauble of an Indian pagod; it is not the portentious phantom of despair; it is not like any fabled monster, formed in the eclipse of reason, and found in some unhallowed grove of superstitious darkness, and political dismay! No, my lords. In the happy reverse of all this, I turn from the disgusting caricature to the *real image! Justice* I have now before me, *august* and *pure!* the abstract idea of all that would be perfect in the spirits and the aspirings of men! where the mind rises, where the heart expands; where the countenance is ever placid and benign; where her favorite attitude is to stoop to the unfortunate; to hear their cry, and to help them; to rescue and relieve, to succour and save; majestic from its mercy; venerable from its utility; uplifted, without pride; firm, without obduracy; benificent in each preference; lovely, though in her frown!

*On that justice I rely;* deliberate and sure, abstracted from all party purpose and political speculation, not on words, but on facts. You, my lords, who hear me, I conjure

by those rights it is your best privilege to preserve; by that fame it is your best pleasure to inherit it; by all those feelings which refer to the first term in the series of existence, the *original compact* of our nature—our *controlling rank* in the creation. This is the call on all to administer to truth and equity, as they would satisfy the laws, and satisfy themselves—with the most exalted bliss, possible or perceivable for our nature, the *self-approving consciousness of virtue;* when the condemnation we look for will be one of the most ample mercies accomplished for mankind since the creation of the world:—My lords, I have done.

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### XCV.—BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS TROOPS, BEFORE THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN.

Burns.

Scots! who have with Wallace bled,
Scots! whom Bruce has often led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory.

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front of battle lower;
See approach proud Edward's power,
Chains and slavery!

Who will be a traitor knave?
Who can fill a coward's grave?
Who so base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

Who for Scotland's king and law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freemen stand, or freemen fall,
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow—
Let us do or die!

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### XCVI.—THE CLAIMS OF GREECE UPON AMERICA.

Extract from an Address, delivered in Boston, in behalf of the Greeks, by the Rev. Sereno Edwards Dwight.

THOUGH not called to plead the cause of Greece before my assembled countrymen; yet, at the request of your committee, I am at this time allowed, my friends and fellow-citizens, to urge her claims on you. But need I *urge* them? What heart does not throb, what bosom does not heave, at the very thought of Grecian independence? Have you the feelings of a man, and do you not wish that the blood of Greece should cease to flow, and that the groans and sighs of cenjuries should be heard no more? Are you a scholar, and shall the land of the muses ask your help in vain? With the eye of the enthusiast do you often gaze at the triumphs of the arts, and will you do nothing to rescue their choicest relics from worse than Vandal barbarism? Are you a mother, rejoicing in all the charities of domestic life; are you a daughter, rich and safe in conscious innocence and parental love; and shall thousands more, among the purest and loveliest of your sex, glut the shambles of Smyrna, and be doomed to a captivity inconceivably worse than death. Are you a Christian, and do you cheerfully contribute your property to christianize the heathen world? what you give to Greece is to rescue *a nation of Christians* from extermination, to deliver the ancient churches, to overthrow the Mohammedan imposture, to raise up a standard for the wandering tribes of Israel, and to gather in the harvest of the world. Are you an American citizen, proud of the liberty and independence of your country? Greece too, is struggling for these very blessings, which she taught your fathers to purchase with their blood. And when she asks your help, need I *urge* you to bestow it? Where am I?—in the land of the Pilgrims—in a land of independence—in a land of freemen. Here, then, I leave their cause.

## XCVII.—TRUE AND FALSE GREATNESS CONTRASTED.

**Extract from a Discourse on the Lives and Characters of Thomas Jefferson and John Adams, who both died on the Fourth of July, 1826. By William Wirt, Attorney General of the United States.**

HAVING closed his administration, fellow citizens, President Jefferson was followed by the applause, the gratitude, and blessings of his country, into that retirement which no man was ever better fitted to grace and enjoy. And from this retirement, together with his precursor, the venerable patriarch of Quincy, he could enjoy that supreme of all earthly happiness, the retrospect of a life well and greatly spent, in the service of his country and mankind. The successful warrior, who has desolated whole empires for his own aggrandizement, the successful usurper of his country's rights and liberties, may have their hours of swelling pride, in which they may look back with a barbarous joy upon the triumph of their talents, and feast upon the adulation of the sycophants that surround them: but, night and silence come; and conscience takes her turn. The bloody field rises upon the startled imagination. The shades of the slaughtered innocents, stalk, in terrific procession, before the couch. The agonizing cries of countless widows and orphans invade the ear. The bloody dagger of the assassin plays, in airy terror, before the vision. Violated liberty lifts her avenging lance: and a down-trodden nation rises before them, in all the majesty of its wrath. What are the hours of a splendid wretch like this, compared with those that shed their poppies and their roses upon the pillows of our peaceful and virtuous patriots! Every night bringing to them the balm and health of repose, and every morning offering to them "their history in a nation's eyes!" This, this it is to be greatly virtuous: and be this the only ambition that shall ever touch an American bosom?

## XCVIII.—THE BATTLE OF HOHENLINDEN.*

Campbell.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle blade,
And furious every charger neighed,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steeds to battle driven,
And, louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flashed the red artillery.

And redder yet those fires shall glow,
On Linden's hills of blood-stained snow,
And darker yet shall be the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon lurid sun
Can pierce the war clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun,
Shout, in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave!
And charge with all thy chivalry!

* Hohenlinden is a village in Bavaria, in which a bloody battle was fought, 3d December, 1800, between the Austrians and the French.

Ah! few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet,
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

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### XCIX.—ROLLA AND THE SENTINEL.

From the tragedy of "Pizarro," by Kotzebue; Act 4, Scene 1.

[A sentinel is walking Guard before the dungeon of Alonzo. Rolla, his friend, enters, in order to gain admission, to save him.]

*Rol.* Inform me, friend, is not Alonzo, the Spanish prisoner, confined in this dungeon?

*Sen.* He is.

*Rol.* I must speak with him.

*Sen.* You must not.

*Rol.* He is my friend.

*Sen.* Not if he were thy brother.

*Rol.* What is to be his fate?

*Sen.* He dies at sun-rise.

*Rol.* Ha! then I am come in time.

*Sen.* Just—to witness his death.

*Rol.* Soldier, I *must* speak with him.

*Sen.* Back, back—it is impossible!

*Rol.* I do entreat thee, but for one moment!

*Sen.* Thou entreatest in vain—my orders are most strict.

*Rol.* Even now, I saw a messenger go hence.

*Sen.* He brought a pass which we are all accustomed to obey.

*Rol.* Look on this wedge of massive gold—look on these precious gems. In thy own land they will be wealth for thee and thine, beyond thy hope or wish. Take them, they are thine—Let me but pass one minute with Alonzo.

*Sen.* Away! wouldst thou corrupt me? Me! an old Castilian? I know my duty better.

*Rol.* Soldier! hast thou a wife?

*Sen.* I have.

*Rol.* Hast thou children?

*Al.* At night we meet again. Then, so aid me, heaven, I return to save, or perish with thee !—(*Exit.*)

*Rol.*—(*Alone.*)—He has passed the outer porch—he is safe ! He will soon embrace his wife and child ! Now, Cora, didst thou not wrong me ? This is the first time, throughout my life, I ever deceived man. Forgive me, God of truth ! if I am wrong. Alonzo flatters himself that we shall meet again ! Yes—there !—(*Lifting his hands to heaven,*)—assuredly we shall meet again ; there possess in peace the joys of everlasting love and friendship—on earth imperfect and imbittered. I will retire, lest the guard return before Alonzo may have passed their lines.—(*Retires into the recess.*)

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### C.—A DESCRIPTION OF THE BALL AT BRUSSELS BEFORE THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.*

Byron.

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men :
A thousand hearts beat happily ; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell ;
But hush ! hark ! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell !

Did ye not hear it ?—No ; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street :
On with the dance ! let joy be unconfined ;
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet—
But hark !—that heavy sound breaks in, once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat,
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before !
Arm ! arm ! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar !

*This extract from Byron, is founded upon the story, that the English officers were at a ball at Brussels, when they were suddenly alarmed by the news of Bonaparte's approach.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated—who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise?

And there was mounting in hot haste; the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips—"The foe! They come! they come!"

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### CI.—THE CHARACTER OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN.

Extract from Judge Story's Discourse, before the Essex Historical Society, September 18, 1828.

In the fate of the Aborigines of our country—the American Indians—there is, my friends, much to awaken our sympathy, and much to disturb the sobriety of our judgment; much which may be urged to excuse their own atrocities; much in their characters, which betrays us into an involuntary admiration. What can be more melancholy than their history? Two centuries ago, the smoke of their wigwams, and the fires of their councils, rose in every valley, from Hudson's Bay to the farthest Florida, from the ocean to the Mississippi and the Lakes. The shouts of victory and the war-dance rung through the mountains and the glades. The thick arrows and the deadly tomahawk whistled through the forests; and the hunter's trace, and the dark encampment startled the wild

beasts in their lairs. The warriors stood forth in their glory. The young listened to the songs of other days. The mothers played with their infants, and gazed on the scene, with warm hopes of the future. The aged sat down; but they wept not. They should soon be at rest in fairer regions, where the Great Spirit dwelt, in a home, prepared for the brave, beyond the western skies. Braver men never lived; truer men never drew the bow. They had courage, and fortitude, and sagacity, and perseverance, beyond most of the human race. They shrunk from no dangers, and they feared no hardships.

If they had the vices of savage life, they had the virtues also. They were true to their country, their friends, and their homes. If they forgave not injury, neither did they forget kindness. If their vengeance was terrible, their fidelity and generosity were unconquerable also. Their love, like their hate, stopped not on this side of the grave. But where are they? Where are the villages, and warriors, and youth? The sachems and the tribes? The hunters and their families? They have perished. They are consumed. The wasting pestilence has not alone done the mighty work. No,—nor famine, nor war. There has been a mightier power, a moral canker, which hath eaten into their heart-cores—a plague which the touch of the white man communicated—a poison, which betrayed them into a lingering ruin. The winds of the Atlantic fan not a single region, which they may now call their own. Already, the last feeble remnants of the race are preparing for their journey beyond the Mississippi. I see them leave their miserable homes, the aged, the helpless, the women, and the warriors, "few and faint, yet fearless still." The ashes are cold on their native hearths. The smoke no longer curls round their lowly cabins. They move on with a slow, unsteady step. The white man is upon their heels, for terror or despatch; but they heed him not. They turn to take a last look of their deserted villages. They cast a last glance upon the graves of their fathers. They shed no tears; they utter no cries; they heave no groans. There is something in their hearts which passes speech. There is something in their looks, not of vengeance or submission; but of hard necessity, which stifles both; which chokes all utterance; which has no aim or method. It is courage ab-

sorbed in despair. They linger but for a moment. Their look is onward. They have passed the fatal stream. It shall never be repassed by them,—no, never. Yet there lies not between us and them, an impassable gulf. They know, and feel, that there is for them, still one remove farther, not distant, nor unseen. It is to the general burial ground of their race.

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### CII.—THE DUTIES OF AMERICANS TO THEIR COUNTRY.

Extract from the same Discourse.

We stand, my fellow citizens, the latest, and if we fail, probably the last experiment of self-government by the people. We have begun it, under circumstances of the most auspicious nature. We are in the vigor of youth. Our growth has never been checked by the oppressions of tyranny. Our constitutions have never been enfeebled by the vices or luxuries of the old world. Such as we are, we have been from the beginning; simple, hardy, intelligent, accustomed to self-government, and self-respect. The Atlantic rolls between us and any formidable foe. Within our own territory, stretching through many degrees of latitude and longitude, we have the choice of many products, and many means of independence. The government is mild. The press is free. Religion is free. Knowledge reaches, or may reach, every home. What fairer prospect of success could be presented? What means more adequate to accomplish the sublime end? What more is necessary, than for the people to preserve what they themselves have created?

Can it be, that America, under such circumstances, can betray herself? That she is to be added to the catalogue of republics, the inscription upon whose ruins is, "They were, but they are not." Forbid it, my countrymen; forbid it, Heaven.

I call upon you, fathers, by the shades of your ancestors, by the dear ashes which repose in this precious soil, by all you are, and all you hope to be; resist every project of disunion, resist every encroachment upon your liberties, resist

every attempt to fetter your consciences, or smother your public schools, or extinguish your system of of public instruction.

I call upon you, mothers, by that which never fails in woman, the love of your offspring; teach them, as they climb your knees, or learn on your bosoms, the blessings of liberty. Swear them at the altar, as with their baptismal vows, to be true to their country, and never to forget or forsake her.

I call upon you, young men, to remember whose sons you are; whose inheritance you possess. Life can never be too short, which brings nothing but disgrace and oppression.—Death never comes too soon, if necessary, in defence of the liberties of your country.

I call upon you, old men, for your counsels, and your prayers, and your benedictions. May not your gray hairs go down in sorrow to the grave, with the recollection, that you have lived in vain! May not your last sun sink in the west, upon a nation of slaves!

No—I read in the destiny of my country, far better hopes, far brighter visions. We who are now assembled here, must soon be gathered to the congregation of other days. The time of our departure is at hand, to make way for our children upon the theatre of life. May God speed them and theirs! May he, who at the distance of another century, shall stand here to celebrate this day, still look round upon a free, happy, and virtuous people! May he have reason to exult as we do! May he, with all the enthusiasm of truth, as well as of poetry, exclaim, that here is still his country!

"Zealous, yet modest; innocent, though free;
Patient of toil; serene amidst alarms;
Inflexible in faith; invincible in arms."

## CII. —THE CHARACTERS OF RICHARD THIRD AND KING LEAR, IN SHAKSPEARE.

Extract from the Prize Ode, written by Charles Sprague, and recited at the representation of the SHAKSPEARE JUBILEE, Boston, February 13, 1824.

MARK the sceptered Traitor slumbering!
There flit the slaves of conscience round;
With boding tongue foul murders numbering,
Sleep's leaden portals catch the sound.
In his dream of blood for mercy quaking,
At his own dull scream behold him waking!—
Soon that dream to fate shall turn,
For him the *living* furies burn;
For him the vulture sits on yonder misty peak,
And chides the lagging night, and whets her hungry beak.—
Hark! the trumpet's warning breath
Echoes round the vale of death, [rides,
Where through the maddening ranks the God of slaughter
And o'er their spouting trunks his reeking axle guides!
Unhorsed, unhelmed, disdaining shield,
The panting tyrant scours the field.
Vengeance! he meets thy dooming blade!
The scourge of earth, the scorn of heaven,
He falls! unwept and unforgiven,
And all his guilty glories fade.
Like a crushed reptile, in the dust he lies,
And hate's last lightning quivers from his eyes!
Behold yon crownless King—
Yon white-locked, weeping sire;
Where heaven's unpillared chambers ring,
And burst their streams of flood and fire!—
He gave them all—the daughters of his love;—
That recreant pair!—they drive him forth to rove,
In such a night of wo,
The cubless regent of the wood
Forgets to bathe her fangs in blood,
And caverns with her foe!—

Yet one was ever kind,
Why lingers she behind?—
O pity!—view him by her dead form kneeling,
Even in wild frenzy holy nature feeling.
His aching eye-balls strain
To see those curtained orbs unfold,
That beauteous bosom heave again,—
But all is dark and cold.
In agony the father shakes;
Grief's choking note
Swells in his throat,
Each withered heart-string tugs and breaks!
Round her pale neck his dying arms he wreathes,
And on her marble lips his last, his death-kiss breathes.

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## CIV.—THE TRUTH OF CHRISTIANITY CONFIRMED BY ITS MIRACLES.

Extract from Rev. Wm. E. Channing's Dudleian Lecture, delivered at Cambridge, March 14, 1821.

Before quitting the general consideration of miracles, my friends, I ought to take some notice of Hume's celebrated argument on this subject; not that it merits the attention which it has received, for infidelity has seldom forged a weaker weapon, but because it is specious, and has derived weight from the name of its author. The argument is briefly this,—"that belief is founded upon, and regulated by experience. Now, we often experience testimony to be false, but never witness a departure from the order of nature. That men may deceive us, when they testify to miracles, is therefore more accordant with experience, than that nature should be irregular; and hence there is a balance of proof against miracles, a presumption so strong as to outweigh the strongest testimony."

In the first place, this argument affirms, that the credibility of facts or statements is to be decided by their accordance with the established order of nature, and by this standard only.

Now, if nature comprehended all existences and all powers, this position might be admitted. But if there is a being higher than nature, the origin of all its powers and motions, and whose character falls under our notice and experience, as truly as the creation, then there is an additional standard, to which facts and statements are to be referred: and works which violate nature's order, will still be credible, if they agree with the known properties and attributes of its author; because, for such works we can assign an adequate cause and sufficient reasons, and these are the qualities and conditions on which credibility depends.

In the second place, this argument of Hume proves too much, and therefore proves nothing. It proves too much; for if I am to reject the strongest testimony to miracles, because testimony has often deceived me, whilst nature's order has never been found to fail, then I ought to reject a miracle, even if I should see it with my own eyes, and if all my senses should attest it; for all my senses have sometimes given false reports, whilst nature has never gone astray; and, therefore, be the circumstances ever so decisive or inconsistent with deception, still I must not believe what I see, and hear, and touch, what my senses, exercised according to the most deliberate judgment, declare to be true. All this the argument requires; and it proves too much; for disbelief, in the case supposed, is out of our power, and is instinctively pronounced absurd; and what is more, it would subvert that very order of nature, on which the argument rests? for this order of nature is learned only by the exercise of my senses and judgment, and if these fail me in the most unexceptionable circumstances, then their testimony to nature is of little worth.

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### CV.—THE IMPORTANCE OF CLASSICAL LEARNING.

Extract from a Discourse delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, at Cambridge, Mass., August, 1825, by Joseph Story.

The importance of classical learning, my friends, to professional education, is so obvious, that the surprise is, that it could ever have become matter of disputation. I speak not

of its power in refining the taste, in disciplining the judgment, in invigorating the understanding, or in warming the heart with elevated sentiments, but of its power of direct, positive, necessary instruction. Until the eighteenth century, the mass of science, in its principal branches, was deposited in the dead languages, and much of it still reposes there. To be ignorant of these languages is to shut out the lights of former times, or to examine them only through the glimmerings of inadequate translations. What should we say of the jurist who never aspired to learn the maxims of law and equity which adorn the Roman codes? What of the physician, who could deliberately surrender all the knowledge heaped up for so many centuries in the latinity of continental Europe? What of the minister of religion, who should choose not to study the scriptures in the original tongue, and should be content to trust his faith and his hopes, for time and for eternity, to the dimness of translations, which may reflect the literal import, but rarely can reflect, with unbroken force, the beautiful spirit of the text?

I pass over all consideration of the written treasures of antiquity which have survived the wreck of empires and dynasties, of monumental trophies and triumphal arches, of palaces of princes and temples of the gods. I pass over all consideration of those admired compositions, in which wisdom speaks, as with a voice from heaven; of those sublime efforts of poetical genius, which still freshen, as they pass from age to age, in undying vigor; of those finished histories which still enlighten and instruct governments in their duty and their destiny; of those matchless orations which roused nations to arms and chained senates to the chariot-wheels of all-conquering eloquence. These all may now be read in our vernacular tongue. Ay, as one remembers the face of a dead friend, by gathering up the broken fragments of his image—as one listens to the tale of a dream twice told—as one catches the roar of the ocean in the ripple of the rivulet—as one sees the blaze of noon in the first glimmer of twilight.

## CVI.—DEATH OF ADAMS AND JEFFERSON.

Extract from the same Discourse.

ADAMS AND JEFFERSON, my countrymen, are gone from us for ever—gone, as a sunbeam, to revisit its native skies—gone, as this mortal, to put on immortality. Of them, of each of them, every American may exclaim :

> " Ne'er to the chambers, where the mighty rest,
> Since their foundation came a nobler guest,
> Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss conveyed
> A fairer spirit, or more welcome shade."

We may not mourn over the departure of such men. We should rather hail it as a kind dispensation of providence, to affect our hearts with new and livelier gratitude. They were not cut off in the blossom of their days, while yet the vigor of manhood flushed their cheeks, and the harvest of glory was ungathered. They fell not, as martyrs fall, seeing only in dim perspective the salvation of their country. They lived to enjoy the blessings earned by their labors, and to realize all which their fondest hopes had desired. The infirmities of life stole slowly and silently upon them, leaving still behind a cheerful serenity of mind. In peace, in the bosom of domestic affection, in the hallowed reverence of their countrymen, in the full possession of their faculties, they wore out the last remains of life, without a fear to cloud, with scarcely a sorrow to disturb its close. The joyful day of our Jubilee came over them with its refreshing influence. To them, indeed, it was " a great and good day." The morning sun shone with softened lustre on their closing eyes. Its evening beams played lightly on their brows, calm in all the dignity of death. Their spirits escaped from these frail tenements without a struggle or a groan. Their death was gentle as an infant's sleep. It was a long, lingering twilight, melting into the softest shade.

Fortunate men, so to have lived, and so to have died. Fortunate, to have gone hand in hand in the deeds of the revolution. Fortunate in the generous rivalry of middle life.—Fortunate in deserving and receiving the highest honors of

their country. Fortunate, in old age, to have rekindled their ancient friendship with a holier flame. Fortunate to have passed through the dark valley of the shadow of death together. Fortunate, to be indissolubly united in the memory and affections of their countrymen. Fortunate, above all, in an immortality of virtuous fame, on which history may, with severe simplicity, write the dying encomium of Pericles, "No citizen, through their means, ever put on mourning."

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## CVII.—THE AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE.

Extract from Mr. Pitt's Speech. delivered on the 2d of April, 1792, in the House of Commons, on a motion for the Abolition of the Slave Trade.

*Mr. Speaker*,—I TRUST we shall no longer continue this commerce, the African Slave Trade, to the destruction of every improvement on that wide continent; and shall not consider ourselves as conferring too great a boon, in restoring its inhabitants to the rank of human beings. I trust, we shall not think ourselves too liberal, if, by abolishing the slave-trade, we give them the same common chance of civilization with other parts of the world, and that we shall now allow to Africa the opportunity, the hope, the prospect of attaining to the same blessings which we ourselves, through the favorable dispensations of Divine Providence, have been permitted, at a much more early period, to enjoy. If we listen to the voice of reason and duty, and pursue, this day, the line of conduct which they prescribe, some of us may live to see a reverse of that picture, from which we now turn our eyes with shame and regret. We may live to behold the natives of Africa, engaged in the calm occupations of industry, in the pursuits of a just and legitimate commerce. We may behold the beams of science and philosophy breaking in upon their land, which, at some happy period, in still later times, may blaze with full lustre; and joining their influence to that of pure religion, may illuminate and invigorate the most distant extremities of the immense continent. Then may we hope, that even Africa, though last of all the quarters of the globe,

shall enjoy, at length, in the evening of her days, those blessings, which have descended so plentifully upon us, in a much earlier period of the world. Then also will Europe, participating in her improvements and prosperity, receive an ample recompense for the tardy kindness, if kindness it can be called, of no longer hindering that continent from extricating herself out of the darkness, which, in other more fortunate regions, has been so much more speedily dispelled.

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## CVIII.—THE DEVASTATION OF THE CARNATICK, BY HYDER ALI.*

Extract from Mr. Burke's Speech, on the Nabob of Arcot's Debts, delivered in the House of Commons, February 28, 1785.

*Mr. Speaker*,—AMONG the victims of the magnificent plans of universal plunder in India, you have all heard of the Indian chief called Hyder Ali. This man possessed the western, as the company, under the name of the Nabob of Arcot, does the eastern division of the South of Hindostan, or, as it is called, of the Carnatick. It was among the leading measures in the design of this cabal, to *extirpate* this Hyder Ali. A continued plot was carried on for his destruction. He found it impossible to obtain from the Nabob of Arcot any treaty, or even the ordinary titles of respect and courtesy.

When, at length, Hyder Ali found that he had to do with men, who either would sign no convention, or whom no treaty, and no signature could bind, and who were the determined enemies of human intercourse itself, he decreed to make the

* The Carnatick is that part of the South of India, which lies along the coast of Coromandel. It is about five hundred miles long, and from forty to one hundred broad; and is now under the control of the English East India Company. Hyder Ali was an independent Indian sovereign: his neighbor, the Nabob of Arcot, was also a native Indian prince, but dependent upon the English nation, or rather the English East India Company. This prince entered into some ambitious plans, for enlarging his territories; and at length became so much indebted to some of the East India Company's servants, that Parliament ordered an inquiry to be made into the whole affair. This gave rise to the several East India bills, which were afterwards introduced into Parliament.

country, possessed by these incorrigible and predestinated criminals, a memorable example to mankind. He resolved, in the gloomy recesses of a mind, capacious of such things, to leave the whole Carnatick, an everlasting monument of vengeance; and to put perpetual desolation as a barrier between him and those against whom the faith, which holds the moral elements of the world together, was no protection. He became, at length, so confident of his force, so collected in his might, that he made no secret whatever of his dreadful resolution. Having terminated his disputes with every enemy, and every rival, who buried their mutual animosities in their common detestation against the creditors of the Nabob of Arcot, he drew from every quarter, whatever a savage ferocity could add to his new rudiments in the arts of destruction; and compounding all the materials of fury, havoc, and desolation, into one black cloud, he hung for a while on the declivities of the mountains. Whilst the authors of all these evils were idly and stupidly gazing on this menacing meteor, which blackened all their horizon, it suddenly burst, and poured down the whole of its contents upon the plains of the Carnatick. Then ensued a scene of wo, the like of which no eye had seen, no heart conceived, and which no tongue can adequately tell. All the horrors of war, before known or heard of, were mercy to that new havoc. A storm of universal fire blasted every field, consumed every house, destroyed every temple. The miserable inhabitants, flying from their flaming villages, in part were slaughtered: others, without regard to sex, to age, to the respect of rank, or sacredness of function; fathers torn from children, husbands from wives, enveloped in a whirlwind of cavalry, and amidst the goading spears of drivers, and the trampling of pursuing horses, were swept into captivity, in an unknown and hostile land. Those, who were able to evade this tempest, fled to the walled cities. But, escaping from fire, sword, and exile, they fell into the jaws of famine.

## CIX.—OTHELLO'S ADDRESS TO THE SENATE.*

Extract from Shakspeare. Othello.—Act 1—Scene 3.

Most potent, grave, and reverend seigniors,
My very noble and approv'd good masters,—
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her;
The very head and front of my offending†
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little bless'd with the set phrase of peace;
* * * * * * Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
I won his daughter with.
Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;
Still questioned me the story of my life,
From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have pass'd.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it.
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents, by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the‡ imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And portance in my travel's history:§
Wherein of antres‖ vast, and deserts idle,¶
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak.—These things to hear,
Would Desdemona seriously incline:
But still the house affairs would draw her thence;

* Othello, being accused before the Venetian Senate of using improper means to gain the affections of Desdemona, delivers this address.

† "The very head and front," the whole, without extenuation.

‡ "I' the," for *in the*.

§ "And portance in my travel's history," the manner in which I conducted myself in my travels, as described in their history.

‖ "Antres," (pron. anturs,) caves, dens.

¶ "Idle," that is, which produced nothing.

Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse: which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour; and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intentively;* I did consent;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore,—in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:
She wish'd she had not heard it; yet she wish'd
That heaven had made her such a man: she thank'd me;
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint, I spake;
She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd;
And I lov'd her, that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd.

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### CX.—THE RIGHT OF SELF-DEFENCE.

Extract from the Speech of Samuel Dexter, in the trial of Thomas O. Selfredge, for killing Charles Austin: before the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, 1806.

*Gentlemen of the Jury,*—THE opposing counsel, in order to establish the guilt of my client, have read to you, from books of acknowledged authority, that the right of self-defence was not given by the law of civil society, and, that that law cannot take it away. It is founded then, on the law of nature, which is of higher authority than any human institution. This law enjoins us to be useful, in proportion to our capacities; to protect the powers of being useful, by all the means that nature has given us, and to secure our own hap-

* "Intentively," for attentively; some copies read, *distinctively*.

piness, as well as that of others. These sacred precepts cannot be obeyed, without securing to ourselves the respect of others. Surely I need not say to you, that the man, who is daily beaten on the public Exchange, cannot retain his standing in society, by recurring to the laws. Recovering daily damages will rather aggravate the contempt, that the community will heap upon him; nor need I say, that when a man has patiently suffered one beating, he has almost insured a repetition of the insult.

It is a most serious calamity, for a man of high qualifications for usefulness, and delicate sense of honor, to be driven to such a crisis; yet should it become inevitable, he is bound to meet it like a man, to summon all the energies of the soul, rise above ordinary maxims, poise himself on his own magnanimity, and hold himself responsible only to his God. Whatever may be the consequences, he is bound to bear them; to stand like mount Atlas,

> "When storms and tempests thunder on his brow,
> And oceans break their billows at his feet."

Do not believe that I am inculcating opinions tending to disturb the peace of society. On the contrary, they are the only principles that can preserve it. It is more dangerous for the laws to give security to a man, disposed to commit outrages on the persons of his fellow citizens, than to authorize those, who must otherwise meet irreparable injury, to defend themselves at every hazard. Men of eminent talents and virtues, on whose exertions, in perilous times, the honor and happiness of their country must depend, will always be liable to be degraded by every daring miscreant, if they cannot defend themselves from personal insult and outrage. Men of this description must always feel, that to submit to degradation and dishonor, is impossible. Nor is this feeling confined to men of that eminent grade. We have thousands in our country, who possess this spirit; and, without them, we should soon deservedly cease to exist, as an independent nation. I respect the laws of my country, and revere the precepts of our holy religion; I should shudder at shedding human blood; I would practise moderation and forbearance, to avoid so terrible a calamity; yet should I ever be driven to that im-

passable point, where degradation and disgrace begin, may this arm shrink palsied from its socket, if I fail to defend my own honor.

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### CXI.—HOBSON VERSUS NOBSON.

From the Farce of the "Lame Lover," by Samuel Foote. Act 3.—Scene 1.

*Gentlemen of the Jury,*—I AM, in this cause, counsel for Hobson, the plaintiff. The action is brought against Nebuchadonezer Nobson,—That he, the said Nobson, did cut down a tree, value two pence, and to his own use said tree did convert. Nobson justifies, and claims said tree as his tree. We will, gentlemen, first state the probable evidence, and then come to the positive:—and first, as to the probable. When was this tree here belonging to Hobson, and claimed by Nobson, cut down? Was it cut down publicly in the day, in the face of the sun, men, women, and children, all the world looking on? No; it was cut down privately in the night, in a dark night, nobody did see, nobody could see.—Hum—And then with respect and regard to this tree, I am instructed to say, gentlemen, it was a beautiful, an ornamental tree to the spot where it grew. Now, can it be thought that any man would come for to go in the middle of the night, nobody seeing, nobody did see, nobody could see, and cut down a tree, which tree was an ornamental tree, if the tree had been his tree? Certainly no. And again, gentlemen, we moreover insist, that this tree was not only ornamental to the spot where it grew, but it was a useful tree to the owner: it was a plum tree, and not only a plum tree, but I am authorized to say the best of plum trees—it was a damson plum. Now, gentlemen, can it be thought, that any man would come for to go, in the middle of the night, nobody seeing, nobody did see, nobody could see, and cut down a tree, which tree was not only an ornamental tree, but a useful tree; and not only a useful tree, but a plum tree; and not only a plum tree, but the best of plum trees,—a damson plum! Most assuredly no. If so be then that this be so, and so it most certainly is, I ap-

prehend no doubt will remain with the court, but my client a verdict will have, with full costs of suits, in such a manner, and so forth, as may nevertheless appear notwithstanding.

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### CXII.—SPEECH OF MARINO FALIERO,* THE DOGE† OF VENICE.

From the Tragedy of "Marino Faliero," of Lord Byron. Act 5.—Scene 3.

I SPEAK to Time and to Eternity,—
Of which I grow a portion,—not to man.
Ye elements! in which to be resolved
I hasten, let my voice be as a spirit
Upon you! ye blue waves! which bore my banner!
Ye winds! which flutter'd o'er as if you loved it,
And fill'd my swelling sails as they were wafted
To many a triumph! Thou, my native earth,
Which I have bled for, and thou, foreign earth,‡
Which drank this willing blood from many a wound!
Ye stones! in which my gore will not sink, but
Reek up to Heaven! Ye skies! which will receive it!
Thou sun! which shinest on these things, and Thou!
Who kindlest and who quenchest suns!—Attest!
I am not innocent—but are these guiltless?
I perish, but not unavenged; far ages
Float up from the abyss of time to be,
And show these eyes, before they close, the doom
Of this proud city,§ and I leave my curse
On her and hers for ever. She shall be bought
And sold. . . . . She shall stoop to be

* Marino Faliero was Doge of Venice in the middle of the 14th century. On account of an insult offered to him by the senators, he formed a conspiracy to murder them all, and to annihilate the power of the the senate. But the plot was betrayed just before it was to have been executed, and the Doge and his fellow conspirators were arrested and put to death. The above is the speech which he made just before he was going to be executed.

† This was formerly the title of the first magistrates in the Italian republics of Venice and Genoa.

‡ He gained many brilliant victories in foreign wars.

§ Venice.

A province for an empire, petty town
In lieu of capital, with slaves for senates,
Beggars for nobles, panders for a people!
Then, when the Hebrew's in thy palaces,
The Hun in thy high places, and the Greek*
Walks o'er thy mart, and smiles on it for his!
When thy patricians beg their bitter bread
In narrow streets, and in their shamful need
Make their nobility a plea for pity!
When all the ills of conquer'd states shall cling thee,
When these and more are heavy on thee, when
Smiles without mirth, and pastimes without pleasure,
Youth without honor, age without respect,
Meanness and weakness, and a sense of wo,
'Gainst which thou wilt not strive, and dar'st not murmur,
Have made thee last and worst of peopled deserts;
Then,—in the last gasp of thine agony,
Amidst thy many murders, think of *mine!*
Thou den of drunkards with the blood of princes !† . . . . .
Thus I devote thee to the infernal gods!
Thee and thy serpent seed!

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### CXIII.—VELLUM, BUTLER, AND SIR GEORGE.

From the Comedy of "The Drummer," by Addison. Act 2—Scene 1.

[*Vellum, with spectacles, enters upon the stage, with a letter in his hand, which he reads while walking about.*]

*Vel.* THIS letter astonisheth; may I believe my own eyes—or rather my spectacles?—"To Humphrey Vellum, Esqr. Steward to the Lady Truman.

"Vellum,—

"I doubt not but you will be glad to hear your master is alive, and designs to be with you in half an hour.

* The whole commerce of Venice is now in the hands of the Jews and the Greeks, and the Huns form the garrison.

† Of the first fifty Doges, *five* were massacred, *five* were banished with their eyes put out, and *nine* were deposed; so that *nineteen* out of the fifty lost the throne by violence.

The report of my being slain in the Netherlands, has, I find, produced some disorders in my family. I am now at the George inn. If an old man with a gray beard, in a black coat, inquires after you, give him admittance. He passes for a conjuror, but is, really, your faithful friend,

"G. TRUMAN.

"P. S. Let this be a secret, and you shall find your account in it."

This amazeth me! and yet the reasons why I should believe he is still living are manifold.—First, because this has often been the case of other military adventurers.—Secondly, because this letter can be written by none but himself—I know his hand and manner of spelling.—Thirdly—

*Enter* BUTLER.

*But.* Sir, here's a strange old gentleman that asks for you; he says he's a conjuror, but he's very supicious; I wish he ben't a Jesuit.

*Vel.* Admit him immediately.

*But.* I wish he ben't a Jesuit; but he says he's nothing but a conjuror.

*Vel.* He says right. He is no more than a conjuror. Bring him in, and withdraw. [*Exit* BUTLER.] And, thirdly, as I was saying—

*Enter* BUTLER, *with* SIR GEORGE, *dressed in a large cloak, and with a very long beard.*

*But.* Sir, here is the conjuror. What a devilish long beard he has! I warrant it has been growing these hundred years. [*Aside. Exit.*]

*Sir G.* Dear Vellum, you have received my letter; but before we proceed, lock the door.

*Vel.* It is his voice! [*Shuts the door.*]

*Sir G.* In the next place, help me off with this cumbersome cloak.

*Vel.* It is his shape!

*Sir G.* So;—now lay my beard upon the table.

*Vel.* [*After having looked eagerly on* SIR GEORGE *through his spectacles.*] It is his face, every lineament!

*Sir G.* Well, now I have put off the conjuror, and the old man, I can talk to thee more at my ease.

*Vel.* [*In great glee.*] Believe me, my good master, I am as much rejoiced to see you alive, as I was upon the day you

were born. Your name was in all the newspapers, in the list of those that were slain.

*Sir G.* We have not time to be particular. I shall only tell thee in general, that I was taken prisoner in the battle, and was under close confinement several months. Upon my release, I was resolved to surprise my wife with the news of my being alive. Tell me, truly, was she afflicted at the report of my death?

*Vel.* Sorely.

*Sir G.* How long did her grief last?

*Vel.* Longer than I have known any widow's—at least *three days!*

*Sir G.* Three days, say'st thou? Three whole days! I'm afraid thou flatterest me! O woman! woman!

*Vel.* Grief is twofold.

*Sir G.* This blockhead is as methodical as ever—but I know he's honest. [*Aside.*]

*Vel.* There is a real grief and there is a methodical grief. She was drowned in tears till such time as the tailor had made her widow's weeds—Indeed they became her.

*Sir G.* Became her! and was that her comfort? Truly a most seasonable consolation!

*Vel.* But I must needs say she paid a due regard to your memory, and could not forbear weeping when she saw company.

*Sir G.* That was kind indeed! I find she grieved with a great deal of good breeding. But has she had many suitors?

*Vel.* Several have made their overtures.

*Sir G.* SEVERAL!

*Vel.* But she has rejected them all.

*Sir G.* There thou revivest me. But what means this Tinsel? Are his visits acceptable? Is he the man designed for my worthy successor?

*Vel.* You do not consider that you have been dead these fourteen months.

*Sir G.* [*Aside.*] Was there ever such a dog?

*Vel.* And I have often heard her say, that she must never expect to find a second Sir George Truman—meaning your ho-nor. [*Bowing most respectfully.*]

*Sir G.* I think she loved me; but I must search into this story of the drummer, before I discover myself to her. I have put on this habit of a conjuror, Vellum, in order to introduce myself. Now you must recommend me as a most profound person, that by my great knowledge in the curious arts, can silence the drummer and dispossess the house of the ghost. Now [*resuming his cloak and beard*] go, and try, too, to get what information you can out of Abigail, and bring me word what success you have, and I'll meet you here again.

*Vel.* It shall all be done. Farewell, my honored master. [*Exeunt.*]

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## CXIV.—THE DEBT DUE TO THE SOLDIERS OF THE REVOLUTION.

Extract from Peleg Sprague's Speech, on a bill for the relief of the surviving Officers of the Army of the Revolution, delivered in the House of Representatives of the United States, April 25, 1826.

*Mr. Chairman,*—In relation to the bill now before us, the amendment of which provides for the relief of the soldiers of the Revolution, I would ask, sir, who are the men whom we have thus grievously wronged? Are they mere hirelings, to whom we should be content to weigh out justice by the grain and scruple? or are they our greatest earthly benefactors? They were actuated by higher and purer motives than any soldiers that ever assembled, and exhibited a spectacle of unyielding fortitude and self-denying magnanimity unequalled in the annals of mankind. Others, under a momentary enthusiasm, or in the hurrying fever of battle, have fought as desperately. Others, when, far from succor, and from their country, have endured and persevered for individual self preservation. But where, in all history, is an example of a soldiery, with no power to control them, who, in a single day, perhaps, could have reached their homes in safety, voluntarily continuing to endure such protracted miseries, from no motive but inward principles and a sense of duty? They were imbued with a loftier and more expanded spirit of patriotism and philanthropy, and achieved more for the happiness of

their country and of mankind, than any army that ever existed. And where is there an example of moral sublimity equal to their last act of self-devotion, after peace and independence had been acquired? That army, who had dared the power and humbled the pride of Britain, and wrested a nation from her grasp; that army, with swords in their hands, need not have sued and begged for justice. No, sir, they could have righted their own wrongs, and meted out their own rewards. The country was prostrate before them; and if they had raised their arms, and proclaimed themselves sovereign, where was the power that could have resisted their sway? They were not unconscious of their strength, nor did they want incitements to use it.

The author of the celebrated Newburg letters told them, your country disdains your cries, and tramples upon your distresses. He conjured them, in the most eloquent and energetic language, to exert the power which they held, and never to lay down their arms until ample justice had been obtained. What was their answer? With one voice, they spurned the dark suggestions, voluntarily surrendered their arms, and submitted themselves unconditionally to the civil power. They quietly dispersed, and parted for their homes, in every part of your wide domain, unrewarded, pennyless, carrying with them nothing but the proud consciousness of the purity and dignity of their conduct, and a firm reliance upon their country's honor and their country's faith. And what return has been made to them? Have they not found your high-blown honor a painted bubble, and your plighted faith a broken reed? Have not the petitions of the soldiers of the revolution been disregarded? Have they not grown old in poverty? Do they not now owe the miserable remnant of their lives to charity? Sir, if we change not our conduct towards them, it must crimson with shame the front of history.

## CXV.—THE SAME SUBJECT CONTINUED.

### Extract from the same Speech.

*Mr. Chairman,*—It has been said by the gentleman from Virginia, that we have already made provision for the poor and the necessitous, and, that we ought to go no further. Sir, the soldiers of the revolution have a claim of right upon us, and I would do equal and ample justice to all, and not mete it out with a stinted and partial hand. I would not make the payment of our debts to depend upon the poverty of our creditors. No, sir, I would not say to the heroes, who fought our battles, and, in the dark hour of our adversity, wrought out our political salvation, and to whom we delivered only tattered rags, and called them, in mockery, payment for their services; men, whose disinterested achievements are not transcended in all the annals of chivalry, and who, for us, confronted horrors not surpassed in all the histories of all the martyrs—to these men, of honor most cherished, and sentiments most exalted—our fathers, the authors of our being—I would not now say, come before us in the garb of mendicants; bow your proud spirits in the dust; tear open the wounds of the heart, which you have concealed from every eye, and expose your nakedness to a cold, unfeeling world, and put all upon record, as a perpetual memorial of your country's ingratitude; and then, we will bestow a pittance in charity! You talk of erecting statues, and marble memorials of the Father of his country. It is well. But could his spirit now be heard within these walls, would it not tell you, that, to answer his fervent prayers, and verify his confident predictions of your gratitude to his companions in arms, would be a sweeter incense, a more grateful homage to his memory, than the most splendid mausoleum? You gave hundreds of thousands of dollars to Lafayette. It was well; and the whole country resounded amen. But is not the citizen soldier, who fought by his side, who devoted every thing to your service, and has been deprived of his promised reward, equally entitled, I will not say, to your liberality, but to your justice?

Yet, some gentlemen tell us, that even the present law is too liberal; that it goes too far, and they would repeal it. They would take back even the little which they have given! And is this possible? Look abroad upon this widely extended land, upon its wealth, its happiness, its hopes; and then turn to the aged soldier, who gave you all, and see him descend, in neglect and poverty to the tomb! The time is short. A few years, and these remnants of a former age will no longer be seen. Then we shall indulge unavailing regrets for our present apathy: for, how can the ingenuous mind look upon the grave of an injured benefactor? How poignant the reflection, that the time for reparation and atonement has gone for ever! In what bitterness of soul, shall we look back upon the infatuation, which shall have cast aside an opportunity, which never can return, to give peace to our consciences! We shall then endeavor to stifle our convictions, by empty honors to their bones. We shall raise high the monument, and trumpet loud their deeds, but it will be all in vain. It cannot warm the hearts, which shall have sunk cold and comfortless to the earth. This is no illusion. How often do we see, in our public gazettes, a pompous display of honors to the memory of some veteran patriot, who was suffered to linger out his latter days in unregarded penury!

"How proud we can press to the funeral array
Of him whom we shunn'd in his sickness and sorrow;—
And bailiffs may seize his last blanket to-day,
Whose pall shall be borne up by nobles to-morrow."

We are profuse in our expressions of gratitude to the soldiers of the Revolution. We can speak long and loud in their praise, but when asked to bestow something substantial upon them, we hesitate and palter. To them we owe every thing, even the soil which we tread, and the air of freedom which we breathe. Let us not turn them houseless from habitations which they have erected, and refuse them even a pittance from the exuberant fruits of their own labors.

## CXVI.—THE GREEK EMIGRANT'S SONG.

J. G. Percival.

Now launch the boat upon the wave—
  The wind is blowing off the shore—
I will not live, a cowering slave,
  In these polluted islands more.
Beyond the wild, dark-heaving sea,
There is a better home for me.

The wind is blowing off the shore,
  And out to sea the streamers fly—
My music is the dashing roar,
  My canopy the stainless sky—
It bends above so fair a blue,
That heaven seems opening to my view.

I will not live a cowering slave,
  Though all the charms of life may shine
Around me, and the land, the wave,
  And sky be drawn in tints divine—
Give lowering skies and rocks to me,
If there my spirit can be free.

Sweeter than spicy gales that blow
  From orange groves with wooing breath,
The winds may from these islands flow,—
  But, 'tis an atmosphere of death,—
The lotus, which transform'd the brave
And haughty, to a willing slave.

Softer than Minder's winding stream,
  The wave may ripple on this coast,
And brighter than the morning beam,
  In golden swell be round it tost—
Give me a rude and stormy shore,
So power can never threat me more.

Brighter than all the tales, they tell
  Of Eastern pomp and pageantry,

Our sunset skies in glory swelt,
Hung round with glowing tapestry:—
The horrors of a winter storm
Swell brighter o'er a freeman's form.

The Spring may here with Autumn twine,
And both combin'd may rule the year,
And fresh-blown flowers and racy wine
In frosted clusters still be near:—
Dearer than the wild and snowy hills
Where hale and ruddy freedom smiles.

Beyond the wild, dark-heaving sea,
And Ocean's stormy vastness o'er,
There is a better home for me,
A welcomer and dearer shore:
There, hands, and hearts, and souls, are twin'd,
And free the man, and free the mind.

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## CXVII.—THE BRISTOL ELECTION.*

Exordium of Mr. Burke's Speech, at Bristol, previous to the Election, in the year 1780.

*Gentlemen*,—I AM extremely pleased at the appearance of this large and respectable meeting.

I have been backward to begin my canvass. The dissolution of the Parliament was uncertain; and it did not become me, by an unreasonable importunity, to appear diffident of the fact of my six years' endeavors to please you. I had served the city of Bristol honorably; and the city of Bristol had no reason to think, that the means of honorable service to the public were become indifferent to me.

I am not come, by a false and counterfeit show of deference to your judgment, to seduce it in my favor. I ask it

* Mr. Burke, who had for some years been a representative from Bristol, had advocated some measures which displeased his constituents. The time for his re-election having arrived, he comes before them, and vindicates his conduct.

seriously and unaffectedly. If you wish that I should retire, I shall not consider that advice as a censure upon my conduct, or an alteration in your sentiments, but as a rational submission to the circumstances of affairs. If, on the contrary, you should think it proper for me to proceed on my canvass, if you will risk the trouble on your part, I will risk it on mine. My pretensions are such as you cannot be ashamed of, whether they succeed or fail.

If you call upon me, I shall solicit the favor of the city upon manly ground. I come before you with the plain confidence of an honest servant in the equity of a candid and discerning master. I come to claim your approbation, not to amuse you with vain apologies, or with professions, still more vain and senseless. I have lived too long to be served by apologies, or to stand in need of them. The part I have acted, has been in open day; and to hold out to a conduct which stands in that clear and steady light, for all its good and all its evil, to hold out to that conduct the paltry, winking tapers of excuses and promises—I never will do it. They may obscure it with their smoke; but they never can illumine sunshine by such a flame as theirs.

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### CXVIII.—THE ENGLISH EMBASSY TO AMERICA, IN THE REVOLUTION.

Extract from the same Speech.

*Gentlemen*,—Do you remember our commission! We sent out a solemn embassy, across the Atlantic ocean, to lay the crown, the peerage, the commons of Great Britain, at the feet of the American Congress. That our disgrace might want no sort of brightening and burnishing, observe who they were that composed this famous embassy. My Lord Carlisle is among the first ranks of our nobility. He is the identical man, who, but two years before, had been put forward, at the opening of a session in the House of Lords, as the mover of a haughty and rigorous address against America. He was put in the front of the embassy of submission. Mr. Eden was taken from the office of Lord Suffolk, to whom he was then

under secretary of state; from the office of that Lord Suffolk, who but a few weeks before, in his place in Parliament, did not deign to inquire, where a Congress of vagrants was to be found. This Lord Suffolk, sent Mr. Eden to find these vagrants, without knowing where his king's generals were to be found, who were joined in the same commission, of supplicating those, whom they were sent to subdue. They enter the capital of America, only to abandon it; and these assertors and representatives of the dignity of England, at the tail of a flying army, let fly their Parthian shafts of memorials and remonstrances, at random, behind them. Their promises and their offers, their flatteries and their menaces, were all despised; and we were saved the disgrace of their formal reception, only because the Congress scorned to receive them; whilst the state-house of independent Philadelphia, opened her doors to the public entry of the ambassador of France. From war and blood, we went to submission; and from submission, plunged back again to war and blood; to desolate, and be desolated, without measure, hope, or end. I am a royalist: I blushed for this degradation of the crown. I am a whig: I blushed for the dishonor of parliament. I am a true Englishman: I felt to the quick, for the disgrace of England. I am a man: I felt for the melancholy reverse of human affairs, in the fall of the first power in the world.

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### CXIX.—THE DUTIES OF A REPRESENTATIVE.

The Peroration of the same Speech.

*Gentlemen*,—I HAVE had my day. I can never sufficiently express my gratitude to you, for having set me in a place, wherein I could lend the slightest help to great and laudable designs. If I have had my share, in any measure giving quiet to private property, and private conscience; if, by my vote, I have aided in securing to families, the best possession, peace; if I have joined in reconciling kings to their subjects, and subjects to their prince; if I have assisted to loosen the foreign holdings of the citizen, and taught him to look for his protection, to the laws of his country, and for his comfort,

to the good will of his countrymen;—if I have thus taken my part with the best of men, in the best of their actions, I can shut the book. I might wish to read a page or two more; but this is enough, for my measure. I have not lived in vain.

And now, gentlemen, on this serious day, when I come, as it were, to make up my account with you, let me take to myself some degree of honest pride, on the nature of the charges that are against me. I do not here stand before you, accused of venality, or of neglect of duty. It is not said, that, in the long period of my service, I have, in a single instance, sacrificed the slightest of your interests to my ambition, or to my fortune. It is not alleged, that, to gratify any anger, or revenge of my own, or of my party, I have had a share in wronging or oppressing any description of men, or any one man, in any description. No! the charges against me, are all of one kind, that I have pushed the principles of general justice and benevolence too far; further than a cautious policy would warrant; and further than the opinions of many, would go along with me. In every accident which may happen through life, in pain, in sorrow, in depression, and distress, I will call to mind this accusation, and be comforted.

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### CXX.—SIR GEORGE, BUTLER, AND SERVANTS.

From the Comedy of "The Drummer," by Addison. Act 5—Scene 1.

[*Enter* SIR GEORGE, *in his conjuror's habit,* the* BUTLER *marching before him with two large candles, and the two* SERVANTS *coming after him, one bringing a little table, and another a chair.*]

*But.* An't please your worship, Mr. Conjuror, the steward has given us all orders to do whatsoever you shall bid us, and to pay you the same respect as if you were our master.

*Sir G.* Thou sayest well.

*Gard.* An't please you conjurorship's worship, shall I set the table down here?

* This consists of a large cloak, a long beard, and a wand.

*Sir G.* Here, Peter.

*Gard.* Peter!—He knows my name by his learning. [*Aside.*]

*Coach.* I have brought you, reverend Sir, the largest elbow-chair in the house.

*Sir G.* Place it there.

*But.* Sir, will you please to want any thing else?

*Sir G.* Paper, and a pen and ink.

*But.* Sir, I believe we have paper that is fit for your purpose! my lady's mourning paper, that is blacked at the edges. Would you choose to write with a crow-quill?

*Sir G.* There is none better.

*But.* Coachman, go fetch the paper and standish out of the little parlour.

*Coach.* [*To Gard.*] Peter, pr'ythee do thou go along with me—I—I'm afraid—you know I went with you last night.

*But.* Why, you don't think I'll stay with the conjuror by myself!

*Gard.* Come, we'll all three go, and fetch the pen and ink together. [*Exeunt* SERVANTS.]

*Sir G.* There's nothing I see makes such strong alliances as fear. These fellows are all entered into a confederacy against the ghost.

[*Enter* GARDENER *with a sheet of paper,* COACHMAN *with a standish, and* BUTLER *with a pen, which they all tremblingly put on the conjuror's table, and start back with fear.*]

*Gard.* Sir, there is your paper.

*Coach.* Sir, there is your standish.

*But.* Sir, there is your crow-quill pen. I'm glad I have got rid on't. [*Aside.*]

*Gard.* [*Aside.*] He forgets that he's to make a circle. Doctor, shall I help you to a bit of chalk?

*Sir G.* It is no matter.

*But.* Look ye, Sir, I showed you the spot where the ghost's heard oftenest, if your worship can but ferret him out of that old wall in the next room—

*Sir G.* We shall try.

*Gard.* That's right, John. His worship must let fly all his learning at that old wall.

*But.* Sir, if I was worthy to advise you, I would have a

bottle of good October by me. Shall I set a cup of stingo at your elbow?

*Sir G.* I thank thee—we shall do without it.

*Gard.* John, he seems a very good-natured man for a conjuror.

*But.* I'll take this opportunity of inquiring into a bit of plate I have lost. I fancy, whilst he is in my lady's pay, one may hedge in a question or two into the bargain. Sir, Sir, may I beg a word in your ear?

*Sir G.* What wouldst thou?

*But.* Sir, I need not tell you, that I lost one of my silver spoons last week.

*Sir G.* Marked with a swan's neck—

*But.* My lady's crest! He knows every thing. [*Aside.*] How would your worship advise me to recover it again?

*Sir G.* Hum.

*But.* What must I do, to come at it?

*Sir G.* Drink nothing but small beer for a fortnight—

*But.* Small beer! rot gut!

*Sir G.* If thou drinkest a single drop of ale before fifteen days are expired—It is as much—as thy spoon—is worth.

*But.* I shall never recover it that way; I'll e'en buy a new one. [*Aside.*]

*Coach.* D'ye mind how they whisper?

*Gard.* I'll be hanged if he is not asking him something about Nell.

*Coach.* I'll take this opportunity of putting a question to him about poor Dobbing; I fancy he could give me better counsel than the farrier.

*But.* [*To Gard.*] A prodigious man! he knows every thing. Now is the time to find out thy pick-axe.

*Gard.* I have nothing to give him. Does he not expect to have his hand crossed with silver?

*Coach.* [*To Sir G.*] Sir, may I venture to ask you a question?

*Sir G.* Ask it.

*Coach.* I have a poor horse in the stable that's bewitched.

*Sir G.* A bay gelding.

*Coach.* How could he know that? [*Aside.*]

*Sir G.* Bought at Banbury.

*Coach.* Whew—so it was, of my conscience. [*Whistles.*]

*Sir G.* Six years old, last Lammas.

*Coach.* To a day. [*Aside.*] Now, Sir, I would know whether the poor beast is bewitched by Goody Crouch or Goody Fly.

*Sir G.* Neither.

*Coach.* Then it must be by Goody Gurton, for she is the next oldest woman in the parish.

*Gard.* Hast thou done, Robin?

*Coach.* [*To Gard.*] He can tell thee any thing.

*Gard.* [*To Sir G.*] Sir, I would beg to take you a little further out of hearing.

*Sir G.* Speak.

*Gard.* The Butler and I, Mr. Doctor, were both of us in love, at the same time, with a certain person.

*Sir G.* A woman.

*Gard.* How could he know that? [*Aside.*]

*Sir G.* Go on.

*Gard.* This woman has lately had two children at a birth.

*Sir G.* Twins.

*Gard.* Prodigious! where could he hear that? [*Aside.*]

*Sir G.* Proceed.

*Gard.* Now one of these lately died, and the other—

*Sir G.* Is still alive.

*Gard.* What a power of learning he must have! he knows every thing!

*Enter* VELLUM.

*Vel.* Have you provided the Doctor every thing he has occasion for? if so, you may depart. [*Exeunt* SERVANTS.]

*Sir G.* Dear Vellum, I am impatient to hear some news of my wife; how does she, after her fright?

*Vel.* She is pretty well recovered: I have given her great hopes from your skill.

*Sir G.* Now, Vellum, you must remember you have abundance of business upon your hands, and I have but just time to tell it over to you; all I require of you is despatch; therefore hear me.

*Vel.* There is nothing more requisite in business than despatch—

*Sir G.* Then hear me.

*Vel.* It is indeed the life of business—

*Sir G.* Hear me then, I say.

*Vel.* And as one has rightly observed, the benefit that attends it is fourfold. First— .

*Sir G.* There is no bearing this! Thou art going to describe despatch, when thou shouldst be practising it.

*Vel.* But your ho–nor will not give me a hearing.

*Sir G.* Thou wilt not give me a hearing. [*Growing angry.*]

*Vel.* I am still.

*Sir G.* In the first place, you are to lay my wig, hat, and sword, ready for me in the closet, and one of my scarlet cloaks.

*Vel.* It shall be done.

*Sir G.* Then you must remember, whilst I am laying the ghost, you are to prepare my wife for the reception of her real husband. Tell her the whole story, and do it with all the art you are master of, that the surprise may not be too great for her.

*Vel.* It shall be done.

*Sir G.* Well—go—I shall expect her most impatiently. [*Exeunt.*]

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### CXXI.—HAMLET'S INSTRUCTIONS TO THE PLAYERS.

Extract from Shakspeare. Hamlet.—Act 3—Scene 2.

SPEAK the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated* fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings;† who, for the most part, are capable of nothing

* This is in ridicule of the quantity of false hair, worn in Shakspeare's time.

† "The groundlings," those who sat below, in the pit, which was then filled with the lowest people.

but inexplicable dumb shows, and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant;* it out-herods Herod:† Pray you, avoid it.

Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: for any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end both at the first and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure.‡ Now, this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one, must in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players, that I have seen play,—and heard others praise, and that highly,—not to speak it profanely, that neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I had thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

And let those that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the mean time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that's villanous; and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it.

* Termagant was said to be the god of the Saracens; and out-doing him was applied to the most extravagant actions.

† That is, goes beyond all bounds of decency.

‡ That is, to delineate the manners of the age, and the particular fashions.

## CXXII.—OUR OBLIGATIONS TO THE OFFICERS OF THE REVOLUTION, AND OUR SYMPATHY DUE TO THEIR DESCENDANTS.

Extract from the Speech of Edward Livingston, on a Bill for the relief of the Surviving Officers of the Army of the Revolution, delivered in the House of Representatives of the United States, January 15, 1827.

*Mr. Chairman,*—I DIFFER from the honorable gentleman from Massachusetts, who says, no sympathy ought to be felt for the children of the deceased officers, who may be in want. They have not served us, it is true; but their fathers, who did, are beyond the reach of our gratitude, and the transfer of the feeling is natural and just. Public benefits bestowed on the children of the deceased father, encourage him who is alive, in the discharge of his duty, by the purest of all motives—paternal affection; and that legislation must be unwise, indeed, that fails to enlist, in support of the state, all the best impulses of humanity. Let that republic get on as it can, where the veteran, blind, maimed and poor, like Belisarius, is forced to apply to public charity for support! Let that republic get on as it can, where contracts are broken, and public beneficence refused; where nothing is given but what is in the bond—and that is frequently refused! Let that republic get on as it can! It will never produce any thing great; its career will be short and inglorious; its fall certain, and unpitied; its history remembered as a warning, not an example; and the names of its legislators and statesmen, buried in the oblivion to which their false economy tends to consign the memory of those, who have established its freedom, or defended it from aggression. May ours show, by its decision on this bill, that it has a higher destiny, and that it is guarded as well by liberality and honor, as by justice.

### CXXIII.—APOSTROPHE TO THE OCEAN.

Byron. Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.—Canto IV.

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
  There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
  By the deep sea, and music in its roar:
I love not man the less, but nature more,
  From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
  To mingle with the universe, and feel
  What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!
  Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
  Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain,
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
  A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
  He sinks into thy depths, with bubbling groan,
  Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
  Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters wasted them, while they were free,
  And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
  Has dried up realms to deserts: not so thou,
Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves' play—
  Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
  Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
  Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like the bubbles, onward: from a boy
  I wanton'd with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
  Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was, as it were, a child of thee,
  And trusted to thy billows, far and near,
  And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

## CXXIV.—PUBLIC QUIETNESS FAVORABLE TO THE DISCUSSION OF A QUESTION OF PUBLIC INTEREST.

Exordium of Mr. Curran's Speech, on the trial of the Hon. Mr. Justice Johnson,* in the Court of Exchequer, Dublin, Feb. 4, 1805.

*My Lords*,—It has fallen to my lot, either fortunately, or unfortunately, as the event may be, to rise as counsel for my client, on this most important and momentous occasion. Sorry am I that the task has not been confided to more adequate powers; but, feeble as they are, they will at least not shrink from it.

I cannot but observe the sort of scenic preparation with which this sad drama is sought to be brought forward. In part, I approve it. In part, it excites my *disgust* and *indignation*. I observe, too, the dead silence into which the public is frowned, by authority, for the sad occasion. No man dares to mutter; no newspaper dares to whisper, that such a question is afloat. It seems an inquiry among the tombs, or rather, in the shades beyond them.

I am glad it is so—I am glad of this factitious dumbness; for if murmurs dared to become audible, my voice would be too feeble to drown them; but when all is hushed—when nature sleeps—the weakest voice is heard—the shepherd's whistle shoots across the listening darkness of the interminable heath, and gives notice, that the wolf is upon his walk; and the same gloom and stillness, that tempt the monster to come abroad, facilitate the communication of the warning to beware. Yes, through that silence, the voice shall be heard; yes, through that silence, the shepherd shall be put upon his guard; yes, through that silence, shall the felon savage be chased into the toil. Yes, my lords, I feel myself cheered and impressed by the composed and dignified attention, with which I see you are disposed to hear me, on the most important question, that has ever been subject to your consideration; the most important to the dearest rights of the human being; the most deeply interesting and animating that can beat in his heart, or burn

*Judge Johnson was tried for having written some publications, alleged to be libellous, in which the conduct of Lord Hardwicke, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, was commented upon with great severity.

upon his tougue. Oh! how recreating it is to feel, that occasions may arise, in which the soul of man may re-assume her pretensions; in which, even I can look *up* with calm security to the court, and down, with the most profound contempt, upon the reptile I mean to tread upon! I say reptile, my lords; because when the proudest man in society becomes so the dupe of his childish malice, as to wish to inflict on the object of his vengeance the poison of his sting, to do a reptile's work, he must shrink into a reptile's dimensions; and so shrunk, the only way to assail him, is to tread upon him.

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### CXXV.—THE IMPEACHMENT OF JUDGE CHASE.

Exordium of the Speech of Joseph Hopkinson, in the Trial of Samuel Chase, an associated justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, impeached by the House of Representatives, for high crimes and misdemeanors, before the Senate of the United States, 1805.

*Mr President*,—We cannot remind you, and this honorable court, as our opponents have so frequently done, that we address you, in behalf of the majesty of the people. We appear for an ancient and infirm man, whose better days have been worn out in the service of that country, which now degrades him; and, who has nothing to promise you, for an honorable acquittal, but the approbation of your own consciences. We are happy, however, to concur with the honourable managers in one point—I mean, the importance they are disposed to give to this cause. In every relation and aspect, in which it can be viewed, it is, indeed, of infinite importance. It is important to the respondent, to the full amount of his good name and reputation, and of that little portion of that happiness, the small residue of his life may afford. It is important to you, senators and judges, inasmuch as you value the judgment, which posterity shall pass upon the proceedings of this day. It is important to our country, as she estimates her character for sound, dignified, and impartial justice, in the eyes of a judging world. The little, busy vortex, that plays immediately round the scene of action, considers this proceeding, merely as the trial of Judge Chase, and gazes upon him, as the only person interested in

the result. This is a false and imperfect view of the case. It is not the trial of Judge Chase alone. It is a trial between him and his country; and that country is as dearly interested as the judge can be, in a fair and impartial investigation of the case, and in a just and honest decision of it. There is yet another dread tribunal, to which we should not be inattentive. We should look to it with solemn impressions of respect. It is posterity—the race of men, that will come after us. When all the false glare, and false importance of the times shall pass away—when things shall settle down into a state of placid tranquillity, and lose that bustling motion, that deceives with false appearances; when you, most honorable senators, who sit here to judge, as well as the respondent, who sits here to be judged, shall alike rest in the silence of the tomb, then comes the faithful, the scrutinizing historian, who, without fear or favor, will record this transaction; then comes a just and impartial posterity, who, without regard to persons or to dignities, will decide upon your decision. Then I trust, the high honor and integrity of this court, will stand recorded, in the pure language of deserved praise, and this day will be remembered in the annals of our land, as honorable to the respondent, to his judges, and to the justice of our country.

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### CXXVI.—THE CHARACTER OF JUDGE CHASE.

Peroration of the same Speech.

*Mr. President*,—It is not unusual, in public prosecutions, for the accused to appeal to his general life and conduct, in refutation of the charges brought against him. How proudly may the respondent make this appeal! He is charged with a violent attempt to violate the laws and constitution of his country, and to destroy the best liberty of his fellow citizens. Look, sir, to his past life, to the constant course of his opinions and conduct, and the improbability of the charge is manifest. Look to the days of doubt and danger; look to that glorious struggle, so long and so doubtfully maintained, for that independence we now enjoy, for those rights of self-

government you now exercise, and do you not see the respondent among the boldest of the bold, never sinking in hope or in exertion, aiding by his talents, and encouraging by his spirit; in short, putting his property and his life in issue on the contest, and making the loss of both certain, by the active part he assumed, should his country fail of success? And does this man, who thus gave all his possessions, all his energies, all his hopes to his country, and to the liberties of this American people, now employ the small and feeble remnant of his days, without interest or object, to pull down and destroy that very fabric of freedom, that very government and those very rights, he so labored to establish? It is not credible; it cannot be credited, but on proof infinitely stronger than any thing, that has been offered to this honorable court on this occasion. Indiscretions may have been hunted out by the perseverance of persecution; but I trust, most confidently, that the just, impartial, and dignified sentence of this court, will completely establish to our country and to the world, that the respondent has fully and honorably justified himself against the charges now exhibited against him; and has discharged his official duties, not only with the talents that are conceded to him, but with an integrity infinitely more dear to him.

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### CXXVII.—GREAT BRITAIN ABJURING THE SLAVE TRADE.

Extract from "The West Indies," a Poem, by James Montgomery.

High on her rock, in solitary state,
Sublimely musing, pale Britannia sate;
Her awful forehead on her spear reclin'd,
Her robe and tresses streaming with the wind;
Chill thro' her frame foreboding tremors crept;
The Mother thought upon her sons, and wept;
—She thought of Nelson, in the battle slain,
And his last signal beaming o'er the main;
In Glory's circling arms the hero bled,
While Victory bound the laurel on his head;
At once immortal, in both worlds, became
His soaring spirit and abiding name:

—She thought of Pitt, heart-broken on his bier;
And, "O, my country!" echo'd in her ear:
—She thought of Fox; she heard him faintly speak,
His parting breath grew cold upon her cheek,
His dying accents trembled into air;
"Spare injur'd Africa! the Negro spare!"

She started from her trance!—and round the shore
Beheld her supplicating sons once more
Pleading the suit so long, so vainly tried,
Renew'd, resisted, promis'd, pledg'd, denied,
The Negro's claim to all his Maker gave,
And all the tyrant ravish'd from the slave.
Her yielding heart confess'd the righteous claim,
Sorrow had soften'd it, and love o'ercame;
Shame flush'd her noble cheek, her bosom burn'd;
To helpless, hopeless Africa she turn'd;
She saw her sister in the Mourner's face,
And rush'd with tears into her dark embrace:
"All hail!" exclaim'd the empress of the sea,
"Thy chains are broken, Africa, be free!"
"All hail!" replied the Mourner, "she who broke
My bonds shall never wear a stranger's yoke."

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### CXXVIII.—HARDCASTLE AND SERVANTS.

From the Comedy of "She Stoops to Conquer," by Goldsmith.

[*Enter Hardcastle, followed by three or four awkward Servants.*]

*Hard.* Well, I hope you're perfect in the table exercise, I have been teaching you these three days. You all know your posts and your places, and can show that you have been used to good company, without stirring from home.

*All.* Ay, ay.

*Hard.* When company comes, you are not to pop out and stare, and then run in again, like frighted rabbits, in a warren.

*All.* No, no.

*Hard.* You, Diggory, whom I have taken from the barn,

are to make a show at the side-table; and you, Roger, whom I have advanced from the plough, are to place yourself behind my chair. But you're not to stand so, with your hands in your pockets. Take your hands from your pockets, Roger, and from your head, you blockhead you. See how Diggory carries his hands. They're a little too stiff, indeed, but that's no great matter.

*Dig.* Ay, mind how I hold them: I learned to hold my hands this way when I was upon drill for the militia. And so being upon drill—

*Hard.* You must not be so talkative, Diggory; you must be all attention to the guests. You must hear us talk, and not think of talking; you must see us drink, and not think of drinking; you must see us eat, and not think of eating.

*Dig.* By the laws, your worship, that's parfectly impossible. Whenever *Diggory* sees eating going forwards, ecod, he's always wishing for a mouthful himself.

*Hard.* Blockhead! is not a bellyful in the kitchen as good as a bellyful in the parlour? Stay your stomach with that reflection.

*Dig.* Ecod, I thank your worship; I'll make a shift to stay my stomach with a slice of cold beef in the pantry.

*Hard.* Diggory, you are too talkative. Then if I happen to say a good thing, or tell a good story at table, you must not all burst out a laughing, as if you made part of the company.

*Dig.* Then ecod your worship must not tell the story of Ould Grouse in the gun-room: I can't help laughing at that—(*laughs heartily,*) he, he, he!—for the soul of me. We have laughed at that these twenty years—ha, ha, ha!

*Hard.* Ha, ha, ha! The story is a good one. Well, honest Diggory, you may laugh at that—but still remember to be attentive. Suppose one of the company should call for a glass of wine, how will you behave? A glass of wine, sir, if you please. (*To Diggory.*) Eh, why don't you move?

*Dig.* Ecod, your worship, I never have courage till I see the eatables and drinkables brought upon the table, and then I'm as bauld as a lion.

*Hard.* What, will nobody move?

*1st Serv.* I'm not to leave *this* place.

*2d Serv.* I'm sure it's no place of mine.

*3d Serv.* Nor mine, for sartin.

*Dig.* Wauns, and I'm sure it canna be mine.

*Hard.* You numskulls! and so while, like your betters, you are quarrelling for places, the guests must be starved. Oh! you dunces! I find I must begin all over again. But don't I hear a coach drive into the yard? To your posts, you blockheads. I'll go in the mean time and give my old friend's son a hearty welcome at the gate. (*Exit.*)

*Dig.* By the elevens, my place is gone quite out of my head.

*Roger.* I know that my place is to be every where.

*1st Serv.* Where the devil is mine?

*2d Serv.* My place is to be nowhere at all; and so I'ze go about my business. (*Exeunt Servants, running.*)

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### CXXIX.—MR. BURKE DECLINING THE ELECTION.

Extract from Mr. Burke's Speech at Bristol, on declining the Poll, 1780.

*Gentlemen*,—I DECLINE the election. I have not canvassed the whole of this city in form. But I have taken such a view of it, as satisfies my own mind, that your choice will not ultimately fall upon me.

I am not in the least surprised, nor in the least angry, at this view of things. I have read the book of life for a long time, and I have read other books a little. Nothing has happened to me, but what has happened to men much better than me, and in times, and in nations, full as good as the age and country that we live in. To say that I am in no way concerned, would be neither decent nor true. The representation of *Bristol* was an object, on many accounts, dear to me; and I certainly should very far prefer it to any other in the kingdom. My habits are made to it; and it is, in general, more unpleasant to be rejected after long trial, than not to be chosen at all.

But, gentlemen, I will see nothing except your former kindness, and I will give way to no other sentiments than those of gratitude. From the bottom of my heart I thank

you for what you have done for me. You have given me a long term, which is now expired. I have performed the conditions, and enjoyed all the profits to the full; and I now surrender your estate into your hands, without being, in a single tile, or a single stone, impaired or wasted by my use. I have served the public for fifteen years. I have served you in particular for six. What is passed, is well stored. It is safe, and out of the power of fortune. What is to come, is in wiser hands than ours; and He, in whose hands it is, best knows, whether it is best for you and me, that I should be in Parliament, or even in the world.

Gentlemen, the melancholy event of yesterday reads to us an awful lesson against being too much troubled about any of the objects of ordinary ambition. The worthy gentleman,* who has been snatched from us, at the moment of the election, and in the middle of the contest, whilst his desires were as warm, and his hopes as eager, as ours, has feelingly told us what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue.

It has been usual for a candidate, who declines, to take his leave by a letter to the sheriffs; but I received your trust in the face of day, and in the face of day, I accept your dismission. I am not,—I am not at all ashamed to look upon you; nor can my presence discompose the order of business here. I humbly and respectfully take my leave of the sheriffs, the candidates, and the electors; wishing, heartily, that the choice may be for the best, at a time which calls, if ever time did call, for service that is not nominal. It is no play-thing you are about. I tremble, when I consider the trust I have presumed to ask. I confided, perhaps, too much in my intentions. They were really fair and upright; and I am bold to say, that I ask no ill thing for you, when, in parting from this place, I pray, that whomever you choose to succeed me, he may resemble me, exactly, in all things, except in my abilities to serve, and my fortune to please you.

* Mr. Coombe.

## CXXX.—LORD CHATHAM ON THE STATE OF THE NATION.

Extract from Lord Chatham's Speech in the House of Lords, on the Address to the Throne, at the opening of Parliament, on the 18th of November, 1777.

*My Lords*,—I RISE to declare my sentiments on this most solemn and serious subject. It has imposed a load upon my mind, which, I fear, nothing can remove; but which impels me to endeavor its alleviation, by a free and unreserved communication of my sentiments.

In the first part of the address, I have the honor of heartily concurring with the noble earl who moved it. No man feels sincerer joy than I do; none can offer more genuine congratulation, on every accession of strength to the protestant succession.

But I must stop here. I will not join in congratulation on misfortune and disgrace. I cannot concur in a blind and servile address, which approves, and endeavors to sanctify the monstrous measures which have heaped disgrace and misfortune upon us. This, my lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment! It is not a time for adulation. The smoothness of flattery cannot now avail; cannot save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the throne in the language of truth. We must dispel the delusion and the darkness which envelope it; and display, in its full danger and true colors, the ruin that is brought to our doors.

This, my lords, is our duty. It is the proper function of this noble assembly, sitting, as we do, upon our honors in this house, the hereditary council of the crown. And who is the minister—where is the minister, that has dared to suggest to the throne the contrary, unconstitutional language, this day delivered from it? The accustomed language from the throne has been application to Parliament for advice, and a reliance on its constitutional advice and assistance. As it is the right of Parliament to give, so it is the duty of the crown to ask it. But on this day, and in this extreme momentous exigency, no reliance is reposed on our constitutional counsels! no advice is asked from the sober and enlightened care

of Parliament! but the crown, from itself, and by itself, declares an unalterable derermination to pursue measures—and what measures, my lords? The measures that have produced the imminent perils that threaten us; the measures that have brought ruin to our doors.

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### CXXXI.—LORD CHATHAM ON THE AMERICAN WAR.

Extract from the same Speech.

*My Lords*,—The present ruinous and ignominious situation of our country, where we cannot act with success, nor suffer with honor, calls upon us to remonstrate, in the strongest and loudest language of truth, to rescue the ear of majesty from the delusions which surround it. The desperate state of our arms abroad is in part known: no man thinks more highly of them than I do. I love and honor the English troops. I know their virtues and their valor. I know they can achieve any thing except impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of English America *is an impossibility*.—You cannot, I venture to say it, *you cannot* conquer America. Your armies, last war, effected every thing that could be effected; and what was it? It cost a numerous army, under the command of a most able general,* now a noble lord in this house, a long and laborious campaign, to expel five thousand Frenchmen from French America. My lords, *you cannot conquer America*. What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst; but we know, that in three campaigns we have done nothing, and suffered much. Besides the sufferings, perhaps *total loss*, of the northern force;† the best appointed army, that ever took the field, commanded by sir William Howe, has retired from the American lines. *He was obliged* to relinquish his attempt, and with great delay and danger, to adopt a new and distant plan of operations. We shall soon know, and in any event

* Sir Jeffrey (now lord) Amherst.
† General Burgoyne's army.

have reason to lament, what may have happened since. As to conquest, therefore, my lords, I repeat, it is impossible. You may swell every expense, and every effort, still more extravagantly; pile and accumulate every assistance you can buy or borrow; traffic and barter with every little pitiful German prince, that sells and sends his subjects to the shambles of a foreign prince; your efforts are ever vain and impotent: doubly so, from this mercenary aid on which you rely. For it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your enemies—to overrun them, with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder; devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty! If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms—*never—never—never.*

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### CXXXII.—SPEECH OF CASSIUS TO BRUTUS, IN CONTEMPT OF CÆSAR.

Extract from Shakspeare. Julius Cæsar.—Act 1—Scene 2.

Honor is the subject of my story.—
I cannot tell, what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold, as well as he.
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tyber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, *Dar'st thou,* Cassius, *now*
*Leap in with me into this angry flood,*
*And swim to yonder point?* —Upon the word,
Accouter'd as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roar'd; and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside,
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.

But ere we could arrive* the point propos'd,
Cæsar cry'd, *Help me*, Cassius, *or I sink.*
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tyber
Did I the tired Cæsar: And this man
Is now become a god; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake:
His coward lips did from their color fly;
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
Did lose his lustre; I did hear him groan;
Ay, and that tongne of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas! it cried, *Give me some drink*, Titinius,
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone.

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## CXXXIII.—SPEECH OF BRUTUS TO THE ROMANS, JUSTIFYING HIS ASSASSINATION OF CÆSAR.

Extract from Shakspeare. Julius Cæsar.—Act 3—Scene 2.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers!† hear me for my cause; and be silent that you may hear: believe me for mine honor; and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand, why Bru-

* "Arrive the point," for *arrive at the point:* the verb arrive is used without the preposition *at* by other writers.

† Friends.

tus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer,—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves ; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him ; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it ; as he was valiant, I honor him : but, as he was ambitious, I slew him : There are tears, for his love ; joy, for his fortune ; honor, for his valour ; and death, for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.———

None?—Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar, than you should do to Brutus. The question of his death, is enrolled in the capitol : his glory not extenuated wherein he was worthy ; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.———

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony : who though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth ; As which of you shall not? With this I depart ; That, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

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### CXXXIV.—CHARACTER OF CHARLES JAMES FOX.

Extract from Mr. Burke's Speech on Mr. Fox's East India Bill, in the House of Commons, December, 1783.

*Mr. Speaker*,—Having now done my duty to the bill, let me say a word to the author. I should leave him to his own noble sentiments, if the unworthy and illiberal language, with which he has been treated, beyond all example of parliamentary liberty, did not make a few words necessary ; not so much in justice to him, as to my own feelings. I must say, then, that it will be a distinction honorable to the age, that the rescue of the greatest number of the human race that ever were so grievously oppressed, from the greatest tyranny that was ever exercised, has fallen to the lot of abili-

ties and dispositions equal to the task; that it has fallen to one who has the enlargement to comprehend, the spirit to undertake, and the eloquence to support, so great a measure of hazardous benevolence. His spirit is not owing to his ignorance of the state of men and things; he well knows what snares are spread about his path, from personal animosity, from court intrigues, and possibly from popular delusion. But he has put to hazard his ease, his security, his interest, his power, even his darling popularity, for the benefit of a people whom he has never seen. This is the road that all heroes have trod before him. He is traduced and abused for his supposed motives. He will remember, that obloquy is a necessary ingredient in the composition of all true glory: he will remember, that it was not only the Roman customs, but it is in the nature and constitution of things, that calumny and abuse are essential parts of triumph. These thoughts will support a mind, which only exists for honor, under the burden of temporary reproach. He is doing indeed a great good, such as rarely falls to the lot, and almost as rarely coincides with the desires of any man. Let him use his time. Let him give the whole length of the reins to his benevolence. He is now on a great eminence, where the eyes of mankind are turned to him. He may live long; he may do much. But here is the summit. He never can exceed what he does this day.

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## CXXXV.—THE ALLEGED OPPRESSION OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

Extract from the Speech of Mr. Mc Duffie, of South Carolina, upon the Tariff, delivered in the House of Representatives of the United States, April 26, 1830.

*Mr. Chairman*,—I feel that I am called upon to say a word or two on the subject of the deep excitement which now exists in South Carolina, and to vindicate the motives and the character of the people of that State from imputations which have been unjustly cast upon them. There is no State in this Union distinguished by a more lofty and disinterested patriotism, than that which I have the honor, in part, to represent. I can proudly and confidently appeal to history for

proof of this assertion. No State has made greater sacrifices to vindicate the common rights of the Union, and preserve its integrity. No state is more willing to make those sacrifices now, whether of blood or treasure. But, sir, it does not belong to this lofty spirit of patriotism, to submit to unjust and unconstitutional oppression, nor is South Carolina to be taunted with the charge of treason and rebellion, because she has the intelligence to understand her rights, and the spirit to maintain them. God has not planted in the breast of man, a higher and a holier principle, than that by which he is prompted to resist oppression. Absolute submission and passive obedience, to every extreme of tyranny, are the characteristics of slaves only.

The oppression of the people of South Carolina has been carried to an extremity, which the most slavish population on earth would not endure without a struggle. Is it to be expected, then, that *freemen* will patiently bow down and kiss the rod of the oppressor? Freemen, did I say? Why, sir, any one who has the form and bears the name of man—nay, "a beast that wants discourse of reason," a dog, a sheep, a reptile—the vilest reptile that crawls upon the earth, without the gift of reason to comprehend the injustice of its injuries, would bite, or bruise, or sting the hand, by which they were inflicted.

Is it, then, for a sovereign State to fold her arms and stand still in submissive apathy, when the loud clamors of the people, whom Providence has committed to her charge, are ascending to heaven for justice! Hug not this delusion to your breast, I pray you.

I have now, *Mr. Chairman*, gone through the various topics I intended to discuss, and I will say, in conclusion, that in all I have uttered, there has not been mingled one feeling of personal unkindness to any human being, either in this House or out of it. I have used strong language, to be sure, but it has been uttered "more in sorrow than in anger." I have felt it to be a solemn duty, which I owed to my constituents and to this nation, to expose the unjust and oppressive operation of the tariff system, and to make one more solemn appeal to the justice of their oppressors.

Let me, then, beseech the advocates of that system, in the name of our common ancestors, whose blood was mingled

together as a common offering, at the shrine of our common liberty—let me beseech them, by all the endearing recollections of our common history, and by every consideration that gives value to the liberty and union of these States, to retrace their steps as speedily as possible, and relieve a high-minded and patriotic people from an unconstitutional and oppressive burden, which they *cannot* longer bear.

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### CXXXVI.—DEFENCE OF THE TARIFF.

Extract from the Speech of Mr. Davis, of Massachusetts, delivered in the House of Representatives, May 4, 1830.

*Mr. Chairman*,—If I have rightly understood the gentleman from South Carolina, the aims of the "Free Trade System" (as by a great misnomer it is called) are high, and its scope broad. He does not complain that the South are not left at liberty to raise as much cotton, rice, and tobacco, as they please; nor does he complain that they are not at liberty to send it where they please, and sell it to whom, and when they please. No, sir, the laws of the country leave them as free and untrammelled as the air on all these points; but this is not enough; and they complain of wrong and injury, nay, threaten us with resentment, because they have not the entire market of the United States to sell the goods in, which are received in pay for these commodities. They complain of the competition of American industry, because it supplies a portion of our wants with manufactured articles, and takes up a part of the demand. They would have the whole to themselves. The planters would apply to their own benefit the entire resources of the country, by compelling us to buy the goods they would furnish to us, instead of working for ourselves. They give a preference to English labor, and would have us work with axes and spades from English shops. They aim to build up the cotton, tobacco, and rice interest, at the expense of the rest of the nation, to make nine millions of people bow down to three millions, to constrain us to give up the market to them and ruin ourselves, that they may try an idle experiment to see if they cannot

obtain a larger price for cotton. God has given them a monopoly of these articles so far at least as respects us, but with this they are not content, and insist on a monopoly of the market throughout the United States; and because we resist this grasping disposition, we have been called by the gentleman from South Carolina, despots, avaricious, grinding monopolists, as merciless and unrelenting as the cannibal, who turns a deaf ear to the cries of infancy for mercy. Yes, sir, the gentleman has loaded us with these hard, unkind epithets, and has reiterated them in many forms in the course of his remarks.

Sir, I declare in the sincerity of my heart, that I feel deep pain and anguish, when I hear such language on this floor, because its tendency is to excite deep feelings of resentment in the injured party, and to promote sectional hostility. It pains me no less to be obliged to notice it; but, sir, if I could pass by such language in silence—if I could sit here without repelling it, I should be unworthy of representing the People who sent me here, and unworthy of the State to which I belong. If gentlemen will provoke us by attack, for one I shall not refuse to meet it; if they will assail us with calumnious epithets and comparisons, let them not flinch when the mirror is held to themselves. In what I say, however, I have no personal allusion, for I number many southern gentlemen on this floor among my most esteemed acquaintances. Nine millions of despots and monopolists, more cruel than any tyrant that ever disgraced a throne, because less merciless than cannibals! Who is it that bandies such language? Who is it that calls the honest tiller of his own land, and the laborious manufacturer, relentless despots, guilty monopolists? He who holds dominion over his thousands of acres and his thousands of slaves. He, who, not content with a part, arrogates to himself the whole resources of the country, and stuns us with the cry of oppression, because we will not consent to be ruined by an overpowering monopoly, under the delusive guise of free trade. It is, as the gentleman was pleased to say of the manufacturer, the "lordly" planter. It is he that maintains, as I learn from high authority,* that slavery is favorable to liberty, because labor degrades the human mind, and so assimilates men to a state of

* Speeches of Messrs. Hayne and Rowan in the Senate.

bondage, that none but those who bask in the sunshine of luxury and ease can appreciate liberty.

The "lordly" English merchant and factor, the trumpeters of free trade, with their insolent parade of wealth, and their feet, as the gentleman from New-York* says, upon the necks of their own people, come here to join in the cry of Aristocracy, Monopoly, and Despotism! They come here, to lift their voices, with the gentleman from New-York, against the honest laborer, and to tell him, in scorn, that his principles are in his pocket, and his conscience in his purse. Sir, if you would excite loathing and disgust in the minds of the men who went from the plough, the anvil, and the bench, to meet oppression at the very threshold, and who achieved the independence of the nation; tell them they know not how to appreciate liberty, because labor degrades their understandings. If you would teach their posterity to hate and despise you, compare them with your slaves; tell them their condition approximates to bondage; rouse their indignation with calumnious taunts and unjust reproaches, and you will accomplish your purpose: for they are men, and have the feelings of men. I will not follow examples often set here, by calling them generous, chivalrous, and magnanimous; for they want no soft words from me—they know their rights and how to maintain them, and this is the highest commendation language can bestow. This people have been kind and generous to me, and I will not, cannot, requite it with ingratitude. I lament that any thing should have occurred to call for these remarks, but I should fail of the duty I owe to my constituents, as well as to my State, to sit here in silence, and hear them calumniated—to hear them called monopolists, because they insist on the right of this Government to protect its citizens—to hear them stigmatized as tyrants, because they refuse to return to colonial bondage. The gentleman from South Carolina labors under great misapprehension, and when he comes to be better informed, will abandon the unjust sentiments he has uttered on this and another point, which I will also notice.

He has said that a few manufacturers send members here, and that the great body of the people are mere instruments in their hands. Can the gentleman be serious? Does he

* Mr. Cambreleng.

believe the people of New-England, whom he thus stigmatizes, are reckless of their political rights and privileges? Sir, I have never seen a people, who could more justly treat with scorn this contumely—they are as free and independent as the air that sweeps over their native hills. Show me a capitalist who attempts to influence an election by the power of wealth, and I will show you a proud-spirited people, that will brand him as a wretch, and hiss him from the community. We are unlike some other portions of the country—we have no captains of tens, twenties, or fifties, who lead men to the polls, and direct them how to vote; the people scorn such degrading influence, and pay no such price to be in the employ of any one. He has said the people are ignorant, acting under delusion, because they read little, and only on one side of the question. Does he not know we have been forced into our present attitude against our prejudices and prepossessions? Does he not know that many of the most approved productions against the tariff have been written, and published, and read among us? He nods assent. Does he not know that we are the most reading people in the United States, and that all questions are canvassed and examined with the greatest freedom? If he believes we do not read both sides, and do not understand what belongs to this policy, he is greatly in error. It has always been a topic of earnest and careful consideration, and is supported from a settled conviction that the country would fall into decay, if it should be subjected to such a policy as the gentleman aims at.

The gentleman has told us that there is one small factory in his district, and he verily believes, if there were another, it would turn him out of his seat. Sir, when he spoke of the influence of capital in the North, I fear, to use a homely adage, he measured the corn of others in his own bushel. If two factories will revolutionize his district, I will not do his people the injustice to say it is the influence of capital, but leave the world to decide whether it will be that, or a practical argument, dispelling prejudice, and converting men from error, by the power of truth.

## CXXXVII.—THE RIGHTS OF THE INDIANS.

**Extract from the Speech of Mr. Sprague, of Maine, delivered in the Senate of the United States, April 16, 1830.**

*Mr. President,*—The question now proposed, by this amendment, is, shall that protection be withdrawn, and the Indians be compelled to leave their country, under the penalty of certain destruction, if they remain?

The interrogatory has been often repeated, why should not Georgia extend her laws over the natives, as well as other States?

Again, sir, I reply—our treaties—our treaties. The Indians object, and the United States have solemnly promised to interpose at their request. In no other instances have they opposed State legislation, and demanded our interposition. This is a sufficient answer.

Without the adoption of this amendment, the Cherokees have no choice, but between the miseries of emigration, and destruction where they are. It is contended that it is for their best interest to remove. Leave that, sir, to their own decision. Our judgment may be too much guided by our own convenience. But whither are the Cherokees to go? What are the benefits of the change? What system has been matured for their security? What laws for their government? These questions are answered only by gilded promises in general terms; they are to become enlightened and civilized husbandmen.

They now live by the cultivation of the soil, and the mechanic arts. It is proposed to send them from their cotton fields, their farms, and their gardens; to a distant and an unsubdued wilderness—to make them tillers of the earth!—to remove them from their looms, their work-shops, their printing press, their schools, and churches, near the white settlements, to frowning forests, surrounded with naked savages—that they may become enlightened and civilized! We have pledged to them our protection—and, instead of shielding them where they now are, within our reach, under our own arm, we send these natives of a southern clime, to northern regions, amongst fierce and warlike barbarians. And what

security do we propose to them?—a new guaranty!! Who can look an Indian in the face, and say to him, we and our fathers, for more than forty years, have made to you the most solemn promises; we now violate and trample upon them all; but offer you in their stead—another guaranty!!

Will they be in no danger of attack, from the primitive inhabitants of the regions to which they emigrate? How can it be otherwise? The official documents show us the fact, that some of the few who have already gone, were involved in conflicts with the native tribes, and compelled to a second removal.

How are they to subsist? Has not that country now, as great an Indian population, as it can sustain? What has become of the original occupants? The most powerful tribes, west of the Mississippi, are, every year, so distressed by famine, that many die for want of food. The scenes of their suffering are hardly exceeded by the sieges of Jerusalem, and Samaria. There might be seen the miserable mother, in all the tortures which hunger can inflict, giving her last morsel for the sustenance of her child; and then fainting, sinking, and actually dying of starvation! And the orphan!—no one can spare it food—it is put alive into the grave of the parent, which thus closes over the quick and the dead! And this not in a solitary instance only, but repeatedly and frequently. "The living child is often buried with the dead mother."*

*Mr. President:* I am aware that their white neighbors desire the absence of the Indians; and if they can find safety and subsistence beyond the Mississippi, I should rejoice exceedingly at their removal, because it would relieve the States

* *Extract from an official report of Governor Clark, Superintendent of Indian Affairs, dated March* 1, 1826.

"The condition of many tribes west of the Mississippi is the most pitiable that can be imagined. During several seasons, in every year, they are distressed by famine, in which many die for want of food, and, during which, the living child is often buried with the dead mother, because no one can spare it as much food as would sustain it through its helpless infancy. This description applies to Sioux, Osages, and many others, but I mention those because they are powerful tribes, and live near our borders, and my official station enables me to know the exact truth. It is in vain to talk to people in this condition about learning and religion."

of their presence. I would do much to effect a consummation so devoutedly to be wished. But let it be by their own free choice, unawed by fear, unseduced by bribes. Let us not compel them, by withdrawing the protection which we have pledged. Theirs must be the pain of departure, and the hazard of the change. They are men, and have the feelings and attachments of men; and if all the ties which bind them to their country and their homes are to be rent asunder, let it be by their own free hand. If they are to leave for ever the streams at which they have drunk, and the trees under which they have reclined; if the fires are never more to be lighted up in the council house of their Chiefs, and must be quenched for ever upon the domestic hearth by the tears of the inmates, who have there joined the nuptial feast, and the funeral wail—if they are to look for the last time upon the land of their birth—which drank up the blood of their fathers, shed in its defence—and is mingled with the sacred dust of children and friends—to turn their aching vision to distant regions enveloped in darkness and surrounded by dangers—let it be by their own free choice, not by the coercion of a withdrawal of the protection of our plighted faith. They can best appreciate the dangers and difficulties which beset their path. It is their fate which is impending; and it is their right to judge, while we have no warrant to falsify our promise.

It is said that their existence cannot be preserved; that it is the doom of Providence, that they must perish. So, indeed, must we all; but let it be in the course of nature, not by the hand of violence. If, in truth, they are now in the decrepitude of age, let us permit them to live out all their days, and die in peace; not bring down their gray hairs in blood, to a foreign grave.

Sir, we cannot wholly silence the monitor within. It may not be heard amidst the clashings of the arena, in the tempest and convulsions of political contentions; but its "still small voice" will speak to us—when we meditate alone at eventide,—in the silent watches of the night,—when we lie down and we rise up from a solitary pillow,—and, in that dread hour, when—"not what we have done for ourselves, but what we have done for others," will be our joy and our strength; when to have secured, even to the poor and despised Indian, a spot of earth upon which to rest his aching head—to have

given him but a cup of cold water, in charity, will be a greater treasure than to have been the conquerors of kingdoms, and lived in luxury upon their spoils.

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### CXXXVIII.—THE RIGHTS OF THE INDIANS.

**Extract from the Speech of Mr. Storrs, of New-York, delivered in the House of Representatives, May 15, 1830,**

*Mr. Chairman,*—I AM admonished by the duty which I owe to the House for their indulgence, to occupy your time but a little longer. But I ask gentlemen to review the history of this Government faithfully, and say if, on looking to the afflicting condition of these people, (the Indians,) and the certain consequences which are to follow, they can lay their hands upon their hearts, as honorable men, and say that they feel clear in conscience in going any further with this measure. We are not dealing for ourselves in this matter. Our own reputation is not alone concerned. The character of the country is deeply involved in it. We shall not be able at last to disguise our co-operation in removing these nations from their country. We may now flatter and deceive ourselves as we may, but the time will come when our responsibility can neither be evaded nor denied. It must be met, and it is better for us to consider now what we must meet. Our relations with the Indian nations are of our own seeking. We assumed our guardianship over them voluntarily, and we justified it, too, in the name of religion and humanity. We claimed it to be due from us as a civilized, enlightened, and Christian people, to them—to our own character and the opinion of the world. They never asked it of us. We stretched out our arm towards them, and they took our hand in the confidence that we should act up to our professions. It was we who solicited their friendship, and not they ours. It was done for our convenience, too, and not theirs. We offered them our faith, and they trusted to us. To attest our sincerity and win their confidence, we invoked the sanctions of our holy religion. They have confided in us like children, and we have solemnly pledged our faith before God and all

mankind, to fulfil our promises to them righteously. We came here and sat ourselves down in their country, and not they in ours. They were then strong, and we were weak and helpless. They could have crushed us in the hollow of their hand. But we had fled from oppression and persecution in our own native land, and they received us here in theirs as friends and brothers. We have perpetuated their hospitality to our fathers on the gorgeous pannels which surround us. If we cherish in our hearts the slightest sentiment of honor—or the least spark of gratitude yet lingers there—we shall not be able to lift up our eyes and look around us when we enter these halls, without feeling the smart of that rebuke which we deserve and must suffer for our perfidy. These memorials of their hospitality cannot be effaced until we shall have dilapidated these walls, or another enemy shall kindly inflict upon us a lesser disgrace.

We came to these people with peace offerings, and they gave us lands. As we increased in numbers, we increased our demands, and began to press upon them. They saw us hemming them in on every side, and furrowing down the graves of their fathers. As their subsistence was wasting away, they remonstrated against us. We were deaf to their reproaches. They implored us to remember their kindness to us, but we turned away from them. They resisted at last, and flew to their arms. Fierce and bloody wars followed. We felt their power, and if they had been united, or had foreseen what we are now doing, we should not now be in these seats. We met again in friendship, and established our treaties with them. We pledged our faith, and gave them our solemn guaranties, that we would come no further. I hope that we shall feel it our duty to observe them like honest men.

But we are asked: Will you leave things in their present condition? Will you refuse to treat with them? No. But if I am asked when we shall treat, I am ready to answer: Never, sir, never, till they are at perfect liberty, and free from all restraint. I should not consider a treaty made with them in their present wretched and forsaken condition, as morally binding on them. I will not consent to take advantage of men in their situation. I am sick—heart sick of seeing them at our door as I enter this hall, where they have been

standing during the whole of this session, supplicating us to stay our hand. There is one plain path of honor, and it is the path of safety, because it is the path of duty. Retrace your steps. Acknowledge your treaties. Confess your obligations. Redeem your faith. Execute your laws. Let the President revise his opinions. It is never too late to be just. Let him extend his hand to them as a brother—as their great Father indeed. The power of the Government is at his command. Let him set them free. Above all things, win back their confidence. Convince them that they may trust you again as friends. If you will do this, and they are free to act without any coercion, I am ready to execute any treaty which they will make with you. But it must be done "*peaceably*"—in the true spirit of our obligations to Georgia, and in no other way. But for coercion, or any thing like coercion—moral or physical, direct or indirect, I will vote nothing—not one poor scruple. I will take no responsibility that may involve the country in that taint upon our reputation, nor be accessory to it. No pride of opinion should influence us. There are no laurels to be won in this field. There is no victory to achieve over a people in their situation. There is no reward before us but disgrace and the detestation of our fellow men. If this bill passes, they will submit to all the injuries which may be inflicted upon them, for it is no longer in their power to resist. They will bear it as long as men can bear oppression, but they will sink under it at last. If we were in their situation, we should not leave our own country willingly. We, who are strong and proud, and restive of restraint, should fly to arms for half what they have suffered already. We have done it, but we had friends to sustain us. But the Indian must submit. When we have turned him away from our door, he has no friends any where. Shall we, who boast so much of our institutions, and talk so loftily of patriotism, reproach him because he loves his country too well—because his heart is not as flinty as we would make it—because he lingers too long among the graves of his fathers? But, sir, if the fiat is pronounced here—he will go. He must go, for he cannot stay there and live. They will leave the fields which they have reclaimed from the forest and laid open to the sun; their comfortable dwellings, their flocks, their schools, their churches—ay, sir, their Christian churches,

which we have built there, and which now stand where the stake of the victim was once planted. But they will not leave the graves of their fathers. A whole nation in despair, will piously gather up their bones and retire to your western forests. When they shall have reached its nether skirts, they will look back, for the last time, from the mountain over this beautiful land of their fathers, and then retiring to the deeper shades within, will curse your perfidy, and teach their children to execrate your name. We could bear reproach from the proud and the insolent, but there is eloquence in the humility with which these people plead their wrongs. We feel our guilt in the very submissiveness with which they approach us.

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### CXXXIX.—THE OBLIGATIONS OF NATIONAL FAITH.

Extract from the same Speech.

*Mr. Chairman,*—I HAVE viewed this question (the Rights of the Indians) in all the lights which have offered themselves to my mind, and I can see no way to dispose of it safely, but to stop where we are—to go no further; but to retract openly, honorably, and immediately. Every step we advance in this injustice will sink us deeper in disgrace. But, sir, to reject this measure is not enough. We cannot regain what we have already lost, unless our laws are executed. We cannot leave our seats here, and do this ourselves. Without the co-operation of the executive we are powerless; and if he will not pause—if he will not execute the treaties—if the laws are suffered to sleep—if reason and justice are slighted, and expostulation is in vain—if his oath will not awaken him to stretch forth his arm fearlessly, and honorably to sustain the constitution and laws of the country, and the rights of these oppressed people, he shall go on upon his own responsibility, and that of those who may be about to place this measure in his hand.

Sir, the eyes of other nations are now fixed upon us. Our friends are looking with fearful anxiety to our conduct in this matter. Our enemies, too, are watching our steps.

They have lain in wait for us for half a century, and the passage of this bill will light up joy and hope in the palace of every despot. It will do more to destroy the confidence of the world in free government than all their armies could accomplish. Our friends every where will be compelled to hang their heads, and submit to this reproach of their principles. It will weaken our institutions at home, and infect the heart of our social system. It will teach our people to hold the honor of their government lightly, and loosen the moral feeling of the country. Republics have been charged, too, with insolence and oppression in the day of their power. History has unfortunately given us much proof of its truth, and we are about to confirm it by our own example. But, sir, we must stand at last at the bar of posterity, and answer there for ourselves and our country. If we look for party influence to sustain us now, it will fail us there. The little bickerings in which we now bustle and show off our importance, will have then ceased and been forgotten, or little understood. There will be no time-serving purposes to warp the judgment—no temptations to entice into error—no adulation to offer unto power, or to win the favor of the great—no ambition to be exalted, and no venal press to shelter wrong, to misrepresent the truth or calumniate the motives of those who now forewarn you of your responsibility. The weight of a name will not sustain you there, and no tide of popularity will carry you along triumphantly. Our country will be brought by the historian—*custodia fidelis rerum*—to that standard of universal morality which will guide the judgment and fix the sentence of posterity. It will be pronounced by the impartial judgment of mankind, and stand for ever irreversible. The character of this measure will then be known as it is. The full and clear light of truth will break in upon it, and it will stand out in history in bold relief. The witnesses who will then speak, will be those illustrious men who have not lived to see this day. Your history—your treaties and your statutes, will confront you. The human heart will be consulted—the moral sense of all mankind will speak out fearlessly, and you will stand condemned by the law of God as well as the sentence of your fellow men. You may not live to hear it, but there will be no refuge for you in the grave. You will yet live in history, and if your children do not

disown their fathers, they must bear the humiliating reproaches of their name.

But I will not despond, or give up all for lost. When it is considered how little, after all, these States really have at stake on this question, and how trifling the acquisition of this paltry territory must be, I cannot believe that they will refuse to make some sacrifice or concession of feeling to the reputation of the country. Is not our honor and our reputation—our interests and our glory, theirs? Are they not bound up with us in one common lot, for good or evil, as long as this constitution and our union shall endure, and until the blessings, which under the goodness of Providence it may long dispense to our common country, shall be for ever withdrawn—until that appalling night of despotism shall descend upon the world, and lower upon the whole family of man, when this bright constellation shall have set, and the last hope of human freedom has been for ever extinguished?

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## CXL.—THE FEELINGS OF GEORGIA AS RESPECTS THE REMOVAL OF THE INDIANS.

Extract from the Speech of Mr. Foster, of Georgia, upon the Bill for the removal of the Indians, delivered in the House of Representatives, May 17, 1830.

*Mr. Chairman.*—PERMIT me now, before I close, to ask the Committee, if they refuse to pass this bill, what course this government will adopt? Will they attempt to interfere with the jurisdiction of the State of Georgia, and arrest the operation of her laws over the Indians? Sir, this is a most momentous question. We are indeed brought to a crisis—we are upon the very *banks of the Rubicon*—a very narrow boundary divides you from State jurisdiction—cross it, and we may not be able to calculate the consequences—there may then indeed be scenes and subjects abundantly sufficient for the exercise of all the feelings of philanthropy. I tell you, sir, Georgia has taken her course, and she will not retire from it. Nor has she acted hastily: eighteen months ago she gave notice of her intentions, and at the last session of her

legislature she resolved to carry those intentions into execution. Sir, her laws will be enforced: of this an earnest has already been given—it has been recently determined by one of our courts, that the State's right of jurisdiction does extend over the whole of the territory within her chartered limits; and the courts will be sustained by the people. Mr. Chairman, I hope I am not misunderstood in these remarks; they are not made in the spirit either of threatening or defiance—far from it. On the contrary, our people implore you, by all the ties which bind us together—by the common sufferings, and dangers, and triumphs of our ancestors—by the principles of that constitution by which our rights are secured and protected—not to violate the rights of Georgia as a sovereign member of this Union, nor interfere with the exercise of her legitimate powers. But do not mistake this appeal—it is not the entreaty of suppliants; it is the sincere and affectionate remonstrance of brothers—of a generous and high-minded people. And will you disregard them? Will you turn a deaf ear to our appeals, and resolve, at all hazards, to prevent the exercise of those rights which the State of Georgia brought with her into this Union—which she has never yielded—which most of her sisters have long exerted without interruption—and which have been, but now, recognised by the President of the Senate? And if you should, is it reasonable to suppose that Georgia will submit to be restrained from the exercise of these rights by the arm of the general government? No, sir, I assure you she will not—her course is determined on, and she will pursue it, with a resolution which no threats can intimidate, but with a justice and moderation which will leave no cause for reproach."

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### CXLI.—THE RIGHTS OF THE INDIANS.

**Extract from the Speech of Mr. Everett, of Massachusetts, on the bill for removing the Indians to the west of the Mississippi.**

*Mr. Chairman*,—The policy which is advocated in relation to the Indians, cannot come to good. It cannot, as it

professes, elevate the Indian. It must and will dishearten, depress, and crush him. If he has within him a spark of that pride, without which there can be no rational improvement, this gloomy policy would subdue it. I have labored hard to take an opposite view of the subject; but there is no bright side to it. It is all unmingled, unmitigated evil. There is evil on the other side, but none commensurate with that of this *compulsory removal.*

There, sir, I set my foot; *it is compulsory.* If you will treat the Indians as free agents; if you will withdraw your legal duress; if they are willing, after exploring the country, to go, I am willing they should, and will join in making the appropriation. But while the laws exist beneath which they cannot live, it is in vain to tell me they are willing to go. How do you know it? Do you tell me, a man, locked up in prison, does not wish to come out? How do you know it? Unlock the prison doors, and then you can tell.

I have heard it said, these laws are passed *in terrorem*; that it is not intended to enforce them. *In terrorem*, sir, and the removal still voluntary? Are gentlemen serious? Repeal the laws; put the Indians in a condition to act voluntarily, and then, if they choose to go, I will not withhold my vote from any reasonable appropriation, scarcely from an unreasonable one, to pay the cost of the removal.

I adjure you, sir, to recede; there is no disgrace in it. Other States, more powerful than Georgia, have receded on points where their honor and interests were equally involved. Sir, if Georgia will recede, she will do more for the Union, and more for herself, than if she could add to her domain the lands of all the Indians, though they were paved with gold.

The evil, sir, is enormous; the violence is extreme; the breach of public faith deplorable; the inevitable suffering incalculable. Do not stain the fair fame of the country; it has been justly said, it is in the keeping of Congress, on this subject. It is more wrapped up in this policy, in the estimation of the civilized world, than is all your other doings. Its elements are plain, and tangible, and few. Nations of dependent Indians, against their will, under color of law, are driven from their homes into the wilderness. You cannot explain it, you cannot reason it away. The subtleties, which

satisfy you, will not satisfy the severe judgment of enlightened Europe. Our friends there will view this measure with sorrow, and our enemies alone with joy. And we ourselves, sir, when the interests and passions of the day are past, will look back upon it, I fear, with self-reproach, and a regret as bitter as unavailing.

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### CXLII.—THE TENT SCENE BETWEEN BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.

Shakspeare.—Julius Caesar—Act 4—Scene 3.

*Cassius.* That you have wronged me, doth appear in this:
You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein, my letters (praying on his side,
Because I knew the man) were slighted of.
*Brutus.* You wronged yourself, to write in such a case.
*Cas.* At such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice* offence should bear its comment.
*Bru.* Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemned to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold,
To undeservers.
*Cas.* I an itching palm?
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.
*Bru.* The name of Cassius honors this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide its head.
*Cas.* Chastisement!
*Bru.* Remember March, the ides of March remember!
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touched his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers:—shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?
And sell the mighty space of our large honors,

* Trifling.

For so much trash as may be grasped thus?—
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

*Cas.* Brutus, bay not me:
I'll not endure it. You forget yourself,
To hedge me in: I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

*Bru.* Go to! you're not, Cassius.

*Cas.* I am.

*Bru.* I say you are not.

*Cas.* Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health; tempt me no further.

*Bru.* Away, slight man!

*Cas.* Is't possible!

*Bru.* Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?

*Cas.* O ye gods! ye gods! must I endure all this!

*Bru.* All this? ay more. Fret till your proud heart break;
Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humor? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth; yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

*Cas.* Is it come to this?

*Bru.* You say you are a better soldier;
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

*Cas.* You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus;
I said an elder soldier, not a better,
Did I say better?

*Bru.* If you did, I care not.

*Cas.* When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.

*Bru.* Peace, peace; you durst not so have tempted him.

*Cas.* I durst not!

*Bru.* No.
*Cas.* What! durst not tempt him?
*Bru.* For your life you durst not.
*Cas.* Do not presume too much upon my love.
I may do that I shall be sorry for.
*Bru.* You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am armed so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me:—
I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachms, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants, their vile trash,
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions;
Which you denied me. Was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answered Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces.
*Cas.* I denied you not.
*Bru.* You did.
*Cas.* I did not: he was but a fool
That brought my answer back. Brutus hath rived* my heart.
A friend should bear a friend's infirmities;
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
*Bru.* I do not, till you practise them on me.
*Cas.* You love me not.
*Bru.* I do not like your faults.
*Cas.* A friendly eye could never see such faults.
*Bru.* A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.
*Cas.* Come, Antony! and young Octavius, come!
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius:
For Cassius is a-weary of the world:—
Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother:
Checked like a bondman; all his faults observed,

* Split.

Set in a note book, learned and conned, by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast—within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold;
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart.
Strike as thou didst at Cæsar; for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better
Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

*Bru.* Sheath your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope:
Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.
O, Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

*Cas.* Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill-tempered vexeth him?

*Bru.* When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered too.

*Cas.* Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

*Bru.* And my heart too.

*Cas.* O Brutus!

*Bru.* What's the matter?

*Cas.* Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humor which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful?

*Bru.* Yes, Cassius; and henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

### CXLIII.—THE ISLES OF GREECE.

By Lord Byron.

The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho* lov'd and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,—
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.

The mountains look on Marathon—
And Marathon looks on the sea:
And musing there, an hour, alone,
I dream'd that Greece might still be free;
For, standing on the Persian's grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king† sat on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis,
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men in nations;—all were his!
He counted them, at break of day—
And, when the sun set, where were they?

And where are they? and where art thou,
My country? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now—
The heroic bosom beats no more!
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest?
Must *we* but blush!—Our fathers bled.
Earth! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the three hundred, grant but three!
To make a new Thermopylæ.

* Sappho was born in the island of Lesbos.
† Xerxes.

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,
Where is the Pyrrhic Phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Cadmus gave—
Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
We will not think of themes like these!
It made Anacreon's song divine:
He served—but served Polycrates—
A tyrant; but our masters then
Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
Was freedom's best and bravest friend:
*That* tyrant was Miltiades!
Oh! that the present hour would lend
Another despot of the kind!
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
They have a king who buys and sells;
In native swords, and native ranks,
The only hope of courage dwells;
But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,
Would break your shield, however broad.

Place me on Sunium's* marbled steep,
Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
There swan-like let me sing and die:
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

* Sunium was a promontory at the south east extremity of Attica.

## XLIV.—THE CHARACTER OF BLANNERHASSETT.

**Extract from the Speech of William Wirt, in the trial of Aaron Burr, for Treason, in preparing the means of a Military Expedition against Mexico, a Territory of the King of Spain, with whom the United States were at peace; delivered in the Circuit Court of the United States, for the District of Virginia, 1807.**

*May it please your Honors,*—LET us now put the case between Burr and Blannerhassett. Let us compare the two men, and settle the question of precedence between them. Who, then, is Blannerhassett? A native of Ireland, a man of letters, who fled from the storms of his own country, to find quiet in ours. Possessing himself of a beautiful island, in the Ohio, he rears upon it a palace, and decorates it with every romantic embellishment of fancy. A shrubbery, that Shenstone might have envied, blooms around him. Music, that might have charmed Calypso and her nymphs, is his. An extensive library spreads its treasures before him. A philosophical apparatus offers to him all the secrets and mysteries of nature. Peace, tranquillity, and innocence, shed their mingled delights around him. The evidence would convince you, that this is but a faint picture of the real life. In the midst of all this peace, this innocent simplicity, and this tranquillity, this feast of the mind, this pure banquet of the heart, the destroyer comes; he comes to change this Paradise into a hell. A stranger presents himself. Introduced to their civilities, by the high rank which he had lately held in his country, he soon finds his way to their hearts, by the dignity and elegance of his demeanor, the light and beauty of his conversation, and the seductive and fascinating power of his address. The conquest was not difficult. Innocence is ever simple and credulous. Conscious of no design itself, it suspects none in others. It wears no guard before its breast. Every door and portal and avenue of the heart is thrown open, and all, who choose it, enter. Such was the state of Eden, when the serpent entered its bowers. The prisoner, in a more engaging form, winding himself into the open and unpractised heart of the unfortunate Blannerhassett, found but little difficulty in changing the native character of that heart, and the objects of its affection. By degrees, he infuses into it the

poison of his own ambition. He breathes into it the fire of his own courage; a daring and desperate thirst for glory; an ardor panting for great enterprises, for all the storm, and bustle, and hurricane of life. In a short time the whole man is changed, and every object of his former delight is relinquished. No more he enjoys the tranquil scene; it has become flat and insipid to his taste. His books are abandoned. His retort and crucible are thrown aside. His shrubbery blooms and breathes its fragrance upon the air in vain; he likes it not. His ear no longer drinks the rich melody of music. It longs for the trumpet's clangor, and the cannon's roar. Even the prattle of his babes, once so sweet, no longer affects him; and the angel smile of his wife, which hitherto touched his bosom with ecstacy so unspeakable, is now unseen and unfelt. Greater objects have taken possession of his soul. His imagination has been dazzled by visions of diadems, of stars, and garters, and titles of nobility. He has been taught to burn, with restless emulation, at the names of great heroes and conquerors. His enchanted island is destined soon to relapse into a wilderness; and, in a few months, we find the beautiful and tender partner of his bosom, whom he lately "permitted not the winds of" summer "to visit too roughly," we find her shivering at midnight, on the winter banks of the Ohio, and mingling her tears with the torrents, that froze as they fell. Yet this unfortunate man, thus deluded from his interest and his happiness, thus seduced from the paths of innocence and peace, thus confounded in the toils that were deliberately spread for him, and overwhelmed by the mastering spirit and genius of another—this man, thus ruined and undone, and made to play a subordinate part in this grand drama of guilt and treason, this man is to be called the principal offender, while he, by whom he was thus plunged in misery, is comparatively innocent, a mere accessory! Is this reason? Is it law? Is it humanity? Sir, neither the human heart nor the human understanding will bear a perversion so monstrous and absurd! so shocking to the soul! so revolting to reason! Let Aaron Burr, then, not shrink from the high destination which he has courted, and having already ruined Blannerhassett in fortune, character, and happiness, for ever, let him not attempt to finish the tragedy by thrusting that ill-fated man between himself and punishment.

## CXLV.—IMPEACHMENT OF JUDGE PRESCOTT.

Close of the Speech of Daniel Webster, in behalf of James Prescott, Judge of the Probate of Wills, &c. for the County of Middlesex, who was impeached for misconduct and maladministration in office, before the Senate of Massachusetts, 1821.

*Mr. President.*—The case is closed. The fate of the respondent is in your hands. It is for you now to say, whether, from the law and the facts as they have appeared before you, you will proceed to disgrace and disfranchise him. If your duty calls on you to convict him, convict him, and let justice be done! but I adjure you let it be a clear, undoubted case. Let it be so for his sake: for you are robbing him of that for which, with all your high powers, you can yield him no compensation; let it be so for your own sakes; for the responsibility of this day's judgment is one which you must carry with you through your life. For myself, I am willing here to relinquish the character of an advocate, and to express opinions, by which I am willing to be bound, as a citizen of the community. And I say, upon my honor and conscience, that I see not how, with the law and constitution for your guides, you can pronounce the respondent guilty. I declare, that I have seen no case of wilful and corrupt official misconduct, set forth according to the requisition of the constitution, and proved according to the common rules of evidence. I see many things imprudent and ill-judged; many things that I could wish had been otherwise; but corruption and crime I do not see. Sir, the prejudices of the day will soon be forgotten; the passions, if any there be, which have excited or favored this prosecution, will subside; but the consequence of the judgment, you are about to render, will out-live both them and you. The respondent is now brought, a single, unprotected individual, to this formidable bar of judgment, to stand against the power and authority of the State. I know you can crush him, as he stands before you, and clothed, as you are, with the sovereignty of the State. You have the power "to change his countenance, and to send him away." Nor do I remind you that your judgment is to be rejudged by the community; and, as you have summoned him for trial to this high tribunal, you are soon to

descend yourselves from these seats of justice, and stand before the higher tribunal of the world. I would not fail so much in respect to this honorable court, as to hint that it could pronounce a sentence which the community will reverse. No, sir, it is not the world's revision which I would call on you to regard, but that of your own consciences, when years have gone by, and you shall look back on the sentence you are about to render. If you send away the respondent, condemned and sentenced, from your bar, you are yet to meet him in the world on which you cast him out. You will be called to behold him a disgrace to his family, a sorrow and a shame to his children, a living fountain of grief and agony to himself.

If you shall then be able to behold him only as an unjust judge, whom vengeance has overtaken, and justice has blasted, you will be able to look upon him, not without pity, but yet without remorse. But if, on the other hand, you shall see, whenever and wherever you meet him, a victim of prejudice or of passion, a sacrifice to a transient excitement; if you shall see in him, a man, for whose condemnation any provision of the constitution has been violated, or any principle of law broken down; then will he be able—humble and low as may be his condition—then will he be able to turn the current of compassion backward, and to look with pity on those who have been his judges. If you are about to visit this respondent with a judgment which shall blast his house; if the bosoms of the innocent and the amiable are to be made to bleed, under your infliction, I beseech you to be able to state clear and strong grounds for your proceedings. Prejudice and excitement are transitory, and will pass away. Political expediency, in matters of judicature, is a false and hollow principle, and will never satisfy the conscience of him, who is fearful that he may have given a hasty judgment. I earnestly entreat you, for your own sakes, to possess yourselves of solid reasons, founded in truth and justice, for the judgment you pronounce, which you can carry with you, till you go down into your graves; reasons which it will require no argument to revive, no sophistry, no excitement, no regard to popular favor, to render satisfactory to your consciences; reasons which you can appeal to in every crisis of your lives, and which shall be able to assure you, in your own

great extremity, that you have not judged a fellow-creature without mercy.

Sir, I have done with the case of this individual, and now leave him in your hands. I hold up before him the broad shield of the constitution; if through that he be pierced and fall, he will be but one sufferer in a common catastrophe.

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### CXLVI.—THE COMMERCIAL CHARACTER OF NEW-ENGLAND.

Extract from the Speech of Josiah Quincy, delivered in the House of Representatives of the United States, November 28, 1808.

*Mr. Chairman,*—In relation to the subject now before us, other gentlemen must take their resposibilities; I shall take mine. This embargo must be repealed. You cannot enforce it for any important period of time longer. When I speak of your inability to enforce this law, let not gentlemen misunderstand me. I mean not to intimate insurrections or open defiances of them; although it is impossible to foresee in what acts that "oppression" will finally terminate, which, we are told, "makes wise men mad." I speak of an inability resulting from very different causes. The gentleman from North Carolina exclaimed the other day in a strain of patriotic ardor, "What! shall not our laws be executed? Shall their authority be defied? I am for enforcing them, at every hazard." I honor that gentleman's zeal; and I mean no deviation from that true respect I entertain for him, when I tell him, that in this instance, "his zeal is not according to knowledge."

I ask this House, is there no control to its authority? is there no limit to the power of this national legislature? I hope I shall offend no man, when I intimate that two limits exist—*nature* and the *constitution*. Should this House undertake to declare, that this atmosphere should no longer surround us, that water should cease to flow, that gravity should not hereafter operate, that the needle should not vibrate to the pole,—sir, I hope I shall not offend,—I think I may venture to affirm, that, such a law to the contrary not-

withstanding, the air would continue to circulate, the Mississippi, the Hudson, and the Potomac, would roll their floods to the ocean, heavy bodies continue to descend, and the mysterious magnet hold on its course to its celestial cynosure.*

Just as utterly absurd and contrary to nature is it to attempt to prohibit the people of New-England, for any considerable length of time, from the ocean. Commerce is not only associated with all the feelings, the habits, the interests, and relations of that people, but the nature of our soil, and of our coasts, the state of our population, and its mode of distribution over our territory, renders it indispensable. We have five hundred miles of sea-coast, all furnished with harbors, bays, creeks, rivers, inlets, basins, with every variety of invitation to the sea, with every species of facility to violate such laws as these. Our people are not scattered over an immense surface, at a solemn distance from each other, in lordly retirement, in the midst of extended plantations and intervening wastes: they are collected on the margin of the ocean, by the sides of rivers, at the heads of bays, looking into the water, or on the surface of it, for the incitement and the reward of their industry. Among a people thus situated, thus educated, thus numerous, laws, prohibiting them from the exercise of their natural rights, will have a binding effect, not one moment longer, than the public sentiment supports them. Gentlemen talk of twelve revenue cutters, additional, to enforce the embargo laws. Multiply the number by twelve, multiply it by an hundred, join all your ships of war, all your gun-boats, and all your militia, in despite of them all, such laws as these are of no avail when they become odious to public sentiment.

* Pronounced *sin' o sure*, the north star.

## CXLVII.—THE PRINCIPLES OF FEDERALISM.

Extract from the Speech of James A. Bayard, on the Judiciary Bill, delivered in the House of Representatives of the United States, February 19, 1802.

*Mr. Chairman*,—THE honorable gentleman from Virginia wandered to the very confines of the Federal administration, in search of materials the most inflammable and most capable of kindling the passions of his party.

He represents the government as seizing the first moment, which presented itself, to create a dependant monied interest, ever devoted to its views. What are we to understand by this remark of the gentleman? Does he mean to say, that Congress did wrong in funding the public debt? Does he mean to say, that the price of our liberty and independence ought not to have been paid? Is he bold enough to denounce this measure as one of the Federal victims marked for destruction? Is it the design to tell us, that its day has not yet come, but is approaching; and that the funding system is to add to the pile of Federal ruins? Do I hear the gentleman say, we will reduce the army to a shadow; we will give the navy to the worms; the mint, which presented the people with the emblems of their liberty and of their sovereignty, we will abolish—the revenue shall depend upon the wind and waves, the judges shall be made our creatures, and the great work shall be crowned and consecrated by relieving the country from an odious and oppressive public debt? These steps, I presume, are to be taken in progression. The gentleman will pause at each, and feel the public pulse. As the fever increases, he will proceed, and the moment of delirium will be seized to finish the great work of destruction.

## CXLVIII.—THE EFFECTS OF "ROTATION IN OFFICE."

Extract from the same Speech.

*Mr. Chairman,*—The honorable member from Virginia has thought himself justified in making a charge of a serious and frightful nature against the judges. They have been represented as going about searching out victims of the sedition law. But no fact has been stated; no proof has been adduced; and the gentleman must excuse me for refusing my belief to the charge, till it is sustained by stronger and better ground than assertion.

If, however, Mr. Chairman, the eyes of the gentlemen are delighted with victims—if objects of misery are grateful to his feelings, let me turn his view from the walks of the judges to the track of the present executive. It is in this path we see the real victims of stern, uncharitable, unrelenting power.

It is here, sir, we see the soldier who fought the battles of the revolution; who spilt his blood and wasted his strength to establish the independence of his country, deprived of the reward of his services, and left to pine in penury and wretchedness. It is along this path that you may see helpless children crying for bread, and gray hairs sinking in sorrow to the grave! It is here that no innocence, no merit, no truth, no services, can save the unhappy sectary, who does not believe in the creed of those in power. I have been forced upon this subject, and before I leave it, allow me to remark, that without inquiring into the right of the President to make vacancies in office, during the recess of the senate, but admitting the power to exist, yet that it never was given by the constitution to enable *the chief magistrate* to punish the insults, to revenge the wrongs, or to indulge the antipathies of *the man.* If the discretion exists, I have no hesitation in saying, that it is abused when exercised from any other motives than the public good. And when I see the will of a President precipitating from office men of probity, knowledge, and talents, against whom the community has no complaint, I consider it as a wanton and dangerous abuse of power. And when I see men who have been the victims of this abuse of power, I view them as the proper objects of national sympathy and commiseration.

There was another remark of the honorable member, which I must be allowed to notice. The pulpit, sir, has not escaped invective. The ministers of the gospel have been represented, like the judges, forgetting the duties of their calling, and employed in disseminating the heresies of federalism. Am I then, sir, to understand, that religion is also denounced, and that your churches are to be shut up? Are we to be deprived, sir, both of law and gospel? Where do the principles of the gentleman end? When the system of reform is completed, what will remain? I pray God that this flourishing country, which, under his providence, has attained such a height of prosperity, may yet escape the desolation suffered by another nation from the practice of similar doctrines.

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### CXLIX.—THE CHANGES INCIDENT TO POLITICAL LIFE.

Extract from the same Speech.

*Mr. Chairman,*—It has been stated, as the reproach of the bill of the last session, that it was made by a party, at the moment when they were sensible that their power was expiring and passing into other hands. It is enough, sir, for me, that the full and legitimate power existed. The remnant was plenary and efficient. And it was our duty to employ it, according to our judgments and consciences, for the good of the country. We thought the bill a salutary measure, and there was no obligation upon us to leave it as a work for our successors. Nay, sir, I have no hesitation in avowing, that I had no confidence in the persons who were to follow us. And I was the more anxious, while we had the means, to accomplish a work, which I believed they would not do, and which I sincerely thought would contribute to the safety of the nation, by giving strength and support to the constitution, through the storm to which it was likely to be exposed. The fears, which I then felt, have not been dispelled, but multiplied, by what I have since seen. I know nothing, which is to be allowed to stand. I observe the institutions of the government falling around me,

and where the work of destruction is to end, God alone knows. We discharged our consciences in establishing a judicial system, which now exists; and it will be for those, who now hold the power of the government, to answer for the abolition of it, which they at present meditate. We are told, that our law was against the sense of the nation. Let me tell those gentlemen, they are deceived, when they call themselves the nation. They are only a dominant party, and though the sun of federalism should never rise again, they will shortly find men, better or worse than themselves, thrusting them out of their places. I know it is the cant of those in power, however they have acquired it, to call themselves the nation. We have recently witnessed an example of it abroad. How rapidly did the nation change in France. At one time, Brissot called himself the nation; then Robespierre, afterwards Tallien and Barras, and finally Bonaparte. But their dreams were soon dissipated, and they awoke in succession upon the scaffold, or in banishment. Let not these gentlemen flatter themselves, sir, that heaven has reserved to them a peculiar destiny. What has happened to others in this country, they must be liable to. Let them not exult too highly in the enjoyment of a little brief and fleeting authority. It was ours yesterday, it is theirs to-day, but to-morrow it may belong to others.

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### CL.—THE NECESSITY OF INDEPENDENCE IN THE JUDICATORY.

Extract from the same Speech.

*Mr. Chairman*,—I AM confident, that the friends of the measure now under consideration are not apprised of the nature of its operations, nor sensible of the mischievous consequences which are likely to attend it. Sir, the morals of your people, the peace of the country, the stability of the government, rest upon the maintenance of the independence of the judiciary. Let it be remembered, that no power is so sensibly felt by society, as that of the judiciary. The life and property of every man is liable to be in the hands of the judges. Is it not our great interest to place our judges upon such high ground, that no fear can intimidate, no hope seduce

them? The present measure humbles them in the dust, it prostrates them at the feet of faction, it renders them the tools of every dominant party. It is this effect which I deprecate; it is this consequence which I deeply deplore. What does reason, what does argument avail, when party spirit presides? Subject your bench to the influence of this spirit, and justice bids a final adieu to your tribunals. We are asked, sir, if the judges are to be independent of the people? The question presents a false and delusive view. We are all the people. We are, and as long as we enjoy our freedom, we shall be divided into parties. The true question is, shall the judiciary be permanent, or fluctuate with the tide of public opinion? I beg, I implore, gentlemen to consider the magnitude and value of the principle, which they are about to annihilate. If your judges are independent of political changes, they may have their preferences, but they will not enter into the spirit of party. But let their existence depend upon the support of the power of a certain set of men, and they cannot be impartial. Justice will be trodden under foot. Your courts will lose all public confidence and respect.

The judges will be supported by their partizans, who, in their turn, will expect impunity for the wrongs and violence they commit. The spirit of party will be inflamed to madness; and the moment is not far off, when this fair country is to be desolated by a civil war. We are standing on the brink of that revolutionary torrent, which deluged in blood one of the fairest countries of Europe. France had her national assembly, more numerous and equally popular with our own. She had her tribunals of justice, and her juries. But the legislature and her courts were but the instruments of her destruction. Acts of proscription and sentences of banishment and death were passed in the cabinet of a tyrant. Prostrate your judges at the feet of party, and you break down the mounds which defend you from this torrent. I am done. I should have thanked my God for greater power to resist a measure so destructive to the peace and happiness of the country. My feeble efforts can avail nothing. But it was my duty to make them. The meditated blow is mortal, and from the moment it is struck, we may bid a final adieu to the constitution.

### CLI.—THE INFLUENCE OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

Extract from Daniel Webster's Speech on the Panama Mission, delivered in the House of Representatives of the United States, April 14, 1826.*

*Mr. Chairman*,—I WILL detain you only with one more reflection on this subject. We cannot be so blind—we cannot so shut up our senses, and smother our faculties, as not to see, that in the progress and the establishment of South American liberty, our own example has been among the most stimulating causes. That great light—a light which can never be hid—the light of our own glorious revolution, has shone on the path of the South American patriots, from the beginning of their course. In their emergencies, they have looked to our experience; in their political institutions, they have followed our models; in their deliberations, they have invoked the presiding spirit of our own liberty. They have looked steadily, in every adversity, to the great northern light. In the hour of bloody conflict, they have remembered the fields which have been consecrated by the blood of our own fathers; and when they have fallen, they have wished only to be remembered with them, as men who had acted their parts bravely, for the cause of liberty in the western world.

Sir, I have done. If it be weakness to feel the sympathy of one's nature excited for such men, in such a cause, I am guilty of that weakness. If it be prudence to meet their proffered civility, not with reciprocal kindness, but with coldness or with insult, I choose still to follow, where natural impulse leads, and to give up that false and mistaken prudence, for the voluntary sentiments of my heart.

* The following Resolution being under consideration, in committee of the whole House upon the state of the Union, viz.:

"*Resolved*, That, in the opinion of the House, it is expedient to appropriate the funds, necessary to enable the President of the United States to send Ministers to the Congress of Panama."

### CLII.—MARCELLUS TO THE ROMAN POPULACE, UPBRAIDING THEM FOR REJOICING AT CÆSAR'S SUCCESS.

Extract from Shakspeare. Julius Cæsar.—Act 1, Scene 1.

Wherefore rejoice that Cæsar comes in triumph?
What conquests brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tyber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds,
Made in her concave shores?
And do you *now* put on your best attire?
And do you *now* cull out a holiday?
And do you *now* strew flowers in *his* way,
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone;
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

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### CLIII.—THE DEATH AND CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

Extract from John M. Mason's Eulogy on Washington, delivered at New-York, February 22, 1800.

The death of Washington, Americans, has revealed the extent of our loss. It has given us the final proof that we never mistook him. Take his affecting testament, and read

the secrets of his soul. Read all the power of domestic virtue. Read his strong love of letters and of liberty. Read his fidelity to republican principle, and his jealousy of national character. Read his devotedness to you in his military bequests to near relations. In his acts, Americans, you have seen the man. In the complicated excellence of character, he stands alone. Let no future Plutarch attempt the iniquity of parallel. Let no soldier of fortune, let no usurping conqueror, let not Alexander or Cæsar, let not Cromwell or Bonaparte, let none among the dead or the living, appear in the same picture with WASHINGTON: or let them appear as the shade to his light.

On this subject, my countrymen, it is for others to speculate, but it is for us to feel. Yet in proportion to the severity of the stroke, ought to be our thankfulness, that it was not inflicted sooner. Through a long series of years has God preserved our WASHINGTON a public blessing: and now that he has removed him for ever, shall we presume to say, What doest thou? Never did the tomb preach more powerfully the dependence of all things on the will of the Most High. The greatest of mortals crumble into dust, the moment He commands, "Return, ye children of men." WASHINGTON was but the instrument of a benignant God. He sickens, he dies, that we may learn not to trust in men, nor to make flesh our arm. But though WASHINGTON is dead, JEHOVAH lives. God of our fathers! be our God, and the God of our children! Thou art our refuge and our hope; the pillar of our strength; the wall of our defence, and our unfading glory!

Americans! this God, who raised up WASHINGTON, and gave you liberty, exacts from you the duty of cherishing it with a zeal according to knowledge. Never sully by apathy or by outrage, your fair inheritance. Risk not, for one moment, on visionary theories, the solid blessings of your lot. To, you, particularly, O youth of America! applies the solemn charge. In all the perils of your country, remember WASHINGTON. The freedom of reason and of right, has been handed down to you on the point of the hero's sword. Guard with veneration the sacred deposit. The curse of ages will rest upon you, O youth of America! if ever you surrender to foreign ambition, or domestic lawlessness, the precious liberties for which WASHINGTON fought, and your fathers bled.

### CLIV.—THE HOSPITALITY AND THE REVENGE OF THE INDIAN.

Speech of Logan, a Mingo Chief, to Lord Dunmore, Governor of Virginia—1774.

I APPEAL to any white man to say, if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him not meat: if ever he came cold and naked, and he clothed him not. During the course of the last long and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites, that my countrymen pointed as they passed, and said, "Logan is the friend of white men." I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood, and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not even sparing my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it: I have killed many: I have fully glutted my vengeance: for my country I rejoice at the beams of peace. But do not harbor a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan?—Not one.

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### CLV.—THE RAPID MARCH OF CIVILIZATION.

Extract from a Speech of an Indian Chief to the Provincial Congress, in New-England, April 11th, 1775.

BROTHERS! we have heard you speak by your letter—we thank you for it—we now make answer. Brothers! you remember when you first came over the great waters, I was great and you were little, very small. I then took you in for a friend, and kept you under my arms, so that no one might injure you; since that time we have ever been true friends; there has never been any quarrel between us.—But now our conditions are changed. You are become great and tall. You reach to the clouds. You are seen all round the

world. I am become small, very little. I am not so high as your heel. Now you take care of me, and I look to you for protection. Brothers! I am sorry to hear of this great quarrel between you and Old England. It appears that blood soon must be shed to end this quarrel. We never, till this day, understood the foundation of this quarrel between you and the country you came from. Brothers! whenever I see your blood running, you will soon find me about you, to revenge my brothers' blood. Although I am low and very small, I will gripe hold of your enemy's heel, that he cannot run so fast and so light as if he had nothing at his heels.

Brothers! I would not have you think that we are falling back from our engagements. We are ready to do any thing for your relief, and shall be guided by your counsel.

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### CLVI.—THE EFFECTS OF CIVILIZATION UPON THE INDIANS.

Extract from the Speech of Red Jacket, an Indian Chief, to one of the Missionaries of the Missionary Society.

*Friend and Brother,*—It was the will of the Great Spirit that we should meet together this day. He orders all things, and has given us a fine day for our Council. He has taken his garment from before the sun, and caused it to shine with brightness upon us. Our eyes are opened, that we see clearly; our ears are unstopped, that we have been able to hear distinctly the words you have spoken. For all these favors we thank the Great Spirit, and Him *only*.

Brother—Listen to what we say.

There was a time when our forefathers owned this great island. Their seats extended from the rising to the setting sun. The Great Spirit had made it for the use of Indians. He had created the buffalo, the deer, and other animals for food. He had made the bear and the beaver. Their skins served us for clothing. He had scattered them over the country, and taught us how to take them. He had caused the earth to produce corn for bread. All this He had done

for his red children, because he loved them. If we had some disputes about our hunting ground, they were generally settled without the shedding of much blood. But an evil day came upon us. Your forefathers crossed the great water, and landed on this island. Their numbers were small. They found friends and not enemies. They told us they had fled from their own country, for fear of wicked men, and had come here to enjoy their religion. They asked for a small seat. We took pity on them, granted their request; and they sat down among us. We gave them corn and meat; they gave us poison in return.

The white people had now found our country. Tidings were carried back, and more came amongst us. Yet we did not fear them. We took them to be friends. They called us brothers. We believed them, and gave them a larger seat. At length their numbers had greatly increased. They wanted more land; they wanted our country. Our eyes were opened, and our minds became uneasy. Wars took place. Indians were hired to fight against Indians, and many of our people were destroyed. They also brought strong liquor amongst us. It was strong and powerful, and has slain thousands.

Brother—You have now heard our answer to your talk, and this is all we have to say at present.

As we are going to part, we will come and take you by the hand, and hope the Great Spirit will protect you on your journey, and return you safe to your friends.

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### CLVII.—ODE TO GREECE.

Anonymous. From the London Literary Chronicle.

LAND of the brave! where lie inurned
  The shrouded forms of mortal clay,
In whom the fire of valor burned
  And blazed upon the battle's fray:
Land where the gallant Spartan few
  Bled at Thermopylæ of yore,
When death his purple garment threw!
  On Helle's consecrated shore!

Land of the Muse! within thy bowers
Her soul-entrancing echoes rung,
While on their course the rapid Hours
Paused at the melody she sung;—
Till every grave and every hill,
And every stream that flowed along,
From morn to night repeated still
The winning harmony of song.

Land of dead heroes—living slaves—
Shall glory gild thy clime no more?
Her banners float above thy waves,
Where proudly it hath swept before?
Hath not remembrance then a charm,
To break the fetters and the chain?
To bid thy children nerve the arm,
And strike for freedom once again?

No! coward souls—the light that shone
On Leutra's war-empurpled day—
The light that beamed on Marathon,
Hath lost its splendor, ceased to play;
And thou art but a shadow now,
With helmet shattered—spear in rust—
Thy honor but a dream—and thou
Despised—degraded—in the dust!

Where sleeps the spirit that of old
Dashed down to earth the Persian plume,
When the loud chant of triumph told
How fatal was the despot's doom?
The bold three hundred—where are they,
Who died on battle's gory breast?
Tyrants have trampled on the clay,
Where death has hushed them into rest.

Yet Ida, yet upon thy hill
A glory shines of ages fled,
And fame her light is pouring still,
Not on the living—but the dead!

But 'tis the dim sepulchral light
That sheds a faint and feeble ray,
As moon-beams on the brow of night,
When tempests sweep upon their way.

Lost land! where genius made his reign,
And reared his golden arch on high;
Where science raised her sacred fane,
Its summit peering to the sky:
Upon thy clime the midnight deep
Of ignorance hath brooded long,
And in the tomb, forgotten, sleep
The sons of science and of song.

The sun has set,—the evening storm
Hath passed in giant fury by,
To blast the beauty of thy form,
And spread its pall upon thy sky;
Gone is thy glory's diadem,
And freedom never more shall cease
To pour her mournful requiem
O'er blighted, lost, degraded Greece!

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## CLVIII.—SPEECH OF CATILINE BEFORE THE ROMAN SENATE, IN REPLY TO THE CHARGES OF CICERO.

Extract from Croly's Catiline.

——————————————Conscript Fathers!
I do not rise to waste the night in words:
Let that plebian talk; 'tis not *my* trade;
But here I stand for right—Let him show *proofs;*
For Roman right; though none, it seems, dare stand
To take their share with me. Ay, cluster there,
Cling to your masters; judges, Romans—*slaves!*
His charge is false; I dare him to his proofs;
You have my answer; * * *—Let my actions speak.
But this I will avow, that I have scorned,
And still *do* scorn, to hide my sense of wrong;

Who brands me on the forehead, breaks my sword,
Or lays the bloody scourge upon my back,
Wrongs me not half so much as he who shuts
The gates of honour on me,—turning out
The Roman from his birthright; and for what?
To fling your offices to every slave; (*—Looking around him.*)
Vipers, that creep where *man* disdains to climb;
And having wound their loathsome track to the top
Of this huge mouldering monument of Rome,
Hang hissing at the nobler man below.——
Come, consecrated lictors! from your thrones;
(*To the Senate.*)
Fling down your sceptres;—take the rod and axe,
And make the murder, as you make the law.

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CLIX.—SPEECH OF CATILINE BEFORE THE ROMAN SENATE, ON HEARING HIS SENTENCE OF BANISHMENT.

Extract from Croly's Catiline.

Banished from Rome! what's banished, but set free
From daily contact of the things I loathe?
"Tried and convicted traitor!"—Who says this?
Who'll prove it, at his peril, on my head?
Banished?—I thank you for't. It breaks my chain!
I held some slack allegiance till this hour—
But *now* my sword's my own. Smile on, my lords;
I scorn to count what feelings, withered hopes,
Strong provocations, bitter, burning wrongs,
I have within my heart's hot cells shut up,
To leave you in your lazy dignities.
But here I stand and scoff you:—here I fling
Hatred and full defiance in your face.
Your Consul's merciful. For this all thanks.
He *dares* not touch a hair of Catiline.
"Traitor!" I go—but I *return*. This—trial!
Here I devote your senate! I've had wrongs,
To stir a fever in the blood of age,
Or make the infant's sinew strong as steel.

This day's the birth of sorrows!—This hour's work
Will breed proscriptions.—Look to your hearths, my lords.
For there henceforth shall sit, for household gods,
Shapes hot from Tartarus!—all shames and crimes;—
Wan Treachery, with his thirsty dagger drawn!
Suspicion, poisoning his brother's cup;
Naked Rebellion, with the torch and axe,
Making his wild sport of your blazing thrones;
Till Anarchy comes down on you like Night,
And Massacre seals Rome's eternal grave.

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### CLX.—VELLUM AND BUTLER.

From the Comedy of "The Drummer," by Addison. Act 4—Scene 1.

*Vel.* John, I have certain orders to give you—and therefore be attentive.

*But.* Attentive! Ay, let me alone for that—I suppose he means being sober.—[*Aside.*]

*Vel.* You know I have always recommended to you a method in your business; I would have your knives and forks, your spoons and napkins, your plate and glasses, laid in a method.

*But.* Ah, master Vellum, you are such a sweet-spoken man, it does one's heart good to receive your orders.

*Vel.* Method, John, makes business easy; it banishes all perplexity and confusion out of families.

*But.* How he talks! I could hear him all day.

*Vel.* And now, John, let me know whether your table-linen, your side-board, your cellar, and every thing else within your province, are properly and methodically disposed for an entertainment this evening.

*But.* Master Vellum, they shall be ready at a quarter of an hour's warning. But pray, sir, is this entertainment to be made for the conjuror?

*Vel.* It is, John, for the conjuror, and yet it is not for the conjuror.

*But.* Why, look you, master Vellum, if it be for the conjuror, the cook-maid should have orders to get him some

dishes to his palate. Perhaps he may like a little brimstone in his sauce.

*Vel.* This conjuror, John, is a complicated creature, an amphibious animal, a person of a twofold nature; but he eats and drinks like other men.

*But.* Marry, master Vellum, he should eat and drink as much as two other men, by the account you give of him.

*Vel.* Thy conceit is not amiss; he is indeed a double man; ha, ha, ha!

*But.* Ha! I understand you; he's one of your hermaphrodites, as they call them.

*Vel.* He is married, and he is not married—he hath a beard, and he hath no beard; he is old, and he is young.

*But.* How charmingly he talks! I fancy, master Vellum, you could make a riddle. The same man old and young! how do you make that out, master Vellum?

*Vel.* Thou hast heard of a snake casting his skin, and recovering his youth. Such is this sage person.

*But.* Nay, 'tis no wonder a conjuror should be like a serpent.

*Vel.* When he has thrown aside the old conjuror's slough that hangs about him, he'll come out as fine a young gentleman as ever was seen in this house.

*But.* Does he intend to sup in his slough?

*Vel.* That time will show.

*But.* Well, I have not a head for these things. Indeed, Mr. Vellum, I have not understood one word you have said this half hour.

*Vel.* I did not intend thou shouldst—But to our business. Let there be a table spread in the great hall. Let your pots and glasses be washed, and in a readiness. Bid the cook provide a plentiful supper, and see that all the servants be in their best liveries.

*But.* Ay, now I understand every word you say. But I would rather hear you talk a little in that t'other way.

*Vel.* I shall explain to thee what I have said by and by. Bid Susan lay two pillows upon your lady's bed.

*But.* Two pillows! Madam won't sleep upon them both! She is not a double woman too!

*Vel.* She will sleep upon neither. But hark! Mrs. Abigail; I think I hear her chiding the cook-maid.

*Bat.* Then I'll away, or it will be my turn next: she, I am sure, speaks plain English; one may easily understand every word she says.

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### CLXI.—ODE TO NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

By Lord Byron.

'Tis done—but yesterday a king!
And arm'd with kings to strive—
And now thou art a nameless thing—
So abject—yet alive!
Is this the man of thousand thrones,
Who strewed our earth with hostile bones,
And can he thus survive?
Since he, miscalled the Morning Star,
Nor man nor fiend hath fallen so far.

Thanks for that lesson—it will teach
To after-warriors more
Than high philosophy can preach,
And vainly preached before.
That spell, upon the minds of men,
Breaks never to unite again,
That led them to adore
Those Pagod things of sabre-sway,
With fronts of brass, and feet of clay.

The desolator desolate!
The victor overthrown!
The arbiter of others' fate,
A suppliant for his own!
Is it some yet imperial hope,
That with such change can calmly cope?
Or dread of death alone?
To die a prince—or live a slave—
Thy choice is most ignobly brave!

Thine evil deeds are writ in gore,
Nor written thus in vain—

Thy triumphs tell of fame no more,
Or deepen every stain—
If thou hadst died as honor dies,
Some new Napoleon might arise,
To shame the world again—
But who would soar the solar height,
To set in such a starless night?

Weigh'd in the balance, hero dust
Is vile as vulgar clay;
Thy scales, mortality! are just
To all that pass away;
But yet methought the living great
Some higher sparks should animate
To dazzle and dismay;
Nor deem'd contempt could thus make mirth
Of these, the conquerors of the earth.

And she, proud Austria's mournful flower,
Thy still imperial bride;
How bears her breast the torturing hour?
Still clings she to thy side?
Must she too bend, must she too share
Thy late repentance, long despair,
Thou throneless homicide?
If still she loves thee, hoard that gem,
'Tis worth thy vanish'd diadem!

Then haste thee to thy sullen isle,
And gaze upon the sea;
That element may meet thy smile,
It ne'er was ruled by thee!
Or trace with thine all idle hand,
In loitering mood upon the sand,
That earth is now as free!
That Corinth's pedagogue hath now
Transferred his bye-word to thy brow.*

* These lines probably refer to the salutation which Diogenes gave to Dionysius, the tyrant, when he first saw him,—"How little dost thou deserve to live."

## CLXII.—DESCRIPTION OF A FINICAL COURTIER.*

Extract from Shakspeare. King Henry IV.—Act 1—Scene 3.

My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
But, I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new reap'd,
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home;†
He was perfumed like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box,‡ which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took't away again;—
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff;§—and still he smil'd, and talk'd,
And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them—untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me; among the rest demanded
My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,‖
Out of my grief¶ and my impatience,
Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what;
He should, or he should not;—for he made me mad,
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting gentle-woman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds,
And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth

* This is the speech of Hotspur to King Henry, who had sent for the prisoners that had been taken in battle.

† That is, his chin looked like a field of grain just reaped.

‡ *A pouncet-box*, a small box for perfumes.

§ Snuff is ambiguously used either for anger, or for a powder taken up the nose.

‖ *A popinjay*, a parrot.

¶ *Grief* here means pain.

Was parmaceti,* for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
That villanous salt-petre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall† fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly; and, but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.
This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answer'd indirectly, as I said;
And, I beseech you, let not his report
Come current for an accusation,
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

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CLXIII.—SIR ANTHONY AND ABSOLUTE.

From the Comedy of the Rivals, by R. B. Sheridan.—Act 2.

*Abs.* I am delighted to see you here, and looking so well: your sudden arrival at Bath made me apprehensive for your health.

*Sir Anth.* Very apprehensive, I dare say, Jack. What, you are recruiting here, hay?

*Abs.* Yes, sir, I am on duty.

*Sir Anth.* Well, Jack, I am glad to see you, though I did not expect it; for I was going to write to you on a little matter of business. Jack, I have been considering that I grow old and infirm, and shall probably not trouble you long.

*Abs.* Pardon me, sir, I never saw you look more strong and hearty; and I pray, fervently, that you may continue so.

*Sir Anth.* I hope your prayers may be heard, with all my heart. Well, then, Jack, I have been considering that I am so strong and hearty, I may continue to plague you a long time. Now, Jack, I am sensible that the income of your commission, and what I have hitherto allowed you, is but a small pittance for a lad of your spirit.

*Abs.* Sir, you are very good.

*Sir Anth.* And it is my wish, while yet I live, to have my

* *Parmaceti*, for spermaceti. † *Tall*, brave.

boy make some figure in the world. I have resolved, therefore, to fix you at once in a noble independence.

*Abs.* Sir, your kindness overpowers me—such generosity makes the gratitude of reason more lively than the sensations even of filial affection.

*Sir Anth.* I am glad you are so sensible of my attention; and you shall be master of a large estate in a few weeks.

*Abs.* Let my future life, sir, speak my gratitude: I cannot express the sense I have of your munificence.—Yet, sir, I presume you would not wish me to quit the army?

*Sir Anth.* O, that shall be as your wife chooses.

*Abs.* My wife, sir!—(*in great astonishment.*)

*Sir Anth.* Ay, ay, settle that between you—settle that between you!

*Abs.* A *wife*, sir, did you say?

*Sir Anth.* Ay, a wife—why, did I not mention her before?

*Abs.* Not a word of her, sir.

*Sir Anth.* Odd so—I mustn't forget *her* though—Yes, Jack, the independence I was talking of is by a marriage—the fortune is saddled with a wife; but I suppose that makes no difference.

*Abs.* Sir, sir! you amaze me!

*Sir Anth.* Why, what the devil's the matter with the fool? just now you were all gratitude and duty.

*Abs.* I was, sir—you talked to me of independence and a fortune; but not a word of a wife.

*Sir Anth.* Why, what difference does that make? odd's life, sir, if you have the estate, you must take it with the live stock on it as it stands.

*Abs.* If my happiness is to be the price, I must beg leave to decline the purchase. Pray, sir, who is the lady?

*Sir Anth.* What's that to you, sir?—come, give me your promise to love and to marry her directly.

*Abs.* Sure, sir, this is not very reasonable, to summon my affections for a lady I know nothing of!

*Sir Anth.* I am sure, sir, 'tis more unreasonable in you to *object* to a lady you know nothing of.

*Abs.* Then, sir, I must tell you plainly, that my inclinations are fixt on another—my heart is engaged to an angel.

*Sir Anth.* Then pray let it send an excuse.—It is very sorry—but *business* prevents its waiting on her.

*Abs.* But my vows are pledged to her.

*Sir Anth.* Let her foreclose, Jack; let her foreclose; they are not worth redeeming; besides, you have the angel's vows in exchange, I suppose, so there can be no loss there.

*Abs.* You must excuse me, sir, if I tell you, once for all, that in this point I cannot obey you.

*Sir Anth.* Hark'ee, Jack; I have heard you for some time with patience—(*growing angry*)—I have been cool—quite cool; but take care; you know I am compliance itself, when I am not thwarted; no one more easily led, when I have my own way; but don't put me in a frenzy.

*Abs.* Sir, I must repeat it—in this I cannot obey you.

*Sir Anth.* Zounds! if ever I call you *Jack* again while I live! (*growing more angry.*)

*Abs.* Nay, sir, but hear me.

*Sir Anth.* Sir, I wont hear a word—not a word—not one word; so give me your promise by a nod, and I'll tell you what, Jack—I mean, you dog—if you don't, by—

*Abs.* What, sir, promise to link myself to some mass of ugliness! to—

*Sir Anth.* Zounds! sirrah?. the lady shall be as ugly as I choose: she shall have a hump on each shoulder; she shall be as crooked as the crescent; her one eye shall roll like the bull's in Cox's museum; she shall have a skin like a mummy, and the beard of a Jew; she shall be all this, sirrah; yet I'll make you ogle her all day, and sit up all night, to write sonnets on her beauty.

*Abs.* This is reason and moderation, indeed!

*Sir Anth.* None of your sneering, puppy! no grinning, jackanapes.

*Abs.* Indeed, sir, I never was in a worse humor for mirth in my life.

*Sir Anth.* 'Tis false, sir; I know you are laughing in your sleeve: I know you'll grin when I am gone, sirrah!

*Abs.* I hope I know my duty better.

*Sir Anth.* None of your passion, sir! none of your violence, if you please.—It won't do with me, I promise you.

*Abs.* Indeed, sir, I never was cooler in my life.

*Sir Anth.* 'Tis a confounded lie! I know you are in a

passion in your heart; I know you are, you hypocritical young dog! but it won't do.

*Abs.* Nay, sir, upon my word.

*Sir Anth.* So you will fly out! can't you be cool, like me? what the devil good can *passion* do? passion is of no service, you impudent, insolent, overbearing reprobate; there, you sneer again—don't provoke me! but you rely upon the mildness of my temper—you do, you dog! you play upon the meekness of my disposition! yet take care—the patience of a saint may be overcome at last—but mark! I give you six hours and a half to consider of this; if you then agree, without any condition, to do every thing on earth that I choose, why, confound you! I may in time forgive you—if not, zounds! don't enter the same hemisphere with me! don't dare to breathe the same air, or use the same light with me; but get an atmosphere and a sun of your own! I'll strip you of your commission; I'll lodge a five-and-threepence in the hands of trustees, and you shall live on the interest. I'll disown you; I'll disinherit you; I'll unget you! and, zounds! never will I call you Jack again!—(*Exeunt.*)

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### CLXIV.—ODE TO FRANCE.*

By Lord Byron.

Oh, shame to thee, land of the Gaul!
Oh, shame to thy children and thee!
Unwise in thy glory and base in thy fall,
How wretched thy portion shall be!
Derision shall strike thee forlorn,
A mockery that never shall die;
The curses of hate, and the hisses of scorn,
Shall burthen the winds of thy sky;
And proud o'er thy ruin, for ever be hurled
The laughter of triumph, the jeers of the world.

Oh, where is thy spirit of yore,
The spirit that breathed in thy dead,

* As the ode was long, a few verses were omitted.

When gallantry's star was the beacon before,
And honor the passion that led!
Thy storms have awakened their sleep;
They groan from the place of their rest,
And wrathfully murmur, and sullenly weep,
To see the foul stain on thy breast;
For where is the glory they left thee in trust?—
'Tis scattered in darkness. 'Tis trampled in dust!

Go look through the kingdoms of earth,
From Indus all round to the Pole,
And something of goodness, of honor, and worth,
Shall brighten the sins of the soul;
But thou art *alone* in thy shame!
The world cannot liken thee there;
Abhorrence and vice have difigured thy name
Beyond the low reach of compare;
Stupendous in guilt, thou shalt lend us, through time,
A proverb, a bye-word, for treachery and crime.

While conquest illumined the sword,
While yet in his prowess he stood,
Thy praises still followed the steps of thy Lord,
And welcomed the torrent of blood;
Though tyranny sat on his crown,
And withered the nations afar,
Yet bright in thy view was that despot's renown,
Till fortune deserted his car;
*Then*, back from the chieftain thou slunkest away—
The foremost to insult, the first to betray.

The savage, all wild in his glen,
Is nobler and better than thou!
Thou standest a wonder, a marvel to men!
Such perfidy blackens thy brow.
If thou wert the place of my birth,
At once from thy arms would I sever;
I'd fly to the uttermost ends of the earth,
And quit thee for ever and ever:
And thinking of thee in my long after years,
Should but kindle my blushes and waken my tears.

Oh, shame to thee, land of the Gaul!
Oh, shame to thy children and thee!
Unwise in thy glory, and base in thy fall,
How wretched thy portion shall be!
Derision shall strike thee forlorn,
A mockery that never shall die:
The curses of hate, and the hisses of scorn,
Shall burden the winds of thy sky;
And proud o'er thy ruin for ever be hurled
The laughter of triumph, the jeers of the world.

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### CLXV.—WILLIAMS, SPLASH, AND ETYMOLOGY.

From the "Child of Feeling," by George Watterston.

*Will.* She would not read the letter, you say, Etymology?

*Ety.* No sir, would not—although I endeavored to ingratiate myself into her good opinion, by first enumerating my accomplishments; which having the desired effect, I then astounded her by the profundity of my erudition. The word erudition is derived from—

*Will.* Out upon your erudition; what did she say?

*Ety.* Thank you, sir—thank you, sir,—will teach you logic for that—the word logic, sir, is derived—

*Will.* What, again at your derivations? Curse me, if you are not enough to turn the stomach of a fishmonger! Hark'ee, old Grammar, you must lay aside all your derivations, if you wish to *derive* any benefit from me; for by the tooth of the Grand Mogul—

*Ety.* Mogul, sir, Mogul!—Now I think of it, will teach you history—geography—chronology—anthology, and—

*Will.* Zounds! the fellow's mad! I tell you what, old Grammar, if you don't let me hear this moment what she said, I'll break every bone in your derivative carcase.

*Ety.* Thank you, sir—thank you—will teach you metaphysics for that. The word metaphysics, sir, is derived from *metaphysique*, French, which signifies the art of being learned without knowledge. Do you understand, sir?

*Will.* I understand what will be the consequence of your persevering in this folly—what did she tell you?

*Ety.* Oh, what did she tell me! let me see. I told, I did tell, I was told—mood and tense, sir—mood and tense. She told me, then, that she would receive no communications from John C. Williams, merchant. Do you comprehend, sir, hey? the word merchant—

*Will.* Begone! old Grammar.

*Ety.* Is derived from—

*Will.* Begone—begone.—(*Shoves him out.*)—I'll lower her pride in a twinkling.—(*Etymology goes nearly out, but returns again.*)

*Ety.* I forgot to mention, sir, that I will also teach you conchology—etymology—physiology.

*Will.* Curse the fellow! Begone, I say! but hold—go this moment to Polemic's—endeavor to get into the good graces of Julia, who is, I am told, partial to Montford—poison her mind against him—tell her I am smitten with her—wish to marry her—that my fortune's immense, and shall be her's. But at all events, be sure you make her reject Montford, and you shall be rewarded for it. Do you hear?

*Ety.* Yes, sir—yes, sir—will do it as certainly as that you are a noun substantive.

*Will.* Well, away, then, and be careful that you make no blunders.—(*Exit.*)

*Enter Splash.*

*Ety.* My name's Etymology, at your service—Etymology, sir—well known in this populous city—teach school—sing psalms—write poetry—understand Latin—speak Greek—now I think of it, will teach you any of those branches at a very moderate price—do you understand, sir?

*Spl.* You're excessively condescending, sir; but at this time I have no occasion for a teacher.

*Ety.* There you are mistaken, sir. I think you have. Do you comprehend, sir?

*Spl.* Curse the fellow! what does he mean? He surely takes me for an ignoramus. But I'll astound him—(*aside.*) Sir,—hem—the magnitude of your *unsophisticated* genius—the vast and unbounded comprehension of your elevated mind, which I can see in your unpolished phiz—and the

transcendant elegance of your manners, induce me to take into my most profound consideration the—hem—I mean, the reasonableness of your request, sir.

*Ety.* Thank you, sir—will teach you rhetoric for that. The word rhetoric is derived from *hæc rhetorica*, Latin, which signifies rhetoric, or the art of gabbling incomprehensibly—as you do sir. Do you understand?

*Spl.* Upon my soul, the fellow's a knowing one, I see—(*aside.*) I'm inconceivably indebted to your *unsophisticated* politeness—am, indeed—and will from this momemt become your scholar. But pray what brought you here?

*Ety.* Why, sir, as you intend to become my scholar, I will let you into the whole secret.

*Spl.* This is my man—(*aside.*) Let us step into another room, where we can have a better opportunity of conferring without interruption.—(*Exeunt.*)

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### CLXVI.—THE HORRORS OF WAR.

Extract from the Speech of Mr. Gaston, of North Carolina, upon the Loan Bill, delivered in the House of Representatives, February 17, 1814.

*Mr. Chairman*,—THERE is something in the character of a war made upon the people of a country, to force them to abandon a government which they cherish, and to become the subjects or the associates of the invaders, which necessarily involves calamities beyond those incident to ordinary wars. Among us some remain who remember the horrors of the invasion of the Revolution, "and others of us have hung with reverence on the lips of narrative old age, as it related the interesting tale." Such a war is not a contest between those only who seek for renown in military achievements, or the more humble mercenaries "whose business 'tis to die." It breaks in upon all the charities of domestic life, and interrupts all the pursuits of industry. The peasant quits his plough, and the mechanic is hurried from his shop, to commence, without apprenticeship, the exercise of the trade of death. The irregularity of the resistance which is opposed to the invader, its occasional obstinacy, and occa-

sional intermission, provoking every bad passion of his soldiery, is the excuse for plunder, lust, and cruelty. These atrocities exasperate the sufferers to revenge; and every weapon which anger can supply, and every device which ingenious hatred can conceive, is used to inflict vengeance on the detested foe.

But there is yet a more horrible war than this. As there is no anger so deadly as the anger of a friend, there is no war so ferocious as that which is waged between men of the same blood, and formerly connected by the closest ties of affection. The pen of the historian confesses its inability to describe, the fervid fancy of the poet cannot realize, the horrors of a civil war. The invasion of Canada involves the miseries of both these species of war. You carry fire and sword among a people who are "united against you to a man;" amongst a people who are happy in themselves, and satisfied with their condition; view you not as coming to emancipate them from thraldom, but to reduce them to a foreign yoke. A people long and intimately connected with the bordering inhabitants of our country by commercial intercourse, by the ties of hospitality, and by the bonds of affinity and blood—a people, as to every social and individual relation, long identified with your own. It must be that such a war will rouse the spirit of sanguinary ferocity, that will overleap every holy barrier of nature and venerable usage of civilization. Already has "the bayonet of the brother been actually opposed to the breast of the brother." Merciful heaven! that those who have been rocked in the same cradle by the same maternal hand—who have imbibed the first genial nourishment of infant existence from the same blessed source, should be forced to contend in impious strife for the destruction of that being derived from their common parents. Every feeling of our nature cries aloud against it.

Before we enter, Mr. Chairman, upon this career of cold-blooded massacre, it behooves us, by every obligation which we owe to God, to our fellow-men, and to ourselves, to be certain that the right is with us, or that the duty is imperative. Think for a moment, sir, on the consequences. True courage shuts not its eyes upon danger or its result. It views them steadily and calmly. Already this Canadian war has a character sufficiently cruel. Your part of it may, perhaps,

be ably sustained—your way through the Canadas may be traced afar off by the smoke of their burning villages—your path may be marked by the blood of their furious peasantry—you may render your course audible by the frantic shrieks of their women and children. But your own sacred soil will also be the scene of this drama of fiends. Your exposed and defenceless sea-board, the sea-board of the South, will invite a terrible vengeance. An intestine foe, too, may be roused to assassination and brutality. Yes, sir, a foe that will be found every where, in our fields, in our kitchens, and in our chambers; a foe, ignorant, degraded by habits of servitude, uncurbed by moral restraints; a foe, whom no recollections of former kindness will soften, and whom the remembrance of severity will goad to frenzy; a foe, from whom nor age, nor infancy, nor beauty, will find reverence or pity. Yes, such a foe may be added to fill up the measure of our calamities.

Reflect, then, well, I conjure you, before reflection is too late; let not passion or prejudice dictate the decision; if erroneous, its reversal may be decreed by a nation's miseries, and by the world's abhorrence.

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### CLXVII.—AN APPEAL TO ARMS SOMETIMES NECESSARY.

Extract from the Speech of Governeur Morris, on the free Navigation of the Mississippi, delivered in the Senate of the United States, February 25, 1803.

*Mr. President*,—THERE can be no doubt but that, under existing circumstances, we are now actually at war, and have no choice but manly resistance or vile submission; that the possession of the country west of the Mississippi is dangerous to other nations, but fatal to us; that it forms a natural and necessary part of our empire; that it is joined to us by the hand of the Almighty, and that we have no hope of obtaining it by treaty. Sir, I wish for peace. I wish the negotiation may succeed, and therefore I strongly urge you to adopt these resolutions. But though you should adopt them, they alone will not insure success. I have no hesitation in saying, that you ought to have taken possession of New-Or-

leans and the Floridas, the instant your treaty was violated. You ought to do it now. Your rights are invaded, confidence in negotiation is vain: there is, therefore, no alternative but force. You are exposed to imminent present danger: you have the prospect of great future advantage; you are justified by the clearest principles of right: you are urged by the strongest motives of policy; you are commanded by every sentiment of national dignity. Look at the conduct of America in her infant years. When there was no actual invasion of right, but only a claim to invade, she resisted the claim; she spurned the insult. Did we then hesitate? Did we then wait for foreign alliance? No—animated with the spirit, warmed with the soul of freedom, we threw our oaths of allegiance in the face of our sovereign, and committed our fortunes and our fate to the God of battles. We then were subjects. We had not then attained to the dignity of an independent republic. We then had no rank among the nations of the earth. But we had the spirit that deserved that elevated station. And now that we have gained it, shall we fall from our honor?

Sir, I have now performed, to the best of my power, the great duty which I owed to my country. I have given that advice which in my soul I believe to be the best. But I have little hope that it will be adopted. I fear that by feeble counsels we shall be exposed to a long and bloody war. This fear is, perhaps, ill founded, and if so, I shall thank God that I was mistaken. I know that in the order of his Providence, the wisest ends frequently result from the most foolish measures. It is our duty to submit ourselves to his high dispensations. I know that war, with all its misery, is not wholly without advantage. It calls forth the energies of character, it favors the manly virtues, it gives elevation to sentiment, it produces national union, generates patriotic love, and infuses a just sense of national honor. If then we are doomed to war, let us meet it as we ought, and when the hour of trial comes, let it find us a band of brothers.

Sir, I have done; and I pray that this day's debate may eventuate in the prosperity, the freedom, the peace, the power, and the glory of our country.

## CLXVIII.—ORLANDO, OLIVER, &c.

From the Comedy of "As You Like It," by Shakspeare. Act 1—Scene 1.

[ORLANDO *enters alone.*]

*Orl.* As I remember, my father bequeathed me, by will, a poor thousand crowns, and charged my brother to breed me well. Instead of this, he keeps me here rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept, for can that be called keeping, for one of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? I will no longer endure it.

*Enter* OLIVER.

*Oli.* Now, sir, what make you here?*

*Orl.* Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

*Oli.* What mar you then, sir?

*Orl.* Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

*Oli.* Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile.

*Orl.* Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

*Oli.* Know you where you are, sir?

*Orl.* O, sir, very well: here in your orchard.

*Oli.* Know you before whom, sir?

*Orl.* Ay, better than he I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother, and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me. The courtesy of nations† allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much of my father in me as you.

*Oli.* What, boy! [*going to strike him.*]

*Orl.* Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this. [*Seizing him by the throat.*]

* What art thou doing here?

† That is, the law of primogeniture, by which the eldest son succeeds to the estate of the father.

*Oli.* Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

*Orl.* I am no villain:* I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Bois; he was my father, and he is thrice a villain, that says, such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so.

*Oli.* Let me go, I say.

*Orl.* I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities; the spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it; therefore, allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allotting my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

*Oli.* And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you: you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

*Orl.* I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good. [*Exit* ORLANDO.]

*Oli.* Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic you rankness, and yet give you no thousand crowns neither. Hola, Dennis!

*Enter* DENNIS.

*Den.* Calls your worship?

*Oli.* Was not Charles, the duke's wrestler, here, to speak with me?

*Den.* So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.

*Oli.* Call him in. [*Exit* DENNIS.] 'Twill be a good way, and to-morrow the wrestling is.

*Enter* CHARLES.

*Cha.* Good morrow to your worship?

*Oli.* Good monsieur Charles!—what's the new news at the new court?

*Cha.* There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news:

* Villain is here used in a double sense; by Oliver, for a worthless fellow; and by Orlando, for a man of base extraction.

that is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother, the new duke.

*Oli.* Can you tell if Rosalind, the Duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

*Cha.* O, no, for the duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her, that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court.

*Oli.* Where will the old duke live?

*Cha.* They say he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him.

*Oli.* What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke?

*Cha.* Marry,* do I, sir, and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand, that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to come in disguised against me to try a fall: To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb, shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender; and, for your love, I would be loath to foil him: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you with all; that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into.

*Oli.* Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have labored to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I'll tell thee Charles—it is the stubbornest young fellow in the world; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villanous contriver against me his natural brother; therefore use thy discretion: I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger.

*Cha.* I am heartily glad I came hither to you: If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment: If ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more: and so, Heaven keep your worship! [*Exit* CHARLES.]

*Oli.* Farewell, good Charles.—Now I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soul hates nothing more than he:—nothing remains but that I'll kindle the boy thither,† which I'll now go about. [*Exit.*]

* This word contains a strong asservation: it is supposed to stand for "by Mary," a form of swearing used in the Popish times.

† Encourage him to engage in the wrestling.

### CLXVIX.—AUFIDIUS AND CORIOLANUS.

From the Tragedy of "Coriolanus," by Shakspeare. Act 4—Scene 5.

[CORIOLANUS *enters disguised.*]

*Auf.* Whence comest thou? What wouldst thou? Thy name?
Why speak'st not? Speak, man: what's thy name?
*Cor.* If, Tullus,* [*Unmuffling.*
Not yet thou know'st me, and seeing me, dost not
Think me for the man I am, necessity
Commands me name myself.
*Auf.* What is thy name?
*Cor.* A name unmusical to the Volcians' ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.
*Auf.* Say, what's thy name?
Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in't; though thy tackle's† torn,
Thou show'st a noble vessel: What's thy name?
*Cor.* Prepare thy brow to frown: Know'st thou me yet?
*Auf.* I know thee not:—thy name?
*Cor.* My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the Volces,
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may
My surname, Coriolanus: The painful service,
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country, are requited
But with that surname;—
The cruelty and envy of the people,
. . . . . hath devoured the rest;
And suffered me by the voice of slaves to be
Whoop'd out of Rome. Now this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth. . . . . Then if thou hast
A heart of wreak‡ in thee, . . . . speed thee straight,
And make my misery serve thy turn; so use it,
That my revengeful services may prove

* Tullus Aufidius. † Dress. ‡ Resentment.

As benefits to thee; for I will fight
Against my canker'd country with the spleen
Of all the under* fiends.
*Auf.* O, Marcius, Marcius,
Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my heart
A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
Should from yon cloud speak divine things, and say,
'*Tis true*, I'd not believe them more than thee,
All noble Marcius.—I clasp thine hand,
. . . . . and here do I contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valor. . . . Worthy Marcius,
Had we no quarrel else to Rome, but that
Thou art hence banish'd, we would muster all
From twelve to seventy; and, pouring war
Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
Like a bold flood o'er-beat. O, come, go in,
And take our friendly senators by the hands.
*Cor.* You bless me, gods!
*Auf.* Therefore, . . . . . if thou wilt have
The leading of thine own revenges, take
The one half of my commission; . . . . .
Set down thine own ways: . . . . .
Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,
Or rudely visit them in parts remote.
. . . . . But come in: . . . a thousand welcomes!
And more a friend than e'er an enemy.
. . . . . Your hand! Most welcome!
[*Exeunt, clasping each other by the hand.*

* Infernal.

## CLXX.—THE SPIRIT OF SEVENTEEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-SIX.

Extract from the Speech of Josiah Quincy, upon Foreign Relations, delivered in the House of Representatives of the United States, November 28, 1808.

*Mr. Chairman.*—The gentleman from North Carolina has exclaimed "Where is the spirit of '76?" Ay, sir, where is it? Would to heaven, that at our invocation it would condescend to alight on this floor. But let gentlemen remember, that the spirit of '76 was not a spirit of empty declaration, or of abstract propositions. It did not content itself with non-importation acts, or non-intercourse laws. It was a spirit of active preparation, of dignified energy. It studied both to know our rights, and to devise the effectual means of maintaining them. It never presented to the people of the United States the alternative of war, or a suspension of our rights, and recommended the latter rather than to incur the risk of the former. What was the language of that period, in one of the addresses of Congress to Great Britain? "You attempt to reduce us by the sword to base and abject submission: on the sword, therefore, we rely for protection." In that day there were no alternatives presented to dishearten; no abandonment of our rights, under the pretence of maintaining them; no gaining the battle by running away. At that time we had a navy: that name so odious to the influences of the present day. Yes, sir, in 1776, though but in our infancy, we had a navy scouring our coasts, and defending our commerce, which was never for one moment wholly suspended. In 1776, we had an army also; and a glorious army it was! Not composed of men halting from the stews, or swept from the jails; but of the best blood, the real yeomanry of the country—noble cavaliers—men without fear and without reproach. Yes, sir, we had such an army in 1776, and Washington at its head.

At every corner of this great city, Mr. Chairman, we meet some gentlemen of the majority, wringing their hands, and exclaiming—"What shall we do? Nothing but embargo will save us. Remove it, and what shall we do?" Sir, it is not

for me, an humble and uninfluential individual, at an awful distance from the predominant influences, to suggest plans of government. But to my eye, the path of our duty is as distinct as the milky way; all studded with living sapphires; glowing with cumulating light. It is the path of active preparation; of dignified energy. It is the path of 1776. It consists not in abandoning our rights, but in supporting them, as they exist, and where they exist—on the ocean, as well as on the land. It consists in taking the nature of things as the measure of the rights of your citizens; not the orders and decrees of imperious foreigners. Give what protection you can. Take no counsel of fear. Your strength will increase with the trial, and prove greater than you are now aware.

But I shall be told, "this may lead to war." I ask, sir, "are we now at peace?" Certainly not, unless retiring from insult be peace; unless shrinking under the lash be peace. The surest way to prevent war is not to fear it. The idea that nothing on earth is so dreadful as war, is inculcated, sir, too studiously among us. Disgrace is worse. Abandonment of essential rights is worse.

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### CLXXI.—THE HORRORS OF A GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

Extract from the Argument of Daniel Webster, on the trial of John F. Knapp, for the murder of Joseph White.

*Gentlemen of the Jury*,—THE present is a most extraordinary case. In some respects, it has hardly a precedent any where, certainly none in New England history. An aged man, without an enemy in the world, in his own house, and in his own bed, is made the victim of a butcherly murder, for mere pay.

The deed was executed with a degree of self-possession and steadiness, equal to the wickedness with which it was planned. The circumstances, now clearly in evidence, spread out the whole scene before us. Deep sleep had fallen on the destined victim, and on all beneath his roof. A healthful old man, to whom sleep was sweet, the first sound slumbers of the night held him in their soft but strong em-

brace. The assassin enters, through the window already prepared, into an unoccupied apartment. With noiseless foot he paces the lonely hall, half lighted by the moon; he winds up the ascent of the stairs, and reaches the door of the chamber. Of this he moves the lock, by soft and continued pressure, till it turns on its hinges; and he enters and beholds his victim before him. The room was uncommonly open to the admission of light. The face of the innocent sleeper was turned from the murderer, and the beams of the moon, resting on the gray locks of his aged temple, showed him where to strike. The fatal blow is given! and the victim passes, without a struggle or a motion, from the repose of sleep to the repose of death. It is the assassin's purpose to make sure work, and he yet plies the dagger, though it was obvious that life had been destroyed by the blow of the bludgeon. He even raises the aged arm, that he may not fail in his aim at the heart, and replaces it again over the wounds of the poniard! To finish the picture, he explores the wrist for the pulse! he feels it, and ascertains that it beats no longer! It is accomplished. The deed is done. He retreats, retraces his steps to the window, passes out through it as he came in, and escapes. He has done the murder—no eye has seen him, no ear has heard him. The *secret* is his own, and it is safe!

Ah! gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake. Such a secret can be safe no where. The whole creation of God has neither nook nor corner, where the guilty can bestow it, and say it is safe. Not to speak of THAT EYE which glances through all disguises, and beholds every thing, as in the splendor of noon,—such secrets of guilt are never safe from detection, even by men. True it is, generally speaking, that "murder will out." True it is, that Providence hath so ordained, and doth so govern things, that those who break the great law of heaven, by shedding man's blood, seldom succeed in avoiding discovery. Especially in a case exciting so much attention as this, discovery must come, and will come, sooner or later. A thousand eyes turn at once to explore every man, every thing, every circumstance, connected with the time and place, a thousand ears catch every whisper; a thousand excited minds intensely dwell on the scene, shedding all their light, and ready to kindle the slightest circum-

stance into a blaze of discovery. Mean time, the guilty soul cannot keep its own secret. It is false to itself, or rather it feels an irresistible impulse of conscience to be true to itself. It labors under its guilty possession, and knows not what to do with it. The human heart was not made for the residence of such an inhabitant. It finds itself preyed on by a torment, which it does not acknowledge to God nor man. A vulture is devouring it, and it can ask no sympathy or assistance either from heaven or earth. The secret which the murderer possesses soon comes to possess him; and, like the evil spirits of which we read, it overcomes him, and leads him withersoever it will. He feels it beating at his heart, rising to his throat, and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole world sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts. It has become his master. It betrays his discretion, it breaks down his courage, it conquers his prudence. When suspicions, from without, begin to embarrass him, and the net of circumstance to entangle him, the fatal *secret* struggles with still greater violence to burst forth. It must be confessed, it *will be* confessed, there is no refuge from confession but suicide, and suicide is confession.

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### CLXXII.—A SENSE OF DUTY EVER WITH US.

Extract from the same Argument.

*Gentlemen of the Jury,*—Your whole concern, in this case, should be to do your duty, and leave consequences to take care of themselves. You will receive the law from the court. Your verdict, it is true, may endanger the prisoner's life; but then it is to save other lives. If the prisoner's guilt has been shown and proved, beyond all reasonable doubt, you will convict him. If such reasonable doubts of guilt still remain, you will acquit him. You are the judges of the whole case. You owe a duty to the public, as well as to the prisoner at the bar. You cannot presume to be wiser than the law. Your duty is a plain, straight forward one. Doubtless, we would all judge him in mercy. Towards him, as an indi-

vidual, the law inculcates no hostility; but towards him, if proved to be a murderer, the law, and the oaths you have taken, and public justice, demand that you do your duty.

With consciences satisfied with the discharge of duty, no consequences can harm you. There is no evil that we cannot either face or fly from, but the consciousness of duty disregarded.

A sense of duty pursues us ever. It is omnipresent, like the Deity. If we take to ourselves the wings of the morning and dwell in the utmost parts of the seas, duty performed, or duty violated, is still with us, for our happiness, or our misery. If we say the darkness shall cover us, in the darkness as in the light, our obligations are yet with us. We cannot escape their power, nor fly from their presence. They are with us in this life, will be with us at its close; and in that scene of inconceivable solemnity, which lies yet farther onward—we shall still find ourselves surrounded by the consciousness of duty, to pain us wherever it has been violated, and to console us so far as God may have given us grace to perform it.

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### CLXXIII.—THE INFLUENCE, UPON AMERICA, OF THE INSTITUTIONS AND THE LITERATURE OF ENGLAND.

Extract from the Speech of John Randolph, delivered in the House of Representatives of the United States, December 10, 1811, upon the Bill for increasing the Army.

*Mr. Chairman,*—I WOULD ask against whom are the unjust charges of British attachments brought? Against men, who, in the war of the revolution, were in the councils of the nation, or fighting the battles of your country. And by whom are they made? By runaways chiefly from the British dominions, since the breaking out of the French troubles. It is insufferable. It cannot be borne. It must and ought, with severity, to be put down in this House, and out of it, to meet the lie direct. We have no fellow-feeling for the suffering and oppressed Spaniards! Yet even them we do not reprobate! Strange! that we should have no objection to any other people or government, civilized or savage, in the whole

world! The great autocrat of all the Russias receives the homage of our high consideration. The Dey of Algiers and his divan of pirates are very civil, good sort of people, with whom we find no difficulty in maintaining the relations of peace and amity. Turks, Jews, and infidels, barbarians and savages of every clime and color, are welcome to our arms. With chiefs of banditti, negro or mulatto, we can treat and can trade. Name, however, but England, and all our antipathies are up in arms against her. Against whom? Against those whose blood runs in our veins: in common with whom, we claim Shakspeare, and Newton, and Chatham for our countrymen; whose form of government is the freest on earth, our own only excepted; from whom every valuable principle of our own institutions has been borrowed—representation—jury trial—voting the supplies—writ of *habeas corpus*—our whole civil and criminal jurisprudence—against our own fellow-protestants, identified in blood, in language, in religion with ourselves. In what school did the worthies of our land, the Washingtons, Henrys, Hancocks, Franklins, Rutledges of America, learn those principles of civil liberty, which were so nobly asserted by their wisdom and valor? American resistance to British usurpation has not been more warmly cherished by these great men and there compatriots; not more by Washington, Hancock, and Henry, than by Chatham and his illustrious associates in the British parliament. It ought to be remembered, too, that the heart of the English people was with us. It was a selfish and corrupt ministry, and their servile tools, to whom we were not more opposed than they were. I acknowledge the influence of a Shakspeare and a Milton upon my imagination, of a Locke upon my understanding, of a Sidney upon my political principles, of a Chatham upon qualities which, would to God, I possessed in common with that illustrious man! of a Tillotson, a Sherlock, and a Porteus, upon my religion. This is a British influence which I can never shake off. I allow, indeed, much to the just and honest prejudices growing out of the revolution. But by whom have they been suppressed when they ran counter to the interests of my country? By Washington. By whom, would you listen to them, are they most keenly felt? By felons escaped from the jails of Paris and Newgate, since

the breaking out of the French revolution; who, in the abused and insulted country, have set up for political teachers. These are the patriots, who scruple not to brand with the epithet of Tory, the men by whose blood your liberties have been cemented. Ask these self-styled patriots where they were during the American war, and you strike them dumb; their lips are closed in eternal silence. If it were allowable to entertain partialities, every consideration of blood, language, religion, and interest, would incline us towards England.

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### CLXXIV.—ODE—LIBERTY TO ATHENS.

Percival.

The flag of freedom floats once more
Around the lofty Parthenon;
It waves, as waved the palm of yore,
In days departed long and gone;
As bright a glory from the skies,
Pours down its light around those towers,
And once again the Greeks arise,
As in their country's noblest hours;
Their swords are girt in virtue's cause,
Minerva's sacred hill is free—
O! may she keep her equal laws,
While man shall live, and time shall be.

The pride of all her shrines went down;
The Goth, the Frank, the Turk, had reft
The laurel from her civic crown;
Her helm by many a sword was cleft:
She lay among her ruins low—
Where grew the palm, the cypress rose,
And crushed and bruised by many a blow—
She cowered beneath her savage foes;
But now again she springs from earth,
The loud awakening trumpet speaks;
She rises in a brighter birth,
And sounds redemption to the Greeks.

It is the classic jubilee—
Their servile years have rolled away;
The clouds that hovered o'er them flee,
They hail the dawn of freedom's day;
From heaven the golden light descends,
The times of old are on the wing,
And glory there her pinion bends,
And beauty wakes a fairer spring;
The hills of Greece, her rocks, her waves,
Are all in triumph's pomp arrayed:
A light that points their tyrants' graves,
Plays round each bold Athenian's blade.

The Parthenon, the sacred shrine,
Where wisdom held her pure abode;
The hill of Mars, where light divine
Proclaimed the true, but unknown God;
Where justice held unyielding sway,
And trampled all corruption down,
And onward took her lofty way,
To reach at truth's unfading crown:
The rock, where liberty was full,
Where eloquence her torrents rolled,
And loud, against the despot's rule,
A knell the patriot's fury tolled.

The stage, whereon the drama spake,
In tones that seemed the words of heaven,
Which made the wretch in terror shake,
As by avenging furies driven:
The groves and gardens, where the fire
Of wisdom, as a fountain, burned,
And every eye, that dared aspire
To truth, has long in worship turned;
The halls and porticoes, where trod
The moral sage, severe, unstained;
And where the intellectual God
In all the light of science reigned.

The schools, where rose in symmetry
The simple but majestic pile,

Where marble threw its roughness by,
To glow, to frown, to weep, to smile;
Where colors made the canvass live,
Where music rolled the flood along,
And all the charms that art can give,
Were blent with beauty, love and song:
The port from whose capacious womb
The navies took their conquering road,
The heralds of an awful doom
To all, who would not kiss her rod.

On these a dawn of glory springs,
These trophies of her brightest fame;
Away the long chained city flings
Her weeds, her shackles, and her shame;
Again her ancient souls awake,
Harmodius bares anew his sword;
Her sons in wrath their fetters break,
And freedom is their only lord.

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## CLXXV.—THE CLAIMS OF GREECE UPON AMERICAN SYMPATHY.

Extract from the Speech of Henry Clay, upon the Greek Revolution, delivered in the House of Representatives, January 20th, 1824.

*Mr. Chairman*,—THERE is reason to apprehend that a tremendous storm is ready to burst upon our happy country—one which may call into action all our vigor, courage, and resources. Is it wise or prudent, then, sir, in preparing to breast the storm, if it must come, to talk to this nation of its incompetency to repel European aggression, to lower its spirit, to weaken its moral energy, and to qualify it for easy conquest and base submission! If there be any reality in the dangers which are supposed to encompass us, should we not animate the people, and adjure them to believe, as I do, that our resources are ample; and that we can bring into the field a million of freemen ready to exhaust their last drop of blood, and to spend their last cent in the defence of the country, its liberty, and its institutions? Sir, are we,

if united, to be conquered by all Europe combined? No, sir, no united nation that resolves to be free, can be conquered. And has it come to this? Are we so humble, so low, so debased, that we dare not express our sympathy for suffering Greece; that we dare not articulate our detestation of the brutal excesses of which she has been the bleeding victim, lest we might offend one or more of their imperial and royal majesties? Are we so mean, so base, so despicable, that we may not attempt to express our horror, utter our indignation, at the most brutal and atrocious war that ever stained earth or shocked high Heaven; at the ferocious deeds of a savage and infuriated soldiery, stimulated and urged on by the clergy of a fanatical and inimical religion, and rioting in all the excesses of blood and butchery, at the mere details of which the heart sickens and recoils?

But, sir, it is not for Greece alone that I desire to see the measure adopted. It will give her but little support, and that purely of a moral kind. It is principally for America, for the credit and character of our common country, for our own unsullied name, that I hope to see it pass. What appearance, Mr. Chairman, on the page of history, would a record like this exhibit? In the month of January, in the year of our Lord and Saviour 1824, while all European Christendom beheld, with cold and unfeeling indifference, the unexampled wrongs and inexpressible misery of Christian Greece, a proposition was made in the Congress of the United States, almost the sole, the last, the greatest depository of human hope and freedom, the representatives of a gallant nation, containing a million of freemen ready to fly to arms, while the people of that nation were spontaneously expressing its deep toned feeling, and the whole continent, by one simultaneous emotion, was rising and solemnly and anxiously supplicating and invoking high Heaven to spare and succor Greece, and to invigorate her arms, in her glorious cause, while temples and senate-houses were alike resounding with one burst of generous and holy sympathy,—in the year of our Lord and Saviour, that Saviour of Greece and of us—a proposition was offered in the American Congress to send a messenger to Greece, to inquire into her state and condition, with a kind expression of our good wishes and our sympathies—and it was rejected!" Go home, if you can; go home, if you dare.

to your constituents, and tell them that you voted it down. Meet, if you can, the appalling countenances of those who sent you here, and tell them that you shrank from the declaration of your own sentiments :—that you cannot tell how, but that some unknown dread, some indescribable apprehension, some indefinable danger, drove you from your purpose : —that the spectres of scimitars, and crowns, and crescents, gleamed before you, and alarmed you :—and that you suppressed all the noble feelings prompted by religion, by liberty, by national independence, and by humanity. I cannot, sir, bring myself to believe that such will be the feelings of a majority of this committee. But, for myself, though every friend of the cause should desert it, and I be left to stand alone with the gentleman from Massachusetts, I will give to his resolution the poor sanction of my unqualified approbation.

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### CLXXVI.—MILITARY DESPOTISM THE DOWNFALL OF ALL REPUBLICS.

Extract from the Speech of Henry Clay, on the Seminole War, delivered in the House of Representatives, January, 1819.

*Mr. Chairman*,—I TRUST that I shall be indulged with some few reflections upon the danger of permitting the conduct on which it has been my painful duty to animadvert, to pass without a solemn expression of the disapprobation of this House. Recall to your recollection, sir, the free nations which have gone before us. Where are they now?

> "Gone glimmering through the dream of things that were,
> "A school-boy's tale, the wonder of an hour."

And how have they lost their liberties? If we could transport ourselves back, sir, to the ages when Greece and Rome flourished in their greatest prosperity, and, mingling in the throng, should ask a Grecian if he did not fear that some daring military chieftain, covered with glory, some Philip, or Alexander, would, one day, overthrow the liberties of his country? the confident and indignant Grecian would ex-

claim, No! no! we have nothing to fear from our heroes; our liberties will be eternal. If a Roman citizen had been asked, if he did not fear that the conqueror of Gaul might establish a throne upon the ruins of public liberty, he would have instantly repelled the unjust insinuation. Yet Greece has fallen; Cæsar has passed the Rubicon; and the patriotic arm even of Brutus could not preserve the liberties of his devoted country.

Sir, we are fighting a great moral battle for the benefit not only of our country, but of all mankind. The eyes of the whole world are in fixed attention upon us. One, and the largest portion of it, is gazing with jealousy and with envy; the other portion with hope, with confidence, and with affection. Every where the black cloud of legitimacy is suspended over the world, save only one bright spot, which breaks out from the political hemisphere of the west, to enlighten, and animate, and gladden the human heart. Obscure that, by the downfall of liberty here, and all mankind are enshrouded in a pall of universal darkness. Beware, then, sir, how you give a fatal sanction, in this infant period of our republic, to military insubordination. Remember that Greece had her Alexander, Rome her Cæsar, England her Cromwell, France her Bonaparte, and, that if we would escape the rock on which they split, we must avoid their errors.

I hope, sir, that gentlemen will deliberately survey the awful isthmus on which we stand. They may bear down all opposition. They may even vote the General* the public thanks. They may carry him triumphantly through this house. But if they do, sir, in my humble judgment, it will be a triumph of the principle of insubordination—a triumph of the military over the civil authority—a triumph over the powers of this House—a triumph over the constitution of the land.—And I pray, sir, most devoutly, that it may not prove, in its ultimate effects and consequences, a triumph over the liberties of the people.

* General Jackson.

## CLXXVII.—THE EVILS OF SLAVERY.

Extract from the Speech of John Sergeant, of Pennsylvania, upon the Bill* for the admission of Missouri into the Union, delivered in the House of Representatives, February 9, 1820.

*Mr. Chairman*,—In the effort I have made to submit to the committee my views of this question, it has been impossible to escape entirely the influence of the sensation that pervades this House. The question is indeed an important one; but its importance is derived altogether from its connexion with the extension, indefinitely, of negro slavery, over a land which I trust Providence has destined for the labor and the support of freemen. It concerns ages to come, and millions yet to be born. It is, as it were, a question of a new political creation, and it is for us, under heaven, to say, what shall be its condition. Once admit this state, sir, without the restriction, and the power ever to impose it is gone for ever, and with it are gone for ever all the efforts that have been made by the non-slave-holding states, to repress and limit the sphere of slavery, and enlarge and extend the blessings of freedom. With it, perhaps, is gone for ever, the power of preventing the traffic in slaves, that inhuman and detestable traffic, so long a disgrace to Christendom.

Consider, sir, what a foundation our predecessors have laid! And behold, with the blessing of Providence, how the work has prospered! What is there, in ancient or in modern times, that can be compared with the growth and prosperity of the states formed out of the Northwest Territory? When Europeans reproach us with our negro slavery, when they contrast our republican boast and pretensions with the existence of this condition among us, we have our answer ready—it is to you we owe this evil—you planted it here, and it has taken such root in the soil, we have not the power to eradicate it. Then turning to the West, and then directing their attention to Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, we can proudly tell

* The amendment to the bill was, "that there shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in the said state." This question was one of long and animated discussion, and one which produced much sensation throughout the Union.

them, these are the offspring of our policy and our laws, these are the free productions of the constitution of the United States. But if, beyond this smiling region, they should descry another dark spot upon the face of the new creation—another scene of negro slavery, established by ourselves, and spreading continually towards the further ocean, what shall we say then? No, sir, let us follow up the work our ancestors have begun. Let us give to the world a new pledge of our sincerity. Let the standard of freedom be planted in Missouri, by the hands of the constitution, and let its banner wave over the heads of none but freemen—men retaining the image impressed upon them by their Creator, and dependent upon none but God and the laws. Then, as our republican states extend, republican principles will go hand in hand with republican practice—the love of liberty with the sense of justice. Then, sir, the dawn, beaming from the constitution, which now illuminates Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, will spread with increasing brightness to the further West, till, in its brilliant lustre, the dark spot which now rests upon our country, shall be for ever hid from sight. Industry, arts, commerce, knowledge, will flourish with plenty and contentment for ages to come, and the loud chorus of universal freedom will re-echo, from the Pacific to the Atlantic, the great truths of the declaration of independence.

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### CLXXVIII.—SIR PHILIP BLANDFORD AND ASHFIELD.

From the Comedy of "Speed the Plough," by Thomas Morton.

*Sir Philip.* Come hither. I believe you hold a farm of mine.

*Ash.* Ees, zur, I do, at your zarvice.

*Sir Philip.* I hope a profitable one.

*Ash.* Zometimes it be, zur. But thic year it be all t'other way, as 'twur; but I do hope, as our landlords have a tightish big lump of the good, they'll be zo kind hearted as to take a little bit of the bad.

*Sir Philip.* It is but reasonable. I conclude, then, you are in my debt.

*Ash.* Ees, zur, I be; at your zarvice.

*Sir Philip.* How much?

*Ash.* I do owe ye a hundred and fifty pounds; at your zarvice.

*Sir Philip.* Which you can't pay?

*Ash.* Not a varthing, zur, at your zarvice.

*Sir Philip.* Well, I am willing to allow you every indulgence.

*Ash.* Be you, zur? that be deadly kind. Dear heart! it will make my auld dame quite young again, and I don't think helping a poor man will do your honor's health any harm; I don't indeed, zur. I had a thought of speaking to your worship about it; but then, thinks I, the gentleman mayhap be one of those that do like to do a good turn, and not have a word zaid about it: zo, zur, if you had nôt mentioned what I owed you, I am zure I never should; should not, indeed, zur.

*Sir Philip.* Nay, I will wholly acquit you of the debt, on condition—

*Ash.* Ees, zur.

*Sir Philip.* On condition, I say, you instantly turn out that boy; that Henry.

*Ash.* Turn out Henry! Ha, ha, ha! Excuse my tittering, zur; but you bees making your vun of I, zure.

*Sir Philip.* I am not apt to trifle; send him instantly from you, or take the consequences.

*Ash.* Turn out Henry! I do vow I shou'dn't know how to zet about it; I should not, indeed, zur.

*Sir Philip.* You hear my determination. If you disobey, you know what will follow. I'll leave you to reflect on it. (*Exit.*)

*Ash.* Well, zur, I'll argufy the topic, and then you may wait upon me, and I'll tell ye. (*Makes the motion of turning out.*) I should be deadly awkward at it, vor zartain. However, I'll put the case. Well! I goes whiztling whoam; noa, drabbit it! I shouldn't be able to whiztle a bit, I'm zure. Well! I goes whoam, and I zees Henry sitting by my wife, mixing up someit to comfort the wold zoul, and take away the pain of her rheumatics. Very well! Then Henry places a chair vor I by the vire side, and says—"Varmer, the horses be fed, the sheep be folded, and you have nothing to

do but to zit down, smoke your pipe, and be happy!" Very well! (*Becomes affected.*) Then I zays, "Henry, you be poor and friendless, so you must turn out of my house directly." Very well! then my wife stares at I; reaches her hand towards the vireplace, and throws the poker at my head. Very well! then Henry gives a kind of aguish shake, and getting up, sighs from the bottom of his heart; then holding up his head like a king, zays, "Varmer, I have too long been a burden to you. Heaven protect you, as you have me. Farewell! I go." Then I zays, "If thee doez I'll be smash'd." (*With great energy.*) Hollo! you Mister Sir Philip! you may come in.

(*Enter Sir Philip Blandford.*)

Zur, I have argufied the topic, and it wou'dn't be pretty; zo I can't.

*Sir Philip.* Can't!

*Ash.* Well, zur, there is but another word: I won't.

*Sir Philip.* Indeed!

*Ash.* No zur, I won't. I'd zee myself hanged first, and you too, zur! I would indeed. (*Bowing.*)

*Sir Philip.* You refuse then to obey?

*Ash.* I do zur; at your zarvice. (*Bowing.*)

*Sir Philip.* Then the law must take its course.

*Ash.* I be zorry for that too. I be, indeed, zur; but if corn wou'dn't grow I cou'dn't help it; it wer'n't poisoned by the hand that zowed it. Thic hand, zur, be as free from guilt as your own. Good morning to you. I do hope I have made myself agreeable; and zo I'll go whoam. (*Exeunt.*)

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### CLXXIX.—SPEECH OF GUSTAVUS VASA* TO HIS COUNTRYMEN.

From the Tragedy of "Gustavus Vasa," by Henry Brooks.

Ye men of Sweden, wherefore are ye come?
See ye not, yonder, how the locusts swarm,

* Gustavus Vasa was king of Sweden. His kingdom having bee conquered by the Danes, in the early part of the 16th century, Gustavu was made prisoner, and was confined several years. At length h made his escape, and having prevailed upon the Delecarlians (a tribe o the Swedes) to throw off the Danish yoke, he put himself at their head

To drink the fountains of your honor up,
And leave your hills a desert?—Wretched men!
Why came ye forth? Is this a time for sport?
Or, are ye met, with songs and jovial feast,
To welcome your new guests, your Danish visitants?
To stretch your supple necks beneath their feet,
And fawning lick the dust?—Go, go, my countrymen,
Each to your several mansions, trim them out,
Cull all the tedious earnings of your toil,
To purchase bondage.—O Swedes! Swedes!
Heavens!—are ye men—and will ye suffer this?
There was a time, my friends, a glorious time!
When, had a single man of your forefathers
Upon the frontier met a host in arms,
His courage scarce had turned; himself had stood,
Alone had stood, the bulwark of his country.
Come, come ye on then. Here I take my stand!
Here on the brink, the very verge of liberty;
Although contention rise upon the clouds,
Mix heaven with earth, and roll the ruin onward,
Here will I fix, and breast me to the shock,
Till I or Denmark fall.

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### CLXXX.—THE MORAL AND PHYSICAL POWERS OF A NATION WEAKENED BY SLAVERY.

Extract from the Speech of Mr. Taylor, of New-York, upon the Missouri question, delivered in the House of Representatives, January 27, 1820.*

*Mr. Chairman*,—THE bill on your table proposes no act of ordinary legislation. The admission of Missouri into the Union, without a restriction against slavery, is opposed by a majority of the states. These states, it is true, have parted with the power of legislating on the subject, but ought not their judgment and their wishes to be respected?

The first truth, sir, declared by this nation, at the era of its independence, was, "that all men are created equal; that they

* See note on p. 284.

are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Are we willing, sir, to pronounce this declaration, for the support of which the fathers of our revolution pledged their lives and fortunes, a flagrant falsehood? Was this declaration a solemn mockery? Did such men as Jefferson, Adams, Franklin, Sherman, and Livingston, proclaim to the world, as self-evident truth, doctrines they did not believe? Did they lay the foundations of this infant republic in fraud and hypocrisy? The supposition is incredible. These men composed the committee which reported the declaration of independence. The sentiments of their chairman have also been proclaimed in his "Notes on Virginia." His denunciation of slavery is there expressed in language too distinct to be misunderstood. Its injustice is portrayed in glowing colors, and its evils described with irresistible eloquence. While books are read, or truth revered, his sentiments on this subject will insure to their author unfading honor.

The ordinance of 1787, sir, was passed by the unanimous vote of all the states. That ordinance is an imperishable monument of glory and renown to its framers. They sacrificed prejudice on the altar of their country. Avarice found no place in their bosoms. Disinterested and magnanimous were their acts, and the blessings of posterity will embalm their memories. Their names will be engraven on columns of marble, and preserved in the legislative hall of every state northwest of the Ohio. No American statesman was then found hardy enough to maintain the anti-republican doctrine, that man cannot be free without possessing the power to enslave his fellow man.

Sir, the strength of this nation chiefly consists in its moral power. The foundation of this is laid in the intelligence and virtue of the people. A wise administration will always, and especially in perilous times, receive the support of such a people. As difficulties thicken, and dangers threaten, they will put forth their strength. Being capable of understanding the necessity of great sacrifices, they will make them with cheerfulness, and will march to victory. But this moral power of a nation does not consist solely, nor chiefly in the distinguished science of her favored sons—the rich and noble few—but in the information and integrity of her yeo

manry, her farmers, her mechanics, her laborers. These, in a government like ours, possess as well the moral power, as the bone and sinew of the country. If a large portion of these be slaves, that power is not only impaired, but physical debility occupies its place.

We are bound, sir, by oath, to support the Constitution of the United States. The duty imposed is to uphold, not to impair and weaken it. Our obligation is as solemn to maintain the powers confided to this government, as to forbear the exercise of those which belong to others. The amendment, sir, opposes no state right. Gentlemen require us to admit that Missouri is a state, and then demonstrate, quite clearly, that we ought not to interfere with her municipal regulations. That Missouri, at some period, will become a state in the Union, I have no doubt; but that she ever will be admitted by an American Congress without recognising "the fundamental principles of civil and religious liberty," I cannot believe. Possessing, as we do, both the moral and constitutional right to require of Missouri a provision against slavery, as a condition of her admission,—if we fail to exert it, we shall justly incur the reproach of our contemporaries, and the malediction of posterity.

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### CLXXXI.—MR. GRATTAN'S REPLY TO MR. CORRY, CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

*Mr. Speaker*,—Has the gentleman done? Has he completely done? He was unparliamentary from the beginning to the end of his speech. There was scarce a word he uttered that was not a violation of the privileges of the House. But I did not call him to order—why? because the limited talents of some men render it impossible for them to be severe without being unparliamentary. But, before I sit down, I shall show him how to be severe and parliamentary at the same time. On any other occasion, I should think myself justifiable in treating with silent contempt any thing which might fall from that honorable member; but there are times when the insignificance of the accuser is lost in the magnitude of the accusation. I know the difficulty the honorable gentle-

man labored under when he attacked me, conscious that, on a comparative view of our characters, public and private, there is nothing he could say which would injure me. The public would not believe the charge. I despise the falsehood. If such a charge were made by an honest man, I would answer it in the manner I shall do before I sit down. But I shall first reply to it, when not made by an honest man.

The right honorable gentleman has called me "an unimpeached traitor." I ask, why not "traitor," unqualified by any epithet? I will tell him; it was because he durst not. It was the act of a coward, who raises his arm to strike, but has not courage to give the blow. I will not call him villain, because it would be unparliamentary, and he is a privy counsellor. I will not call him fool, because he happens to be Chancellor of the Exchequer. But I say he is one who has abused the privilege of Parliament and freedom of debate, by uttering language, which, if spoken out of the House, I should answer only with a blow. I care not how high his situation, how low his character, how contemptible his speech, whether a privy counsellor or a parasite, my answer would be a blow. He has charged me with being connected with the rebels; the charge is utterly, totally, and meanly false.

The right honorable member has also told me I deserted a profession where wealth and station were the reward of industry and talent. If I mistake not, that gentleman endeavored to obtain those rewaads by the same means; but he soon deserted the occupation of a barrister for those of a parasite and pander. He fled from the labor of study to flatter at the table of the great. He found, the lords' parlor a better sphere for his exertions than the hall of the four courts; the house of a great man a more convenient way to power and to place; and that it was easier for a statesman of middling talents to sell his friends, than a lawyer of no talents to sell his clients.

The right honorable gentleman says I fled from the country after exciting rebellion; and that I have returned to raise another. No such thing. The charge is false. The civil war had not commenced when I left the kingdom; and I could not have returned without taking a part. On the one side, there was the camp of the rebel; on the other, the camp

of the minister, a greater traitor than the rebel. The strong hold of the constitution was no where to be found. I agree, that the rebel who rises against the government should have suffered; but I missed on the scaffold the right honorable gentleman. Two desperate parties were in arms against the constitution. The right honorable gentleman belonged to one of those parties, and deserved death. I could not join the rebel; I could not join the government; I could not join torture; I could not join half hanging; I could not join free quarter; I could not take part with neither. I was, therefore, absent from a scene where I could not be active without self-reproach, nor indifferent with safety.

I have returned, not, as the right honorable member has said, to raise another storm. I have returned to discharge an honorable debt of gratitude to my country, that conferred a great reward for past services, which, I am proud to say, was not greater than my desert. I have returned to protect that constitution, of which I was the parent and the founder, from the assassination of such men as the right honorable gentleman, and his unworthy associates. They are corrupt—they are seditious—and they, at this very moment, are in a conspiracy against their country. I have returned to refute a libel, as false as it is malicious, given to the public under the appellation of a report of the committee of the Lords. Here I stand ready for impeachment or trial. I dare accusation. I defy the honorable gentleman; I defy the government; I defy their whole phalanx; let them come forth. I tell the ministers, I will neither give them quarter, nor take it. I am here to lay the shattered remains of my constitution on the floor of this House, in defence of the liberties of my country.

## CLXXXII.—THE INFLUENCE OF GREAT MEN AFTER DEATH.

Extract from a Discourse in Commemoration of the Lives and Services of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, delivered in Faneuil Hall, Boston, August 2, 1826, by Daniel Webster.

THIS is an unaccustomed spectacle. For the first time, fellow citizens, badges of mourning shroud the columns and overhang the arches of this HALL. These walls, which were consecrated, so long ago, to the cause of American liberty, which witnessed her infant struggles, and rung with the shouts of her earliest victories, proclaim, now, that distinguished friends and champions of that great cause have fallen. It is right that it should be thus. The tears which flow, and the honors that are paid, when the founders of the republic die, give hope that the republic itself may be immortal. It is fit, that by public assembly and solemn observance, by anthem and by eulogy, we commemorate the services of national benefactors, extol their virtues, and render thanks to God for eminent blessings, early given and long continued, to our favored country.

ADAMS AND JEFFERSON are no more. As human beings, indeed, they are no more. They are no more, as in 1776, bold and fearless advocates of independence; no more, as on subsequent periods, the head of the government; no more as we have recently seen them, aged and venerable objects of admiration and regard. They are no more. They are dead. But how little is there of the great and good which can die? To their country they yet live, and live for ever. They live in all that perpetuates the remembrance of men on earth; in the recorded proofs of their own great actions, in the offspring of their intellect, in the deep engraved lines of public gratitude, and in the respect and homage of mankind. They live in their example; and they live, emphatically, and will live in the influence which their lives and efforts, their principles and opinions, now exercise, and will continue to exercise, on the affairs of men, not only in their own country, but throughout the civilized world. A superior and commanding human intellect, a truly great man, when Heaven vouchsafes so rare a gift, is not a temporary flame, burning bright for a while, and then expiring, giving place to returning darkness.

It is rather a spark of fervent heat, as well as radiant light, with power to enkindle the common mass of human mind; so that when it glimmers, in its own decay, and finally goes out in death, no night follows, but it leaves the world all light, all on fire, from the potent contact of its own spirit. Bacon died; but the human understanding, roused, by the touch of his miraculous wand, to a perception of the true philosophy, and the just mode of inquiring after truth, has kept on its course successfully and gloriously. Newton died; yet the courses of the spheres are still known, and they yet move on, in the orbits which he saw, and described for them, in the infinity of space.

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### CLXXXIII.—THE NATURE OF TRUE ELOQUENCE.

Extract from the same Discourse.

Whenever public bodies, fellow-citizens, are to be addressed on momentous occasions; when great interests are at stake, and strong passions excited, the eloquence of those who address such bodies should be bold, manly, and energetic; and such as the crisis requires. Nothing, then, is valuable in speech, farther than it is connected with high intellectual and moral endowments. Clearness, force, and earnestness, are the qualities which produce conviction. True eloquence, indeed, does not consist in speech. It cannot be brought from far. Labor and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshalled in every way, but they cannot compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion. Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire after it—they cannot reach it. It comes, if it come at all, like the outbreaking of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force. The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men, when their own lives, and the fate of their wives, their children, and their country, hang on the decision of the hour. Then words have lost their power, rhetoric is vain,

and all elaborate orafory contemptible. Even genius itself then feels rebuked, and subdued, as in the presence of higher qualities. Then, patrietism is eloquent; then, self-devotion is eloquent. The clear conception, out-running the deductions of logic, the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward, right onward to his object—this, this is eloquence; or rather it is something greater and higher than all eloquence, it is action, noble, sublime, godlike action.

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### CLXXXIV.—JOHN ADAMS ADVOCATING THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.*

Extract from the same Discourse.

*Mr. President,*—SINK or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand, and my heart, to this vote. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning, we aimed not at independence. But there's a Divinity that shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and, blinded to her own interest for our good, she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why then should we defer the declaration?

If we fail, it can be no worse for us. But we shall not fail. The cause will raise up armies; the cause will create navies. The people,—the people, if we are true to them, will carry us, and will carry themselves, gloriously, through this struggle. I care not how fickle other people have been found. I know the people of these colonies, and I know that resistance to British aggression is deep and settled in

* Mr. Adams may be said to have been THE great advocate for the Declaration of American Independence. The present Speech is one which Mr. Webster supposes him to have made; for few, if any, of the remarks of those who advocated the cause of Independence, were reported. Though it is headed "Mr. Adams advocating," it might more properly be headed, Mr. Webster, placing himself in Mr. Adams' situation, advocating the cause of Independence.

their hearts, and cannot be eradicated. Read this declaration at the head of the army; every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered to maintain it, or to perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the pulpit; religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling round it, resolved to stand with it, or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there; let them hear it, who heard the first roar of the enemy's cannon; let them see it, who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord, and the very walls will cry out in its support.

Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs, but I see, I see clearly, through this day's business. You and I, indeed, may rue it. We may not live to the time, when this declaration shall be made good. We may die; die, colonists; die, slaves; die, it may be, ignominiously and on the scaffold. Be it so. Be it so. If it be the pleasure of Heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready, at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country.

But, whatever may be our fate, be assured, be assured, that this declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future, as the sun in Heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it, with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires, and illuminations. On its annual return they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy. Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it; and I leave off, as I begun, that live or die, survive or perish, I am for the declaration. It is my living sentiment, and, by the blessing of God, it shall be my dying sentiment; independence, *now*; and INDEPENDENCE FOR EVER.

## CLXXXV.—THE ATTITUDE IN WHICH AMERICA STANDS TO THE REST OF THE WORLD.

Extract from the same Discourse.

The striking attitude, my fellow citizens, in which, as Americans, we stand to the world around us, (a topic to which, I fear, I advert too often, and dwell on too long,) cannot be altogether omitted here. Neither individuals nor nations can perform their part well, until they understand and feel its importance, and comprehend and justly appreciate all the duties belonging to it. It is not to inflate national vanity, nor to swell a light and empty feeling of self-importance, but it is, that we may judge justly of our situation, and of our own duties, that I earnestly urge this consideration of our position, and our character, among the nations of the earth. It cannot be denied, but by those who would dispute against the sun, that with America, and in America, a new era commences in human affairs. This era is distinguished by Free Representative Governments, by entire religious liberty, by improved systems of national intercourse, by a newly awakened, and an unconquerable spirit of free inquiry, and by a diffusion of knowledge through the community, such as has been before altogether unknown and unheard of. America, America, our country, fellow citizens, our own dear and native land, is inseparably connected, fast bound up, in fortune and by fate, with these great interests. If they fall, we fall with them; if they stand, it will be because we have upholden them. Let us contemplate, then, this connexion, which binds the prosperity of others to our own; and let us manfully discharge all the duties which it imposes. If we cherish the virtues and the principles of our fathers, Heaven will assist us to carry on the work of human liberty and human happiness. Auspicious omens cheer us. Great examples are before us. Our own firmament now shines brightly upon our path. Washington is in the clear upper sky. These other stars have now joined the American constellation; they circle round their centre, and the heavens beam with new light. Beneath this illumination, let us walk the course of life, and at its close devoutly commend our beloved country, the common parent of us all, to the Divine Benignity.

D.R.